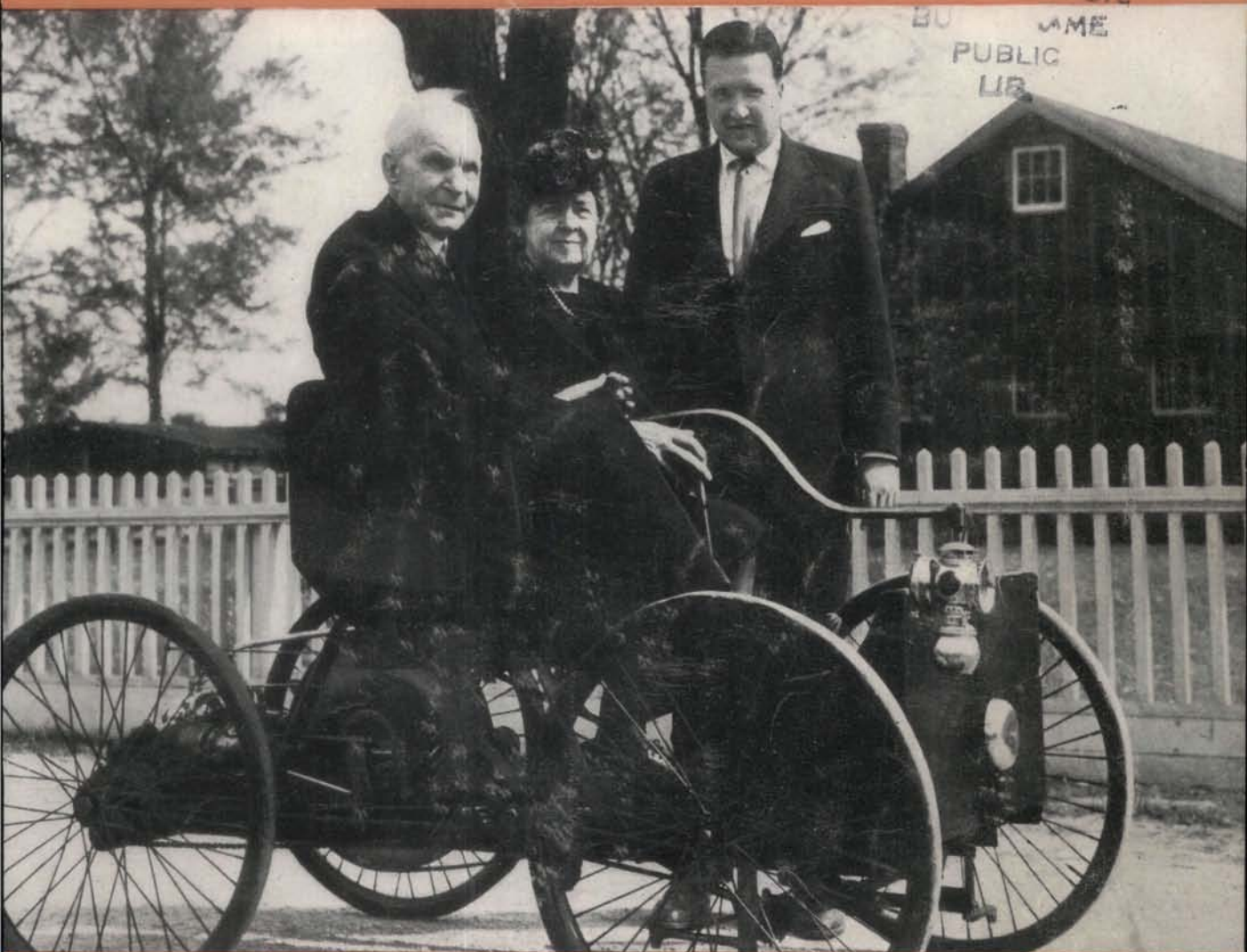


DECEMBER 1947

THE *Atlantic*



HENRY FORD II SPEAKS OUT

Thomas Wolfe

Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.

Barbara Ward

Dylan Thomas

Virgil Thomson

John Marquand

Reginald H. Smith

Sir Osbert Sitwell

George Biddle

Mark Twain

Ralph Barton Perry

Somerset Maugham

Sherman Miles

H. M. Tomlinson

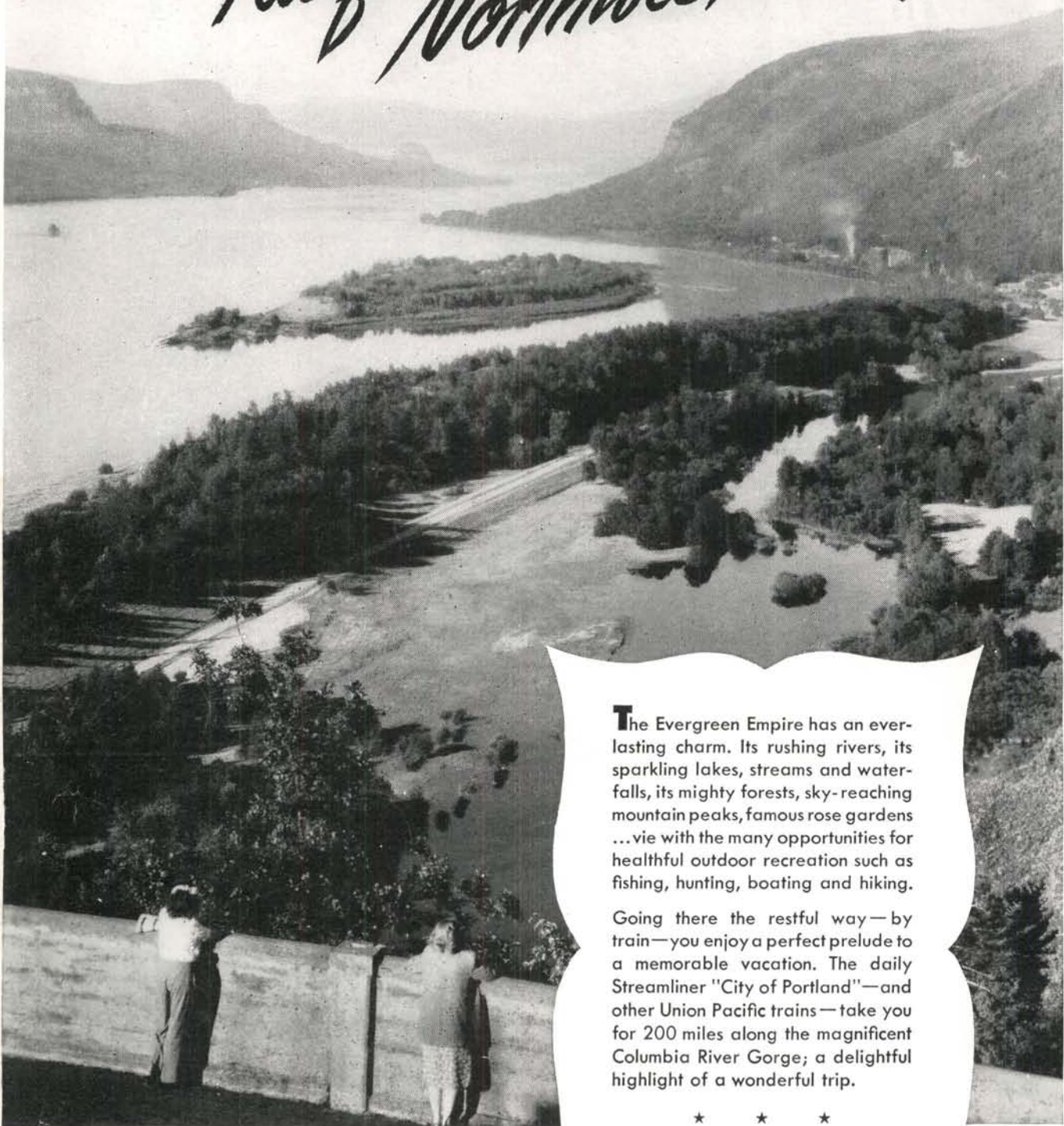
90TH ANNIVERSARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50 cents per copy

THE

Pacific Northwest



The famous Columbia River Gorge

The Evergreen Empire has an everlasting charm. Its rushing rivers, its sparkling lakes, streams and waterfalls, its mighty forests, sky-reaching mountain peaks, famous rose gardens ... vie with the many opportunities for healthful outdoor recreation such as fishing, hunting, boating and hiking.

Going there the restful way—you by train—you enjoy a perfect prelude to a memorable vacation. The daily Streamliner "City of Portland"—and other Union Pacific trains—take you for 200 miles along the magnificent Columbia River Gorge; a delightful highlight of a wonderful trip.

★ ★ ★

Write for your free copy of an attractive Pacific Northwest booklet. Address Room 136, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Daily Streamliners

YOUR "PROBLEM CHILD" BY-PRODUCT MAY YIELD NEW EARNINGS

When you try **DPI**...

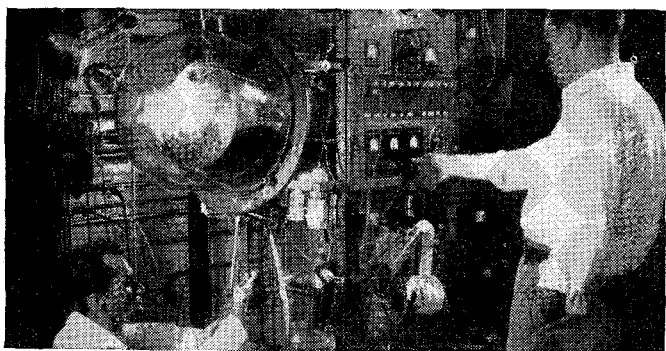
perhaps we can help you find the answer. Molecular distillation of "undistillable" substances has often shown surprising results. We're ready to help you if we can, in this manner:



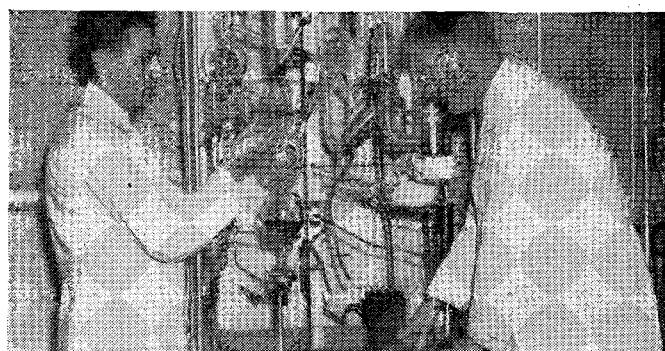
1. Let's say you're a processor of petroleum products. Or animal fats. One of your by-products is a high molecular-weight material in which you suspect the presence of valuable components. Your research people can find no commercially practical way of extracting them. Ordinary laboratory methods fail. Well...



2. One day your research chief mentions DPI's Falling Film Molecular Still. He wants you to order one—to expand the scope of the work his department is doing. He suggests, as a first step, you ask DPI to evaluate a sample of the substance you've been wondering about. And...



3. From what you tell DPI, it seems likely that your material can be processed in the molecular still. You send a sample. Our experienced technicians run it through a series of experimental distillations. You get a confidential report of their findings, and samples of the fractions they separate. Then...



4. On promising reports from DPI, you order a Falling Film Molecular Still for your laboratories. To help make the fullest use of this analytical tool, one of your research men is invited to DPI's laboratories where he learns the operating procedures for experimentation with the Falling Film Still. Now...



5. Molecular distillation shows results! Your research department is finding new methods of processing your raw oils—new ways of refining some of your present products—and new commercial possibilities in some of your wastes. These new processes and products aid you in planning future company operations.

WITH the Falling Film Molecular Still, you can expand the scope of your research facilities—possibly with success similar to that suggested above. The Molecular Still is the only type of instrument able to distill selectively many kinds of oils, waxes and fats without heat injury to the material.

We invite your letter asking for complete information about the Falling Film Molecular Still—another unique tool born of DPI's pioneering research in high-vacuum technology. Use the convenient corner card as a reminder to write now for details about this process.

DISTILLATION PRODUCTS, INC.
735 RIDGE ROAD WEST, ROCHESTER 13, NEW YORK



Pioneering in Molecular Distillation and High Vacuum Research

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEAR OFF HERE

REMEMBER

For information on
Molecular Distillation
write to:
Distillation Products, Inc.
735 Ridge Road West
Rochester 13,
New York



Doctor? Lawyer? Merchant? Chief?

What will these babies be 25 or 50 years from now?

Many things and many people will shape their lives, of course. Parents, home, friends, teachers. And one big factor will be health.

Fortunately, babies born today enjoy far more chance of good health and long life than their parents or grandparents did. For example, only 30 years ago, one baby out of every 10 died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in 20. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 66 years.

This priceless gift of life and health has come largely through the skill and

research of the medical profession. And nutrition has played a part.

Good eating contributes to good health. Our knowledge of what to eat and when and why has vastly increased in recent years. It will grow even faster in the years ahead—aided by research in great laboratories like those of National Dairy. There, National Dairy men and women work constantly with milk, *nature's most nearly perfect food*—protecting its quality—creating new foods and products from it.

As medical and nutritional research advance together, they carry the hope of healthier citizens, a stronger nation, and a better world.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



These brands assure you of highest quality

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Germany



HUNGER is making monomaniacs of all Germans, with the possible exception of German students. While everywhere else in Germany the conversation invariably centers on one's daily diet, the latest black-market prices of potatoes, or — inexhaustible source of haunting daydreams — what one would like to eat if for once one were free to choose, yet at lunchtime in the students' dining hall you will hear the subject of subjects scarcely even mentioned: students are talking shop.

It is not because the students are better fed than the rest of the population. Apart from an extra meal in their canteen, they get the usual rations for white-collar workers. Girl students, who constitute about 40 per cent of the total, as a rule show few signs of undernourishment; indeed, some might still invite the epithet "buxom." A wizened old professor commented, with a knowing twinkle, that they were prettier than formerly — which is not saying much, since feminine charms were at no time outstanding among Germany university students.

The men look less robust by comparison. They often present an alarming sight. Tuberculosis is common. You can read it in their telltale faces without the aid of statistics. Still, the majority, though lean and haggard, seem to have withstood undernourishment tolerably well. And whatever their state of health, they are a hard-working lot.

The Nazi legacy

The percentage of dyed-in-the-wool Nazis now is certainly not larger than it was in 1928. The worst damage was done not by teaching German students actual falsehoods, but by withholding the truth

from them, keeping them in ignorance of certain basic facts which would have helped them to attain intellectual and moral maturity. Their development was literally nipped in the bud.

Grown-ups were comparatively in a better position. For them — having completed their mental development by 1933 — the Nazi era was merely an interim, however disagreeable. But the younger generation, which was fed a diet of carefully disguised misrepresentations and half-truths, has now to start from scratch. It remains to be seen whether they will be able to assimilate the new intellectual food, and how it will blend with their inherited and acquired prejudices. Their apparent hunger for facts is a hopeful sign.

Scholarship versus common sense

From a political standpoint, however, it must be emphasized that mere proficiency in scholarship is not enough. In the days of the Weimar Republic the intellectual standard was undoubtedly high. Yet the universities then were a hotbed of narrow nationalism and afterwards furnished the Nazis with an elite of civil servants, at once reliable and efficient. Those students were largely recruited from the middle class, and it is an undeniable fact that the German middle class as a whole, representing the different shades of the political right, fell for Hitler from the outset, while the parties of the left, whatever their other faults may be, at least saw clearly which way the Nazi cat was jumping.

The academic youth, though intellectually capable of passing all the prescribed examinations, failed miserably in the decisive test of political



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
AWARDS
FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In these years many men and women are having their first try at writing fiction. Some of them have returned to college from the services; some of them are in business; some are venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1948 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

(The Atlantic "Firsts" contest will be continued through 1948.)

THE PRIZE WINNERS

July — December, 1947

First Prize of \$1500 awarded to

GODFREY BLUNDEN

for his story "The Indian Game" in the November issue

Second Prize of \$750 awarded to

R. V. CASSILL

for his story "The Conditions of Justice" in the December issue



The Atlantic Report on Germany



common sense. In this respect the German student showed himself inferior to the man in the street. Strange as it may seem, there is evidently no constant interrelation between intellectual attainments and sober political judgment.

Topsy-turvy class distinction

Class distinctions today are a sore point in Germany. In the eastern zone a policy is being followed of getting a larger percentage of working-class students into the universities at the expense of the former middle-class majority. This is done by an open reversal of class privileges.

In principle the moderate trade-unions in the western zone see eye to eye with their more radical comrades in the eastern zone. The son of a laborer, after a two-year preparatory course, today has a better chance of being admitted to a university than the applicant with a normal secondary education. It is only natural that such a practice should cause resentment. Karl Marx himself, opponents point out, coming as he did of a bourgeois family, would not be allowed to attend a university today.

But if the new university should turn out specimens who, on the strength of their different origin, are less prejudiced and more open-minded and level-headed than were the scientists, teachers, doctors, and lawyers of the Nazi regime, then the end would no doubt justify the means. Of course the lower-class students may simply be absorbed into the middle class and take over its mentality lock, stock, and barrel; or else new prejudices may crop up which by their very nature may prove just as detrimental as the former variety.

Still, the Germans say, since the middle-class leopard cannot change its spots, you have to substitute some less dangerous animal, whether you like it or not. Pessimists — for the most part members of the leopard family — say it will develop into a hyena. More hopeful observers expect it to be something like a horse — useful, domestic, and with plenty of horse sense.

Exit the officer class

At present there is still a two-thirds majority of “ordinary” middle-class students in one German university in the Russian zone. They were carefully sifted before admission. Hence the German officer class is not represented. Most of that class have made their exit into the British zone, where they hope to pass unnoticed. They are sure to bite the hand that fed them, the moment they are let loose.

With the bulk of young Germans, however, military life has lost its glamour. There is no wistful hankering after the glorious years in the army. In fact, students are fed up with all things military. For Germans to abhor uniforms is indeed a new and amazing phenomenon.

In respect to nationalism, the prospects seem less bright. National feeling is inherent in the German character. And so long as the nation has not acquired a healthy and sober self-respect, nationalism tends to come out in violent and aggressive forms.

The present situation is singularly unsuited to effecting a change. Though an open acknowledgment of the German guilt should not be incompatible with self-respect, the German youth finds it hard to face facts or to steer a middle course between abject subservience and uncalled-for arrogance. Confronted with a chorus of justly abusive voices from all over the world, they are on the defensive.

In this awkward position some students are prone to minimize the Nazi outrages, while others adopt the adage of the kettle and the pot. The resulting cynicism in its turn leads to a negation of all moral standards. “We are in the wrong because we lost the war,” they often say, with a significant shrug of the shoulders. They forget that the Nazis were guilty regardless of the outcome of the war. In such a situation the Germans can hardly expect others to let bygones be bygones. But many do.

The national inferiority complex

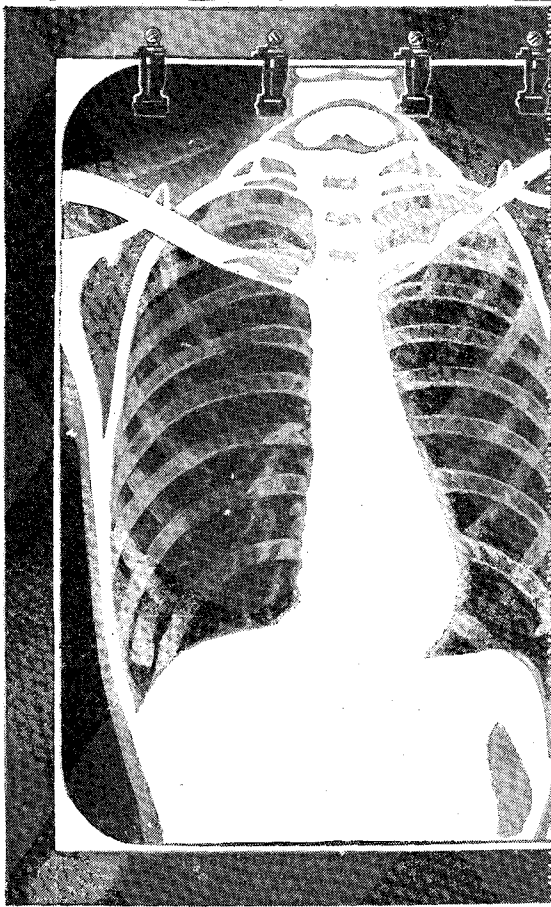
The latent inferiority complex among students is clearly shown by an extreme touchiness. In a street-car a student who had been unable to get a large bank note changed was fumbling vainly in his pockets for small coins to pay his fare, when a Russian soldier came to the rescue and proffered him 20 pfennigs, which the young man took gladly. His girl companion, however, afterwards reproached him severely “for having accepted a gift from the enemy” — for this, she said, was incompatible with his national honor.

Unless this characteristic bee in the German’s bonnet is removed there will always be the possibility of a relapse into the Nazi doctrine, which had its roots in a feeling of inferiority, with hatred and arrogance arising from the same source. These qualities hamper international relations.

How about the Russians?

A thoughtful university professor sums up the situation this way: “Of the Russians I shall not

Danger signal!



DO YOU KNOW . . . that in America today there are approximately 250,000 people with "unknown cases" of tuberculosis?

...that these "unknown cases" are a major reason why TB still kills more Americans between 15 and 44 than any other disease — as they unwittingly spread infection, maybe to you, yourself, or a loved one?

... that the surest means of discovering TB early, before it spreads, is the chest X-ray?

... that your Christmas Seal money buys X-ray units and makes possible mass examinations?

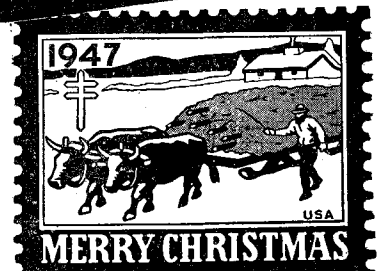
PLEASE, send in your contribution today.

Buy Christmas Seals

Because of the importance of the above message, this space has been contributed by

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





The Atlantic Report on Germany



judge; partly for the sound Biblical reason that I may not be judged, partly because I honestly think that we Germans have done our full share in the whipping up of hatred in the past, and should therefore be doubly careful to quit meddling for a while. We should leave it to others to gather fuel for the next world conflict.

"But let me in truth and fairness state this: If the Russians have not succeeded in making themselves generally liked, it is at least as much the fault of the Germans, who can be as stubborn as mules. Remember that British prestige in northwestern Germany has well-nigh reached rock bottom. There are no unshaven ruffians parading the streets here, brandishing their still-smoking revolvers in gory hands. The Russians' methods, it is true, are sometimes drastic. But if, by standing no nonsense, they have put the fear of God into the Nazis and their sympathizers, so much the better.

"After all," he continued, "there is more freedom now than under Hitler. I, for one, have not had to go out of my way to subordinate my views to a political code. And though my candid opinion happens to coincide in some aspects with the Russian outlook, I would not have myself labeled as a 'Commie.' Neither students nor instructors are under an obligation to subscribe to Marxian doctrine."

Nobody has so far interfered with university teaching, apart from a superficial control and the establishment of a new syllabus, which prescribes the number of lectures to be attended and the principal subjects to be taught, besides providing for additional examinations at the end of each term. This requirement is a deviation from German tradition, but would hardly shock an English or American student.

Scientific research is still hampered by the lack of books and periodicals from abroad. Each of the four powers has more or less confined itself to fostering its own culture in its own particular zone, and interest in a universal exchange of ideas seems lukewarm. This is to be deplored; for in the field of science and learning it is imperative that all materials should be equally available, without restrictions and preferences — with one exception, on which all can agree: that Germans on no account should be allowed to play with explosives.

Dog-eat-dog democracy

The hopes of German students are largely directed towards German unity, but naturally they

don't run high. The prevailing conception of a true democracy seems to be to set up a regime on strictly Socialist or Liberal or Christian principles, as the case may be, and to make short work of dissenters.

Totalitarianism is still in the air. The Socialists hate the reactionaries; Christians have been known to be pretty intolerant; and even the Liberals are not proof against the bacillus. One member of the Liberal Party said he would gladly wring every Socialist's neck for him, once the Russians were out — and what is more, he meant it. So far the spirit of compromise has not penetrated the minds of young Germans. A return to the unlimited liberties of the Weimar Republic would be unwise. Therefore foreign control, at least for the time being, is regarded, even by some Germans, as the lesser of two evils.

Politics comes second

Many students — certainly most of the girl students — do not take any interest in politics at all. Their daily worries are enough to occupy their minds. Fortunately, communal feeding has lessened the scramble for food; but even so, much time has to be spent in queuing up. What there still is of leisure may be devoted to sports or dancing once in a while by those few who have surplus strength; youth cannot be daunted all the time. Others take up music, or hobbies such as anthroposophy and existentialism. But the majority have to be more sparing of their energies, and concentrate on their studies.

After food, the more pressing necessities are how to find living accommodations (German students live in private lodgings all over a town), how to get one's laundry done, how to mend one's clothing — which in many cases consists of one single worn-out uniform — what to do about that last tattered pair of shoes, how to procure fuel for the winter. Writing materials are scarce. And where can you get a dictionary, let alone experimenting flasks or chemicals? Few can afford to pay black-market prices.

In the big cities like Berlin a large percentage of students make their living by black-marketeering, while the less experienced, who do not know the ropes and vainly try to bolster up their finances by giving lessons, are hopelessly destitute. This state of affairs is sure to result in a negative selection: those who will survive are the smart-dealing young scoundrels who can live by their wits — and they will man the civil service and the learned professions a few years hence. That is not a pleasant prospect.

"Books that Live" MAKE GIFTS OF LASTING ENJOYMENT

A magnificent new book
for all who cherish beautiful things

American Interior Design

*The Traditions and Development of Domestic Design
from Colonial Times to the Present*

By **MEYRIC R. ROGERS**

*Curator, Decorative Arts and Industrial Arts,
The Art Institute of Chicago*

This magnificent work brings together in one volume detailed discussions of American architecture, furniture and decorative arts and crafts, tracing the whole story of American design-for-living during the past three centuries. A superb volume for collectors, amateur and professional designers, home-builders and libraries, it is magnificently illustrated with 250 halftone illustrations and 20 four-color process plates. It is a book of beauty and importance, that will be a delight to read and to own. \$20.00

The Garretson Chronicle

By **GERALD WARNER BRACE**. "You won't find a better American novel on the shelves this year."—**PAUL JORDAN-SMITH**, *Los Angeles Times*. 6th Big Printing. \$3.00

Cache Lake Country

Life in the North Woods

By **JOHN J. ROWLANDS**. With illustrations on every page by **HENRY B. KANE**. Anyone who loves the outdoors will find this a storehouse of valuable information and charm. \$3.50

The Indians of the Americas

By **JOHN COLLIER**, *Former U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs*. A world authority tells the first complete history of the Indians of the Western hemisphere. Maps, index and illustrations. \$3.75

Potemkin

*Soldier, Statesman, Lover and
Consort of Catherine of Russia*

By **GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK**, author of *Russia in Perspective*. This first full Potemkin biography "throws light on the whole trend of Russian history."—*Times (London) Literary Supplement*. Illustrated. \$3.50

Mits, Wits and Logic

By **LILLIAN R. LIEBER**. Drawings by **HUGH GRAY LIEBER**. This enlightening and thoroughly gay little book by the authors of *The Education of T. C.* Mits shows what modern logic means to you. \$3.00

The Sea Chest

A Yachtsman's Reader, edited by
CRITCHELL RIMINGTON

Fifty stories and articles which yachtsmen of all ages and interest will want to read and own. \$3.50

At all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY
101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3

The Schubert Reader

By **OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH**. Translated by **ERIC BLOM**. A Life of Franz Schubert in Letters and Documents. More than 1200 documents and over 150 further entries.

Illustrated. \$10.00

Music in the Baroque Era

By **MANFRED F. BUKOFZER**. The first English-language history of the whole field of baroque music. Notes, bibliography, list of editions, and musical illustrations. \$6.00

The Musorgsky Reader

Translated and Edited by **JAY LEYDA** and **SERGEI BERTENSSON**. A Life of Modeste Petrovich Musorgsky in Letters and Documents. Original documents translated from the Russian for the first time.

Illustrated. \$6.00

Send for descriptive lists of Norton Books on
1. Music, 2. Psychiatry, and 3. The Sea



Washington

THE ideological war going on in the world is having strange manifestations in the Capital. The number of self-styled St. Georges who are out to slay the Communist dragon includes Representative J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee. Mr. Thomas enjoys this role. He loves the headlines, keeps a scrapbook that is growing, and hopes that his New Jersey district will bear in mind that he is a man of power.

Mr. Thomas likewise realizes that in order to maintain his standing on the front page he must overplay his part. Under his subpoena the perennial Communist versus anti-Communist conflict in Hollywood was transferred to Washington. One does not know which side was the more egregious.

Why should the antis in the movie industry invoke the aid of government in getting rid of the Commies in their midst? Have the magnates lost their freedom to fire? One gets such an impression from the incredible testimony that was offered before the Thomas Committee. Even fanatical believers in free enterprise turned to government to persuade it to exercise the elementary function of management. Civil liberties have been ignored in the investigations, and the opinion has been expressed that what the country really needs is a course on American institutions for men in authority.

Investigating Federal employees

Representative Edward H. Rees of the House Civil Service Committee is itching to fire government employees who are "known Communists." He has a bill on the docket which, though it passed the House with a bumper majority, failed of action in the Senate. It would subject to investigation all our 1,600,000 Federal employees at a cost of \$10 per person. Perhaps the President stayed the Senatorial hand with his order setting up a loyalty board to review complaints of employees fired on suspicion of disloyalty. At any rate, Rees thinks the Presidential procedure slow and cumbersome — meaning that it is not ruthless enough.

Most of the department heads are cooperating in the effort to clean house, but some of them are

indulging the Congressional hysteria to exorcise simple nonconformity. The State Department has had to restore three men out of ten that were dismissed six months ago as security risks, though not to the extent of readmitting them to employment. They have been allowed to resign. In this way they will not bear throughout life the stigma of disloyalty which dismissal puts upon them.

Even the Central Intelligence Agency has taken action which on the surface looks dubious. On the grounds of security risks it has dismissed men whose only crime is that they are members of the government employees' labor union. This, at least, is the story as it emerges in print. But the existing Com-miphobia puts a premium on slander and is producing field days for persons with grudges to liquidate.

What about due process?

No doubt a house-cleaning is overdue. The Federal government was expanded enormously during the war with men and women hastily recruited and inadequately investigated. Rumor has it that the Canadians passed on to the FBI a list of names, including those of influential bureaucrats, which came to light in the great conspiracy trial in Canada. Grand jury investigation of this evidence is going on in New York. But there are other ways of going about this task of weeding out bureaucracy than by branding the known and the merely suspect indiscriminately as traitors.

For known traitors, dismissal is, of course, not enough; they should be tried and, if found guilty, given what Bernard Baruch would call condign punishment. And Communists obviously have no place in the State Department. But the current procedure is double-edged. It is undermining morale and efficiency all along the line, and shutting the lips of officials to the press.

"Premature anti-fascism"

The same umbrella covers employees who have "habitual or close association" with groups or organizations which are suspect to the State Department. No organization has yet been named as undesirable, and the standard, therefore, is completely unsatisfactory, and leaves "joiners" in a

"Our fondest memory

--the day our Magnavox came!"



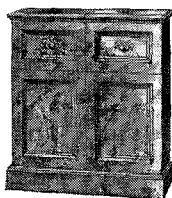
The Magnavox Traditional... in genuine mahogany, walnut or maple.

You'll always remember the day Magnavox entered your home. For Magnavox brings new peaks of realism and tonal perfection to favorite programs and recordings. Fourteen distinctively different models of flawless craftsmanship and design offer lasting beauty for every decorative plan. As a sound investment today, and through the years, Magnavox is pre-eminent.

Consult a classified telephone directory for the name of your dealer or write
The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph

Traditional... all the essential elements of much higher priced instruments. 10-watt power output, 12-inch Duosonic speaker, precision automatic record changer, Magnavox anisimo Pickup. In walnut, mahogany or maple. With genuine Armstrong FM (17 tubes—14 amplifier, 2 rectifier, 1 tuning).



state of nervousness as to the integrity, from the Department's standpoint, of the groups in which they have had membership. Some of these groups may have fallen under Commie domination in course of time. Others may have come under a cloud as a result of change of circumstances. As an instance of the latter category it is said that membership in an organization which opposed sending steel scrap to Japan in 1938 is taken as evidence of a member's "premature anti-fascism."

It is now libelous to call a man a Communist, and only to men in Congress, who enjoy immunity, will this smearing privilege be reserved. What is to become of the witnesses at the movie hearing who have indulged in name-calling is an interesting question. The trouble today is that in coping with Communist danger our sense of the other dangers we are courting is becoming dulled.

Is tax revision ahead?

The special session of Congress may or may not stick to the interim aid to Europe and anti-inflation program offered by the President. Some Republicans want to bring up another tax bill for consideration. All summer a committee with an advisory role to Representative Harold Knutson was at work on a new revenue measure. The chairman is Roswell Magill, formerly Under Secretary of the Treasury, and members include such men as John W. Haines and J. Cheever Cowdin. They have been conferring in the utmost secrecy. Representative Knutson is sponsoring a revolutionary revision of the present tax law. It is based upon the theory that risk capital and managerial incentive are positively discouraged by the present rates on high incomes.

This is likewise the theory back of the proposed schedules put out by the influential Committee on Economic Development. Representative Knutson, if he takes the advice of his committee, will seek to transfer some of the burden of producing revenue for the exchequer from income receivers to purchasers. In other words, the income levy would be lightened in the higher brackets, and the deficit made up out of sales taxes.

Any such bill as Representative Knutson has in mind would meet the implacable opposition of the Administration, which, in spite of a 6-billion-dollar surplus, naturally thinks that general tax reduction would be a travesty of the purpose for which the extra session has been called. Mr. Truman wants tax revision, not tax reduction, though he has not yet supplied any bill of particulars. In his opinion surpluses are needed not only for financing the Marshall Plan but also for combating inflation.

Congress must put on the brakes

The extent of the inflation from which the country is suffering is worrying the legislators. Certainly the Republicans have cause for worry. In their attack on OPA they furnished many a contribution to the Democratic campaign in the shape of assurances that after the initial upsurge of uncon-



The Atlantic Report on Washington



trolled prices there would be a settling down at lower levels as production came on the market. Nothing of the sort has happened.

The major fact in the economic situation is the way the money supply is keeping ahead of goods output. The remedy lies in the hands of the money authorities of Congress. It is one of a courageous use of existing brakes. The Federal Reserve authorities worked hard to maintain the wartime restriction on installment buying, but Congress, anxious to wind up all controls, decided to restore easy credit to buyers.

Immediate aid for Europe

The timetable of the Marshall Plan is going to be a leisurely affair. Already the Plan has been overshadowed by the interim aid program for preventing a fuel and food crisis this winter in Western Europe. Work on the recovery program as received from Paris is going on intensively; many of the Paris conferees are laboring with American officials on the schedule of requirements.

The stress on the dollar sign is regarded as unfortunate when the basic problem is one of availabilities. For instance, take coal. Even the stockpiles — particularly in New England — are at unusually low levels as a result of lack of transport. To figure out in dollars the sixteen nations' needs of coal — even to underwrite the dollar estimate — would not necessarily transfer the coal.

A similar bottleneck exists in steel. The Krug report on national resources and foreign aid notes the shortage of steel and steel products. All kinds of industries are suffering from it — machinery, automobiles and trucks, and particularly oil, where pipelines and steel tubing are needed. Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers is railing at the steel manufacturers for not increasing capacity. But if steel were diverted to the enlargement of facilities, then the existing shortage would be greater, at least temporarily. The Krug committee calls for prompt return of industrial scrap, accelerated scrapping of war surplus materials, and systematic collection of obsolescent scrap. Thus there is no assurance that foreigners will get steel simply by figuring out their requirements.

The interim report of the Herter Committee justified the feeling that the members of the Committee did a comprehensive, exhaustive, and competent job. The report is a sober analysis of the sixteen nations' original draft of the European recovery program as a farfetched budget based on

impossible nationalistic assumptions. How could the sixteen nations figure out the way in which they might become independent of dollar aid within four years except by going the limit on requirements?

There was not enough mutual trust, moreover, to put national estimates through a Continental screen. The British sought to be the screener, but no other nation would let them fill the role, so that the compilation was merely the addition of separate national needs composed by the nations themselves. When the Dutch were told that their list was unrealistic they agreed, but said that if they had failed to be extravagant they would have been singular among the sixteen nations.

The mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is being influenced by the 215 Congressmen who have been abroad during the adjournment. They have come back with much the same impressions, but with different emphasis, according to prepossession or experience. Perhaps the dominant impression is that Europeans work less than Americans. This conclusion is now being carried all over the country, and is being used as an anti-Marshall Plan argument. It is said, "If they won't work, let 'em starve."

What is forgotten is the debilitating effect of the continuous undernutrition from which millions of Europeans have suffered. Equally forgotten is the fact that the Marshall Plan is a self-help program which is intended to go to the roots of European reconstruction.

Within this framework these Congressmen are sympathetic with the Marshall Plan and, what is significant, with the information program of the State Department. Everywhere the legislators went they saw evidence of the success of Soviet propaganda in undermining faith in the United States and in attributing evil motives to American aid. They feel it must be countered, ideologically as well as economically.

The same attitude is to be noted in the organized labor movement, and Congress is feeling this pressure, on top of its own conclusions. At the AFL conference in San Francisco the last shred of insularity seemed to have been discarded. And in the CIO conference in Boston a decided stand was noted against Communism. Nothing is more remarkable than this new sophistication, this enlargement of the American horizon in keeping with the problems that have been thrust in the American lap. It will be a force in the special session.



For once they actually agree!



Hope and Crosby, in the movies, seldom see eye to eye. But there's one thing they really do agree on—they both think U. S. Savings Bonds make wonderful Christmas gifts!

SAYS BOB: "They're swell for *anybody* on your list. You couldn't pick a nicer, more sensible, more welcome present. Even Crosby knows that."

SAYS BING: "I hate to admit it, folks, but Hope is right. And remember this—you can buy Bonds at any bank or post office in the U. S. A."

BOB AND BING (together): "This Christmas, why not give the finest gift of all—U. S. Savings Bonds!"

Give the finest gift of all ... U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.





Argentina

Two years of personal regime have emptied the coffers of the richest nation in Latin America. Argentina's foreign exchange fund has all but vanished. The gold reserve has shrunk, while money in circulation has increased more than 60 per cent, not to mention the vastly augmented mass of check money, bank loans, and rediscounted commercial paper which further extends the fiduciary margin.

The workers have had increases, benefits, vacations, and pensions on full pay. They have drawn 48 hours' pay for 36 hours' work. Wages have been equalized irrespective of output or classes of work, thereby putting a premium on inefficiency. Easy sick leave and absenteeism have cut deeply into working hours. Accordingly, industrial production has sunk 40 per cent since 1945.

The farm yield has decreased by an estimated 30 per cent. Staple crops like sugar have become dependent on subsidies; potatoes, which had always been plentiful, have to be imported; and certain experts are not joking when they predict that next year Argentina may have to import wheat.

Now the propaganda machine of the government has suddenly switched to the "battle of production." By posters, radio, sound trucks, and newspapers, the worker is relentlessly hammered and adjured to produce more, to work one hour longer and save the country. But Perón is finding that demagoguery works easiest on the down grade.

The farmers quit

Farmers are quitting the land in droves. They long ago realized that the huge state outlays have been possible only at their expense. They have been hit both as sellers and as consumers. The government buys the whole of the wheat crop at a low price and sells it abroad at a profit of 300 per cent. Perón has found a way to make the Argentinians pay for only one half of his program. The cost of the other half is borne by hungry Europeans.

Perón had figured out that it was a good idea to tax the farmers for the benefit of the townspeople, since farmers represent less than 35 per

cent of the population; but when the farmer reduces his sown area or moves to the city, as 600,000 farmers have, the whole Five-Year Plan threatens to backfire. The farmer is essential not only as a producer of exportable wealth, but also as the steady internal consumer for the new industrial products.

The widely touted program for importing 300,000 immigrants a month into this "farming country without farmers" broke down at the first try. A couple of thousand Italians were brought in, who turned out to be fleeing fascists or shiftless urbanites; but meanwhile a tidy sum was netted in advance by the President's cronies who owned the shipping company.

Meanwhile, exports are beginning to sag because of high prices. The ancient railroad system is breaking down perpetually; the new roads announced in the Plan have not been built — there would not be enough motor transport for them anyway because the dollars are gone without enough trucks having come in; and 500,000 tons of wheat, almost one tenth of the crop, have been lost because of transportation bottlenecks. The nation finds its reserves gone with little to show for it.

This is not to say that all of the Five-Year Plan is a hoax. It was hastily conceived and is inadequately staffed. But it does have some bright men and it does meet some real needs, such as oil extraction and power development. The whole Plan is keyed to a big rearmament program, which absorbs most of its effort.

Money down the drain

Today no one knows what state Argentine finances really are in, as published statements are often contradictory. No one can keep track of the money going in and out, probably not the Administration itself, since the IAPI, the central financing institute, which resembles an RFC with monopoly of foreign commerce, is somewhat in the condition of a bank account on which different people can draw checks without telling each other.

The man who is at the center of the web and is supposed to know, Miguel Miranda, has the busi-

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have that constant urge to write but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



Beginner Earns \$1,819.00

"Today I received a check for \$165 for a story. Another I sold for \$34. The other day I counted up just how much I made previously. It amounted to \$1,620.00. Not bad for a beginner, is it?" — Mrs. L. L. Gray, 579 E. McHarg Ave., Stamford, Texas.

WRITING APTITUDE TEST **FREE!**

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. course based on the *practical* training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* style instead of trying to copy that of others. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So nail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation — writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

Veterans:

**THIS COURSE
APPROVED
FOR
VETERANS'
TRAINING**

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in the *Atlantic*, December.

Miss }
Mrs. }
Mr. }

Address

☐ Check here if you are eligible under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

All correspondence confidential. No Salesman will call on you.

28-W-667

Copyright 1947 Newspaper Institute of America

ness experience of a successful operator on the food market. But what he has done with the full gold reserve and the huge foreign exchange fund is a matter of controversy.

Certain facts are clear. He has turned foreign trade into a state monopoly to make more profits, but now he is running out of dollar funds, has had to introduce commerce and currency restrictions, and must fight the black market in dollars. The profits for IAPI, which he officially anticipated as 2 billion pesos, have turned out instead to be an equivalent loss. But an undetermined part of the state finance is run as Miranda's private exchequer.

Democracy à la Plata

Parliament goes on, in a weird Chaplinesque vein; for is this not democratic rule by majority? But the government is loath to have its budget taken apart by an embittered opposition; so day after day, the Perónist majority refuses to show up, and the Chamber cannot sit for lack of a quorum. The President (of course a Perónist) calls sternly on police to round up the recalcitrant members; the chief of police comes back with three or four representatives. Still no quorum. Then the session ends, and Perón is able to invoke the Constitution, which states that if the Chamber "neglects to discuss the budget" at the proper time, it will be passed by default.

Behind the comic relief, however, lies the grim awareness that no one's constitutional rights are safe, that the authorities condemn and confiscate property without recourse to Parliament, prosecute and sentence critics for the crime of "disloyalty" according to their own good pleasure. Twelve hundred professors, one fifth of the academic body, have been fired or have quit. "The immense majority of doctors," stormed a Perónist deputy in the Chamber, "is against the President and his social ideals." So are the engineers, for that matter, and the rest of the intelligentsia.

But Perón will import foreign technicians to run his machines; he will leave the peon unschooled rather than give work to 100,000 unemployed grade-school teachers whom he does not trust. The resulting incompetence in Administration circles accounts for many otherwise inexplicable blunders. If the landed aristocracy are officially reviled as "contumacious oligarchs," few people will cry. But it is the real creators of Argentine industrial wealth in the past decades, the men of enterprising vision, who are being hounded to death.

There is no sense in looking for a coherence in Argentine fascism, for like its predecessors it simply exploits slogans and superstitions. "Rhythmic, integrated, harmonious," and such adjectives are flung around to denote the mushroom growth of a flabby industry that never was exposed to competition. The average industrialist makes a long face if you ask him questions, because that is a must among the better people, but privately he is well contented and is hauling in money hand over fist.



The Atlantic Report on Argentina



For that is, finally, the most sinister aspect of the whole story: a parody of socialism which has succeeded in capturing the complicity of the people in an enterprise which is antisocial in the deepest sense. The People's Revolution against the "usury of international capital" is rigging up a hasty and hazardous industrial system at the expense of agriculture at a time when so much of the world wants to exchange manufactured goods for food. The have-not protest has been turned into a monopoly which does not mind exploiting the world's hunger by restricting its own food production and putting a usurious price on it.

Perón's strength

There are structures on which Perón can rely; they are the Church, the Army, and — in a measure — the Communists. The Army he keeps happy with rearmament; to the Church he has given religious teaching in the schools. As for the Communists, whom he carefully treats with contumely in public, he knows that he needs them to run his machine, and that he can count on them. The Socialists keep aloof; there is no one but the Communists to provide him with capable and dynamic organizers.

An indeterminate but certainly considerable number of Perónist keymen are crypto-Communists. All the organs of the opposition have been suppressed — but the Communist weekly is allowed to survive. Both parties think they can travel a bit of road together without asking inconvenient questions. The disintegration of a democratic order is nothing to annoy the Communist Party.

Eva: Assistant Dictator

And then there is Evita — la Señora María Eva Duarte de Perón. The lady is a striking new departure in the technique of dictatorship, and an important precedent for future tyrannies. She is the perfect parody of the Triumph of Women's Rights.

Before her accession she was a radio actress specializing in soap operas. But her expert acquaintance with her public has given her an insight into the psychology of the modern Common Man. Even in her most official addresses, her manner of speaking is that of a housewife starting a bread riot. It was she who, when Perón was out of office and in jail, re-established a liaison with the union leaders and brought him back to triumph.

Since then she has gradually emerged into a full government position. Her suite and offices are the greater part of the Ministry of Labor, and there she

receives deputations which follow each other all day long. In the new deity that the modern dictator represents, the feminine aspect has begun to take shape. Evita speaks with authority, yet need not be as responsible for her commitments as a male statesman; her generous emotions may well be supposed to lead her beyond cold reason of state. She is all that Hollywood queens should be in the world of synthetic fairy tales. She gives, both at home and abroad, on a more than royal scale.

Meanwhile the humble are encouraged to hope. As seamstresses, nurses, typists, and domestic cooks parade through the streets carrying posters of Evita in gorgeous furs and a gold lamé evening gown, one realizes that while a certain side of her can be Comrade Commissar or National Glamour Girl or Drum Majorette of the Revolution according to need, the other side is a substitute for Our Lady of Guadalupe. She has a shrewd eye for that sort of thing. When asked what the poor folk would think of her sartorial expenses she cracked back: "It's all right for bishops, isn't it? And they haven't worked half as hard as I have to get it." For this is the time of secular religions.

But there is more to it than stage tricks. Securing the vote for women has paved Evita's way into politics. The problem of dictators has always been to find a chief lieutenant and confidante who will not let them down in an emergency. Perón trusts her intuitions, and calls her his mascot; he also relies on her stronger nerves.

Evita's brazenness earned her painful snubs in Europe; nevertheless she performed the important move in the chess game that Perón could not have taken on himself at this time: that of the identification of Argentina with Franco Spain.

The opposition moves can be discounted, and it matters little whether the parties get together or not. They know that it would be impossible for them, even if they had the majority, to come back into power legally. They must wait for the regime to liquidate itself in a spectacular crash, and that may not come for quite some time.

For that, finally, is Perón's great strength. He has led his people darkly and fearfully afar until they dread the idea of turning back. The worker knows that the state has to keep him going. The industrialist, that the state cannot afford to let him down. They have given up trying to follow the financial wizardries of a government that knows how to bribe everyone with everyone else's money.



France

THE most constant preoccupation of virtually every Frenchman is the coming winter. How severe will it be? How will he personally, and his country as he now knows it, survive this critical season? These questions are raised not in a neurotic or morbid manner. They are plain, practical, and very real problems.

The first concern is food. The bread ration is down to 200 grams a day, lower than it ever was under German occupation, when the minimum amount was 325 grams daily. The present ration, cut by the baker from a large loaf, amounts to about half a pound. And with only that, many people are afraid they will be hungry.

Fuel is of less concern, because there is no-doubt about it. There will be no more. The winter ration of 250 kilograms of coal for a family of three, and 300 kilos for larger families, has already been distributed. It is the same as last year's, and a little more than the lowest level reached during the occupation, when the ration went down to 150 kilos. But it is far from enough, and many people know they will be cold.

Too little bread

During the autumn, no one was desperately hungry. Visiting Congressmen, touring Europe rapidly, could report accurately that they saw no one starving. That was because there were enough vegetables, still in season, to compensate for the lack of bread. But with the coming of winter, people of limited means would no longer be able to buy more expensive substitutes for bread, and the hunger would begin.

The reason for the bread shortage could be found in the cold but singularly expressive statistics of the catastrophic 1947 wheat crop. Normally, in pre-war years, France collected up to 100 million quintals of wheat. That figure went down to 74 million in 1939, 66 million last year, and 35 million this year, after an unusually cold winter and dry summer.

Apart from the adversity of nature, there was another, more tangible reason for the failure of the wheat crop: the failure of the post-war controlled

economy to provide sufficient incentive for the farmers. In 1946, the wheat price was fixed at 1003 francs a quintal, or three and one-half times the 1938 price. But the value of other grains and fodder had been permitted to rise to eight and nine times the pre-war price. The result was that the peasants of France, losing interest in wheat and attracted to other grains and to cattle, reduced their wheat sowing from 5.3 million to 3.3 million hectares.

This brought a good deal of grumbling about stingy peasants starving the country, and stimulated the eternal rivalry between the farm regions and the cities. But it took specific measures to convince the farmer that he should sow more wheat, in conformity with the economic law of profit, which after all was the one the city people obeyed in doing business with him.

The price of wheat at delivery from the farm was raised by government decree to 1850 francs a quintal, and an additional bonus of 1000 francs was offered for each hectare sown, bringing the value of wheat for the farmer to about 1950 francs a quintal. A sowing campaign for 1948 was initiated, to restore the wheat-area to 5 million hectares. The new price was enough to interest the farmers, and their professional organization, the General Confederation of Agriculture, accepted the sowing plan.

Wages, prices, and strikes

The same maladjustment could be found in other fields of the national economy. The cost of living rose to more than eleven times the pre-war level. Taking the 1938 monthly average as the base figure of 100, retail prices stood at 1157. More than one fourth of that rise was registered during 1947.

Wages, frozen by government order, could not keep pace with prices, although some increases were granted to workers in nationalized industries and enterprises after negotiations with or strikes against the government. The penury produced by the spread between prices and wages was apparent in the clothing and on the faces of the population. Wages had risen to less than six times the pre-war rates — from an average of 5.91 francs per hour for a laborer in 1938, to 30.17 francs in 1947.



The Atlantic Report on France



Strikes fell into a new and regular pattern. Almost all the recurring walkouts were called in state-controlled factories or systems, by independent unions with genuine labor demands. But in all the important cases, the Communist-dominated General Confederation of Labor, hesitant to provoke disorder at times, but always more fearful of being outflanked by more aggressive forces, finally gave its support to the movement.

There were suspicions, based mostly on the past record of the Communist Party, that it was secretly orchestrating the strikes. The indications were that the Communists were wavering in their usually fixed minds, and somewhat dismayed by labor action that might seem to them premature. But no one doubted that they would seek to profit by disorders of the future.

Ramadier, compromise premier

For all its economic misery, France experienced an unusual period of governmental stability. The cabinet of Socialist Premier Paul Ramadier, formed in January, 1946, as the first regular government of the Fourth French Republic, exceeded all expectations, including its own, in living on month after month.

It presented the paradox of a coalition administration, headed by the third largest party in the National Assembly, the Socialists, because the number 1 and 2 parties, the Communists and the Popular Republican Movement, could agree on no alternative. Ramadier was a little-known lawyer from the south, whose most important previous role in the public eye had been as the first post-war Minister for Food under General de Gaulle — a position that was hardly conducive to popularity.

The cabinet survived its most severe crisis in May, when Ramadier successfully expelled the Communist ministers for voting against the government's no-pay-raise policy in the strike of Renault automobile factory workers. Ramadier himself, despite his absent-mindedness (he once called more than a hundred correspondents to a news conference and then forgot to come; and on another occasion, after accepting an invitation to lunch with the Anglo-American Press Association, he apologized, half an hour before mealtime, that he had forgotten again — he was lunching that day with the King of Sweden), won general respect for his firm management of public affairs.

In the awkward situation of a Socialist forced to oppose labor demands, he reconciled the conflict

between politician and statesman with some first-class oratory in the Assembly and with skillful negotiations in his office. But the days of the Ramadier government were being counted.

De Gaulle versus Communism?

Both the government and the Constitution, which had been in effect for only a year, were under heavy attack from the two extremes. General de Gaulle, with his new Reunion of the French People, which assumed more and more the aspects of a political party, was campaigning openly for power and for revision of the Constitution, to provide for stronger executive authority. The Communists clamored for a return to the cabinet, and if their attack on republican institutions was less outspoken, their ideal of a Soviet state was well known.

Between the two, most political observers believed that de Gaulle was the more likely to reach power first, if the moderate solution had to be abandoned and a choice had to be made between right and left. In fact, the French read with astonishment reports from the United States that France needs aid this winter to avoid Communism.

A casual inquiry among articulate persons of many classes — a publisher, a businessman, a stenographer, and a taxi driver, for example — showed that no one believed there was any immediate peril of Communism in France. But if the United States government needed a red scare to obtain public and Congressional approval for aid to France, then let them have it.

The real danger lay in any departure from the known paths of French democracy toward a new system that would inevitably pit the left against the right in more open competition, with results that could not be clearly foreseen.

The collaborationists are snubbed

But politics and economics could never maintain a monopoly over the French mind, and this was a lively season in the arts and letters, with some of the episodes compounded of stale recollections of the German occupation and collaboration. The passing of three years since the liberation had not dimmed the resentment of a large part of the population toward those who were anything but patriots, and the record of men of arts and letters in defense of their country was not always remarkable.

The Académie Goncourt, founded by the nineteenth-century novelists, the Goncourt brothers, and a traditional stronghold of French literature,

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

*of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1947*

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher and editor are:
Publisher, Donald B. Snyder, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor, Edward A. Weeks, Jr., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Barbara D. Danielson . . . 314 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.
Richard E. Danielson . . . 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Trade Winds, Ltd. . . . 68 William St., New York City
Estate of Arthur Kudner
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Edward A. Weeks, Jr. . . . 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Donald B. Snyder . . . 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.
Little, Brown and Company, Inc.
34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
Long and Nash . . . 15 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DONALD B. SNYDER
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September 1947.

[SEAL]

Erwin C. Thiessen, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 2, 1950)

resumed its monthly luncheons in October at the glittering Restaurant Drouant, in the Rue Gaillon, just off the Avenue de l'Opéra. In their private dining room, six of the ten members, Madame Colette, André Billy, Leo Languier, Roland Dorgelès, Alexandre Arnoux, and their legal adviser, Maître Maurice Garçon, discussed symbolism in literature. But the attendance was not complete. Francis Carco excused himself diplomatically. Lucien Descaves was away on vacation. The two most spectacular absentees, Sacha Guitry and René Benjamin, were having lunch together at Guitry's house on the Champs de Mars. They talked about Mozart and Molière.

But the rest of Paris was talking about the case of Sacha Guitry. Officially cleared by an examining magistrate of charges of collaboration, and still a member of the Académie Goncourt, he was considered undesirable by some of the members, but not by the majority necessary to expel him. Neither side wishing to press the matter immediately, they lunched separately and left the case in suspense.

Souvenirs and memoirs

Soon after the first Goncourt lunch, Guitry was the victim of a robbery at his château at Fontenay-le-Fleury. The intruders showed a curious sense of selection. They overlooked Guitry's rich collection of silverware. But they took the *épée* carried by Sarah Bernhardt in *L'Aiglon*, the decorations conferred on Guitry's actor-father, Lucien, by Czarist Russia, and some of the products of Sacha's prodigious pen. Among their loot was the manuscript of *Four Years of Occupations*, Guitry's forthcoming wartime memoirs. Guitry had another copy.

Another controversial case was that of Serge Lifar, the White Russian who was banned from the stage for a year by an administrative commission, for having danced for the Germans. Having served his term of inactivity, the Opéra brought him back, but his debut was prevented by a protest strike of stagehands. The *corps de ballet* insisted he must return as *maître de ballet*, there being no one capable of replacing him, and without him, 50 million francs' worth of settings and costumes were spoiling in the Opéra attic. But a second strike turned the audience out when Lifar attempted to take the stage again.

The Louvre reopens

The fine arts had a smoother but also stimulating season. The Great Gallery of the Louvre, closed for eight years (it was undergoing repairs when the war began in 1939), reopened with the great classics of the Italian Renaissance back in their places. With the works of da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian appeared the masters of Spanish art, Velásquez, Murillo, and Goya.

The Salon d'Automne presented a new collection of modern French sculpture and painting, together with a representative selection of works from its previous shows. And if the future seemed bleak, at least one could look back on the past with pleasure.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Why I Resigned from Annapolis"

To the October *Atlantic* young Ralph Lee Smith, now a student at Swarthmore, contributed his honest and provocative paper, "Why I Resigned from Annapolis." Responses both pro and con have come to our office from those who have been at the Academy or in the Navy, and whose experiences parallel or contradict those of Mr. Smith. The *Atlantic* welcomes such testimony and will continue to publish letters or articles which throw fresh light on our Service schools. Those wishing to be heard should make sure that their manuscripts reach us before December 20. — THE EDITOR

SIR:

Ralph Lee Smith states that the attention paid to the first-year men at Annapolis does not obtain elsewhere and that the "ordinary college or fraternity initiation is nothing but tough, old-fashioned horseplay." As president of a college and member of the board of trustees of other educational institutions, I do get about, and I know something of this matter. Even at my own college there are freshmen rules set forth in the Freshman's Bible and issued by the Student Christian Association. I know adults who to this day wear no garters and turn square corners — customs acquired while freshmen!

I have been an instructor at the Naval Academy, the head of an academic department, and the Commandant of Midshipmen. As a midshipman, I have been hazed but no degradation was involved; I have sat

on courts-martial of midshipmen caught in the act; and I have segregated an entire plebe class to prevent their being hazed — only to find them soon getting out of hand and hazing upperclassmen! A Congressman who, one year, raises Cain when his plebe appointee is hazed, may the next year storm the Navy Department to set aside the sentence of a court-martial which found that same lad guilty of hazing.

WAT TYLER CLUVERIUS
Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy (Ret.)
President, Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Worcester, Mass.

SIR:

I have just read with interest the article "Why I Resigned from Annapolis." I have been speculating upon your reasons for publishing this article.

On its merits, it appears to be neither a valid criticism nor an objective appraisal of the academic or disciplinary systems at the Naval Academy. Perhaps it was intended merely to represent a young sophomore's reaction to a new way of life.

The fundamental point which the author misses is that the Naval Academy exists solely for the purpose of training young men to become officers in the United States Navy; it does not exist as a school to provide an elective system of education. The Naval Academy provides an opportunity for young men who would serve their country as Naval Officers. The question implied by the article is "What can I get?" rather than "What can I give?" The idea of service seems to be lacking.

Intellectual adventure can be found at the Naval Academy as in any other first-rate school. Its discovery, however, is still an individual matter. Your author's criticism of the Department of English seems to me to be particularly ill-founded. One purpose of the department is, of course, to open horizons which may be further explored as the taste and intellectual curiosity of the student may determine.

The library at the Naval Academy is a particularly good one. It does not appear to me that signing one's name six times should be a bar to sampling its resources. Although not mentioned, the library is of course available during the midshipmen's leisure hours.

The compartmental system of education is not peculiar to the Naval Academy. I believe that this is a fault of the educational method employed by most of the schools in this country. A great part of our education, from the grades up, appears to be accomplished by individual subjects with little effective correlation.

In order to establish relative seniority upon graduation, the midshipman is marked with mathematical precision. This requirement tends toward recitation by each student at each class meeting. I hope that somehow a means will be found to reduce requirements for such rigid marking so that more instruction of the seminar type may be accomplished.

I think the author has completely missed the purpose of the "plebe system." It is absurd to imply that brutality or "humiliation" is condoned by the Naval Academy.

thorities. The "plebe system" is based upon a limitation of privilege. The rights and prerogatives of a midshipman are increased as he progresses from year to year through the Naval Academy. The purpose of the system is not entirely discipline in the sense in which the author uses the term. It is rather to teach self-discipline to prepare the midshipman for his later career, which will be characterized by more than a touch of austerity and which he will find often in severe contrast to normal civilian living.

There is also one more important purpose which the system strives to accomplish. That is to start each midshipman on his career on the same basis. Many youngsters enter the Naval Academy with some background of financial and social position and secondary-school accomplishments. It is the Academy's intention that one of these should start an individual on his Naval career with an artificial advantage. The "plebe system" is a great deflationary experience. I can well understand what the author meant by an "unsympathetic atmosphere." The lack of sympathy was most probably directed to a lack of awareness or acceptance of the individual's estimate of his position in the scheme of things. I am sure that the average midshipman today, as in the past, looks on the plebe system not as a humiliating experience but as a test of the spirit.

The system of which the author speaks is largely imposed by the midshipmen themselves within limits prescribed and supervised by Naval Academy authorities. As a midshipman is promoted from class to class he finds his voice of increasing importance in establishing policies governing privileges and the relationships of the Academy class to another. If it is fact, as the author implies, that the other midshipmen share his views, it is to be hoped they will not show dissatisfaction to serve as justification for quitting. It is to be expected rather that they will appreciate their broadening responsibilities and increasing opportunities and will adopt a constructive course towards changing those things which they sincerely feel can and should be changed. The capability for positive leadership which will permit this

course is one of the most important elements the Naval Academy strives to develop in the military character of our potential Naval leaders.

I would not be presumptuous enough to attempt to defend the Naval Academy. It needs no defense. Its record of magnificent accomplishment speaks for itself. My principal purpose in expressing these random views is merely to suggest that there is another and a more important side to the story.

You will of course realize that the views and opinions expressed herein are wholly my own and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.

ROBERT L. DENNISON, CAPT. USN
U.S.S. Missouri

SIR:

Congratulations to Ralph Lee Smith on having the courage to voice his convictions. I have no doubts as to the truth of his article in every detail, even down to the words of Captain Estabrook: "The only reason for submitting a statement of the type that you have is to drum up an argument merely for the sake of arguing." I heard the selfsame words from his lips when I submitted my own resignation.

We all hope that the American public may become aware of the farce which is now called discipline at the Naval Academy.

GEORGE T. MATTSO
ex-Midshipman, USN '49
Ithaca, N.Y.

SIR:

Ralph Lee Smith expresses very well what I'm certain many Naval Academy graduates and non-graduates, however reluctant to admit it, feel to be true.

It is axiomatic that subordination on the part of juniors, in this case "plebes," is imperative in any military organization. It would be a sad day when a plebe could with impunity "tell off" an upperclassman. This, however, is no justification for allowing a small minority of upperclassmen to punish physically, debase mentally, and otherwise humiliate to the extreme the fourth classman.

The exemplary courage and leadership of our reserve officers and men during the war have proved that a

normally educated and, above all, a normally treated student will, if anything, make a better officer.

J. K. LAURENCE, LT. (jg) USN
Corpus Christi, Tex.

SIR:

I spent twenty-one months at the Naval Academy, so naturally I could appreciate "Why I Resigned from Annapolis" to the nth degree. The article is so alarmingly true that it would tend to make one deduce that the entire Naval Academy system is a farce, and therefore should be abolished in the most rapid and efficacious manner possible.

GILBERT P. BOURK, JR.
Kansas City, Mo.

SIR:

The other day I ran into a classmate of mine (ex-USN; class of 1946 at the U.S. Naval Academy), and he told me that over half of our class had resigned from the Naval Service. This would total more than 500 officers who had served the required two years after graduation from the Academy.

These figures parallel closely a personal poll conducted among some of our class before I submitted my own resignation. On this basis, I would agree the figures are not exaggerated. Easily 50 per cent intended to resign when presented the opportunity, and more than likely most of them followed their early desires this past summer. Not a very imposing record for a class that is supposed to be representative of the world's finest naval school!

The major reason for such an exodus from the service can be charged directly to the "plebe system," which completely crushed and utterly destroyed any *esprit de corps* that should have been engendered and strengthened in those of us who went to Annapolis with the desire to become a career Naval Officer.

My only comment upon Ralph Lee Smith's extremely fine article would be to quote you a few lines from a letter that I received from my mother recently:—

"There is a very interesting article in the October *Atlantic Monthly* which might have been written by you, called 'Why I Resigned from Annapolis.' It didn't surprise me in

ATLANTIC REPARTEE

the least, but certainly was an eye-opener to your father. It was just what you tried to get across to him while you were there, and he never listened. He was terribly impressed, though, by the article."

So a "Well done!" to Ralph Smith and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

H. B. JUDKINS, JR.

USNA, Class of '46, ex-Ensign, USN
Wharton School of Finance and Commerce
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

As a former Naval Reserve Officer who once had a fleeting notion about making the Navy a career, I was especially impressed by Ralph Lee Smith's excellent statement of his reasons for resigning from the Naval Academy.

During the war I served with Annapolis graduates who represented the highest qualities of leadership, courage, and decency, and who were — to a man — critical of the Annapolis system.

I also served with other Naval Academy graduates whose concept of discipline and leadership sprang directly from the notorious "plebe system," and who merited little respect for themselves or for the Navy.

That some superior officers emerge from the "trade school" in spite of its antiquated instruction program and its warped concept of leadership training is certainly no excuse for continuing the present system. Some changes more drastic than the Holloway Plan are needed, and Mr. Smith's article should help to awaken the indifferent public to a dangerous situation.

WALTER J. HEACOCK
Madison, Wis.

SIR:

Regardless of whether the academic system at Annapolis surprised Ralph Lee Smith or not, I contest his denunciation of it. Granted a man gets comparatively little assistance from the instructor, he still must understand the matter in order to pass his subjects, and as a result he acquires not only the subject knowledge but also the ability to dig it out himself, which is invaluable in any profession.

In Mr. Smith's case I seem to detect the cause for his indignation in the hurt attitude he takes toward the

"plebe system." He is not unique. In every group of incoming midshipmen there are a few whose pride will not permit them to submit to the authority of the upperclassmen. I have never seen or heard of any instance in which a plebe has suffered anything but hurt pride from the awful "hazing" mentioned. It is really not nearly so bad as one might be led to believe.

R. J. LAUER, LT. (jg) USN
U.S.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt

SIR:

I was particularly interested and affected by Ralph Lee Smith's enlightening report on the Naval Academy, since my son, who was a member of the same class, also resigned last spring.

To be very frank, his father and I never quite understood, until now, why our boy got out. Our queries were parried by the remark, "Well, Mother, it's no use trying to explain, for you and Dad could never understand what it was like."

Our son had been working toward the Navy as a career since he was small. His high school and college years were spent preparing for the Academy with high anticipation. I might say now, lest you dismiss this letter with the thought that this is the case of a misfit tied to his mother's apron strings, or of an intellectual introvert, that John (I will call him that) was a normally intelligent, alert, independent person, who at the "Y," Scouts, camps, and school was considered a well-rounded, cooperative individual.

John took his boot training in the regular Navy, was worked like the old scratch — and loved it. He even liked NAPS, which was a severe, strict mental preparation for the Academy.

Though he never actually put it into words, we sensed that he hated Annapolis from the time Academics began in October until he resigned. John and we kept on thinking that if he could just endure plebe year, he might see things differently and find the Navy what he had long pictured it. Thus our son stayed on for about twenty months.

Needless to say, his father and I were sorely disappointed when John resigned, as it meant giving up a

long-planned career of financial security, cosmopolitan interests, and service to one's country.

There is no sight more moving and exhilarating than a young man straightforward, honest, and proud. A freeman should be proud. I object to any experience which destroys that pride by unnecessarily, and without purpose, subjecting any person to such humiliation as Mr. Smith describes.

After putting down Mr. Smith's article, I am happy that we have for a son a young man who had the "guts" to resign. We did not understand these things before because there are some personal experiences too humiliating to tell to those who love us.

Something is wrong with a school or system which changes a boy from a happy, frank, obedient person to a moody, sardonic, recalcitrant one. Something is drastically wrong when a group of boys root for the opposing team in a football classic! One reason for this situation may be that the mental and emotional age of our youth has been advanced about four years and those boys who now enter the Academy at eighteen are really men of about twenty-two. They will not submit to childish sadistic methods which younger boys were obliged to take.

I am not trying to write a justification of our boy's resignation (though I am so happy now to be able to understand it), but to express a sincere regret that one of the finest, noblest careers in our country should be ruined for many men by some petty evil which is practiced by a few maladjusted upperclassmen. It is a great loss to the resignees, and a greater loss to our Navy, which needs officers of the highest principles and tolerance. Annapolis has so much that is beneficial: regular hours, fine food and equipment, systematic exercise. As far as I know, no boys objected to the clockwork precision of military life, hard work, or punishment for deserved demerits.

Americans are able to take everything but unnecessary humiliation. I am proud that Mr. Smith objected and was courageous enough to state his reasons.

(Name withheld)
Georgie



*"In contemporary literature
there is nothing quite like this
book and its two predecessors."*

—HORACE GREGORY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Great Morning

by SIR OSBERT
SITWELL

This volume, the third in Sir Osbert's brilliant autobiography begun in *LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!* and *THE SCARLET TREE*, carries his lively chronicle of a rebellious English youth into the splendor of London society at a time when "the fruit was ripe and we were eating it." "...truly golden prose and poetry and the veracity and wit, the affection and the acid, add up to a work of art."
—ERNESTINE EVANS, *Herald Tribune Book Review*. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$4.00

Among current LITTLE, BROWN *successes:*

***ATLANTIC HARVEST**

Edited by Ellery Sedgwick
\$4.50

***NOTHING SO STRANGE**

By James Hilton
\$2.75

***THE BATTLE OF THE
ATLANTIC 1939-43**

By Samuel E. Morison
\$6.00

***DAHL'S BRAVE NEW
WORLD**

By Francis W. Dahl and Charles W. Morton
\$2.50

***ONE FINE DAY**

By Mollie Panter-Downes
\$2.50

WAY OF LIFE

By A. Hamilton Gibbs
\$2.75

***THE WEDDING
JOURNEY**

By Walter D. Edmonds
\$2.50

**WE LIVE IN THE
ARCTIC**

By Constance and Harmon Helmericks
\$4.00

**OGDEN NASH'S
MUSICAL ZOO**

By Ogden Nash and Vernon Duke
\$2.50

**FRIENDS AND
LOVERS**

By Helen MacInnes
\$2.75

At all bookstores

***Published in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press**

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

DECEMBER ATLANTIC

Ninetieth year of continuous publication

VOLUME 180 1947 NUMBER 6

Henry Ford II Speaks Out <i>A Conversation with Tom Lilley</i>	HENRY FORD II	25
General Patton's War Letters	GEORGE S. PATTON, JR.	33
Christianity and Human Rights	BARBARA WARD	38
Dishonest Divorce	RÉGINALD HEBER SMITH	42
"Banking Is an Art." <i>The Atlantic Serial</i>	JOHN P. MARQUAND	46
Modern Art and Muddled Thinking	GEORGE BIDDLE	58
The Conditions of Justice <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	R. V. CASSILL	62
Love Letters of Mark Twain	<i>Edited by</i> DIXON WECTER	66
The Art of Judging Music	VIRGIL THOMSON	73
The Logic of Peace	RALPH BARTON PERRY	76
In Country Sleep. <i>A Poem</i>	DYLAN THOMAS	83
How to Buy a Castle	SIR OSBERT SITWELL	86
Old Man Rivers. <i>A Story</i>	THOMAS WOLFE	92
Carol for Christmas at Peace. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN PUDNEY	104

ACCENT ON LIVING

Alan Devoe — David Brock — B. F. Sylvester — Gordon Kahn — R. P. Lister — Lee Anderson — Giles Playfair	105
--	-----

BOOKS AND MEN

The Power of Books	H. M. TOMLINSON	115
The Ten Best Novels: Tom Jones	SOMERSET MAUGHAM	120
Return to Chartres. <i>A Poem</i>	MAY SARTON	126
Patton Preferred	SHERMAN MILES	128

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Edward Weeks — James H. Powers — Jane Cobb and Helen Dore Boylston — Short Reviews	134
---	-----

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$10.00 3 YEARS \$15.00



LONG DISTANCE CALLS ARE MOVING FASTER

We're adding new circuits every day and service is improving.

Nine out of ten out-of-town calls go through while you hold the line. We can handle more calls, by more people, more of the time.

That's real progress but we're not boasting yet. Too many folks are still waiting for telephones. Some calls are still delayed.

We can tell you, however, that we're on our way to that happy day when everyone will get all the telephone service he wants . . . with speed, accuracy and of course with courtesy.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Two years ago, at the age of twenty-eight, HENRY FORD II stepped into the presidency of the Ford Motor Company. The country was eager to know how he would meet the far-reaching responsibilities of a company by now employing 130,000 people and famous throughout the world as a symbol of American enterprise. The Atlantic asked permission to send TOM LILLEY to Dearborn so that Mr. Ford could answer informally some questions of industrial development, post-war reorganization, and personnel relations which find their parallel in every American plant, large or small. Mr. Lilley is Assistant Director of Research at the Harvard Business School.

HENRY FORD II SPEAKS OUT

A Conversation with Tom Lilley

MR. LILLEY. — Mr. Ford, millions of people in the United States would like to be sitting here this morning in my place and have this chance to ask you questions. I am going to try to ask some of the questions I think they might want to put to you. Most of all, I think they would like to hear about your plans for the Ford Motor Company — where it's going and how it proposes to get there.

MR. FORD. — I think I can state our goals very simply. They are a lot easier to state than to achieve. Our first goal is to outsell Chevrolet in the low-price field — just as soon as a competitive buyer's market gives us a chance to do it.

There are a couple of things in the way of that goal right now. First, we can't get enough steel to manufacture anywhere near capacity. Second, we are in a seller's market. Our facilities for making low-priced cars are not as large as Chevrolet's. Right now we can sell all we can make, and so can they. But some day supply is going to be greater than demand. It won't be a question then of how many can you make, but how many can you sell. Our goal is to outsell Chevrolet when that day comes. Speaking of steel, I don't mean to imply that we haven't had anything but the best help from the steel companies. It's just that we're caught in this shortage like everyone else and doing the best we can about it.

Our other major goal is to get back our rightful

share of the total market. Now I admit that, in one sense, there is no such thing as a "rightful share" — our share of the market is only as big as we are able to make it. My point is that we should be and will be good enough to get a bigger share of the market than we have today. To be more specific, Ford Motor Company total sales — of all types of passenger cars in all price classes — have dropped from about 45 to 50 per cent of the total auto market in the mid-1920's to a low of 18 per cent and to approximately 20 per cent today. We have to find our place somewhere between 18 per cent and that top percentage. If Ford has any "rightful share" at all, I think it is considerably higher than 18 or 20 per cent. I know we can do better than that.

Those are two specific goals — outselling Chevrolet in the low-price field and increasing our share of the total market. Our job is to attain these goals and at the same time make a profit. There seems to be an impression around, that, for some obscure reason or other, Ford does not have to make a profit. That isn't so. Unless we can obtain a return that enables us to pay reasonable dividends, renew our plant, invest for the future, and meet competition on equal terms, Ford Motor Company will not have any future.

I like to shoot for goals like these because they are concrete and can be understood by every man

Copyright 1947, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

in our organization. Moreover, we can tell how close we are and we'll know when we've reached them.

MR. LILLEY. — As you see it, how does this tie in with the broad economic problems that seem to be facing all of us today?

MR. FORD. — Of course, we are deeply interested in the difficult problems facing the United States and the world.

But I do not pretend to be a philosopher, and I doubt whether we can help most by setting up a series of abstract goals. I have repeated many times that our organization has one primary peacetime job: to make more and better cars to sell for lower and lower prices. If we do this job right, we will be making the kind of contribution to society a business like this is set up to make.

That's why I think we have to recognize that we have got to do an even better job in the future than we have in the past. If we do, our company will be a profitable and going concern over the long pull; our customers will get a better product for fewer dollars; our workers will have a higher standard of living — not only more dollars, but dollars that buy more, and steadier jobs to bring in those dollars; our suppliers, our dealers, and the people who work for them will prosper.

Let's look, for instance, at the urge for security which all of us understandably have in these muddled times. Then look at the trend of Ford sales as they dropped from 50 per cent to a low of 18 per cent of the industry. If that trend were to continue, there would be no security for anyone in the Ford organization or for anyone directly or indirectly connected with it. That's why our first and most important goal is to boost that percentage plenty — and I think we are going to do it.

MR. LILLEY. — Do you have any opinions as to the time when the buyer's market will return?

MR. FORD. — Well, we all have opinions on that. Late last year I said that we would have a buyer's market in the first quarter of 1949, but that was obviously a bad guess. None of us realized at the time that the steel situation was going to continue as tight as it is and as it is going to be next year. If you'll give me one more guess, I'd say that the seller's market might last two years more.

2

MR. LILLEY. — Let's turn to the tougher subject, the steps you have been taking to get ready for the day of competitive selling. There are a lot of ways of tackling that subject, and I am willing to approach it in any way that makes sense to you. Perhaps it would be best to turn back a couple of years to 1944 and 1945, when you became Executive Vice-President and then President of the Company. From conversations with men in your organization and elsewhere, I know that your grandfather had

for many years prior to then not taken an active part in the day-to-day operation of the business. Shortly before you became President, your father had died. I can think of few more difficult assignments than yours in 1944 and 1945. Could you select, out of the welter of difficulties that I know you faced then, one or a few of the major problems you considered most important?

MR. FORD. — That's a big order, but I'll try. It might be best to divide those early problems into two sections: first, our need for a management group capable of running our organization in a spirit of teamwork; and second, the need to modernize our operational procedures.

I think you need some more background right about here. We were just getting out of war production. Facing the huge job of returning to peacetime work, we found that we just were not organized or even remotely ready to tackle it. What we felt was needed most of all was to get rid of old-fashioned ways of doing business and what I think were wrong ways of handling people.

One of the first steps we took was to set up a top Policy Committee. The Policy Committee was originally formed because we knew that there was simply no sense in trying to run Ford Motor Company as a one-man show. I guess Ford was pretty much a one-man show in the old days, and especially so since 1919 when the minority stockholders were bought out by my grandfather. Of course, my grandfather was capable of running the show he had built. But I wasn't my grandfather, and I figured that I didn't know much about what was and had been going on. I was anxious to build a team around here so that we could get the joint thinking of eight or ten top fellows on the Policy Committee, and run the Company according to the decisions all of us could reach together.

We had some good, experienced people to start our big reorganization job — among them Mead Bricker, who had done a good job in getting out plane production at Willow Run and is now a vice-president; John Bugas, who had left the FBI to help us with some of our personnel problems and is now vice-president in charge of industrial relations; Jack Davis, who has been selling Ford products more than twenty-five years and is now vice-president in charge of sales and advertising. These three men and four others made up, with me, the first Policy Committee. The assignment of titles and specific jobs to these men was something new in itself, because there just weren't many titles or assigned responsibilities at that time.

During the next year and a half, we brought in a number of new executives to help us do our job. Probably our most important move was to bring in Ernest R. Breech as Executive Vice-President. I realized that I needed someone to help bring together our new organization into an effective operating unit. Mr. Breech's proved ability as an ad-

ministrator, backed by very thorough experience in financial and business management, made him the man for the job.

We have been lucky enough to get other top-flight men for our first team line-up — Del Harder, a man with years of production background, as our vice-president in charge of manufacturing; Al Browning, vice-president in charge of purchasing; Harold Youngren, engineering vice-president; Lewis D. Crusoe in finance and planning and controls, and also a vice-president; and William T. Gossett, vice-president and general counsel. These men, as well as my brother Benson, are now on the Policy Committee.

MR. LILLEY. — How do all these names and jobs fit together now in the Ford Motor Company?

MR. FORD. — Let me summarize it this way. We have seven top staff divisions — manufacturing, engineering, sales and advertising, industrial relations, purchasing, finance, and legal. We have appointed, from inside our company and from outside, the best qualified men we could find in the country to run those divisions.

MR. LILLEY. — You mentioned a second major difficulty you faced when you first came here — the need for modernizing operational procedures.

MR. FORD. — One of the biggest problems was our almost complete lack of emphasis on finance or accounting. No one knew how well or how poorly the steel mill or forge shop or any other part of the business was doing. There just weren't adequate figures. All we had was over-all financial statements appearing at not too frequent intervals, primarily for tax purposes.

These days you can't expect to run a successful business unless you know where you are and where you are going. Imagine the United States as one big road with no highway signs and you started on a trip from Los Angeles to New York — you might wind up in Central America. Well, there weren't very many highway signs around Ford Motor Company. We were not providing anyone, from the job foreman up to this office, with the information needed to do his job effectively and well. Perhaps in the old days out here they didn't need all the people and organization we need these days to do our jobs.

We now have more than 4000 persons employed in finance and accounting. Today we know whether the steel mill is operating at a profit or loss, and how much that is. We know how much is spent on labor, materials, and overhead. Consequently, the steel mill superintendent and everyone else concerned knows what the steel mill is doing and has sufficient detailed information to help him find out when and where trouble may exist. I don't mean by all this that we have anything like a perfect accounting and control setup. We couldn't do that in a two-year period, but we have made tremendous strides.

The Engineering Division has more than tripled

its personnel — from approximately 800 in 1939 to more than 2600 today. In part that increase was due to the necessity of working out a complete new line of cars. But it is also because we're convinced that if we are going to get results three to five years hence, engineering work has to start now.

The changes in our sales division have in some ways been less spectacular. We have separated Lincoln-Mercury from Ford sales activities and have divorced district and regional managers from all assembly and accounting responsibilities, thus freeing them entirely for sales work. We have added a completely new market research group and have reorganized a number of other departments. Today we lean very heavily on Jack Davis, our vice-president of sales and advertising, and his organization in making policy decisions. In planning a new model, for instance, we are vitally interested in knowing what our customers want — not what we think is good for them. For that information we look to Mr. Davis's organization and the dealers with whom that organization works.

3

MR. LILLEY. — But, Mr. Ford, what about the day-to-day problems that came up while you were busy with this reorganization?

MR. FORD. — Of course, every hour we had to make immediate and pressing decisions that wouldn't wait. In the early period, we were converting all phases of our business from war work to work on our first peacetime models. Our whole production, sales, and purchasing setup had to be overhauled in a competitive race for production.

While we were starting production on our first post-war models, we had to start developing our new models — three completely new lines of cars and a new line of trucks and buses. We had to look at our money situation to be sure that we would have the cash on hand to do the job. For instance, we will spend about \$80,000,000 just for the special tooling, dies, jigs, and fixtures needed to build our new models.

MR. LILLEY. — How far have you gone and how far do you think you still have to go in reorganizing your top management group?

MR. FORD. — I would say (except for a very few minor changes which naturally are always going to take place) that we have pretty well settled on our present topside staff organization. Because of the pressure of our immediate problems, however, one important part of our organization job is much further from completion. Entirely aside from the staff divisions I have mentioned, we have established five line divisions — one for the Lincoln-Mercury line, one for international operations, one for parts manufacturing, one for assembly operations, and a large one for general production. Our ultimate aim is to establish line and staff

relationships of the kind which many well-run companies have found most efficient and workable. For example, responsibility for Lincoln-Mercury production as well as sales is now cleanly separated from the rest of our organization and divisionalized.

We still have a long way to go, of course, in making an effective breakdown of the rest of our line organization and in establishing the proper relationship between line and staff groups. Even in the case of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, we haven't yet worked out, as well as we plan to, the most effective ways of giving that division the help of our staff groups, such as sales, manufacturing, and industrial relations.

But overall, in the two years we have had, we have done as much or more to establish an effective top management team than I dared hope. We have broken our over-all job down into seven major staff divisions, and we have the key men we want in charge of each division. Each of these men in turn has reorganized his particular division, usually on a major scale. I'm pretty confident that the mental attitude around here is healthier than it was too, and I think a good spirit of teamwork has really settled into the place. Running a 130,000-man company is no job for one or seven or seventy men. I just don't believe we could come near our goals with one or a few men sitting on top making all decisions and the rest acting as automatons. Instead of pushing all decisions toward the top, we have been breaking down the decision-making job and staffing each segment with men we consider competent and willing to make decisions.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to imply that all our problems are licked. But I think we have the men we want on our team, each one knows his assignment, and we are getting the momentum to put up a tough, competitive battle.

4

MR. LILLEY. — Mr. Ford, I should like to turn from what has been done, to the wide-open subject of the steps you are planning to take in the future.

MR. FORD. — Again I'd like to break down my answer into two parts. One has to do with physical things — the products we plan to make, how and where we plan to make them. The second has to do with people — the men and women in our organization. Frankly, I think our plans having to do with people are by far the more important, though obviously plans for our physical plant setup and for our people are closely related.

First, our product. We are selling cars to the public, and as I said before, it's not what we like but what they like that counts. Now I'm not going to attempt to give you a lot of technical information. Nor can I, for obvious reasons, tell you all about next year's model. I certainly can say it's a brand-new car — outside and in. We think that our new

lines of cars in all price ranges will appeal to the customers' wants and needs better than any other cars we ever put out.

As you probably know, we have been doing a substantial amount of research and experimentation, both regarding the kinds of cars people want and regarding possible radical changes in car design. At one time we did a lot of work on a radically different light car using new materials and weighing about a third less than present models. At least for the present, that idea is on the shelf, for the very good reason that our studies indicated that a light car would not give people what they really want — they want a car that will hug the road at high speeds; they want an extra-heavy frame and a car heavy enough to carry a lot of extra equipment. In fact, what they really want is a big car at a low price. At the present stage of development it just isn't in the cards to build these requirements into a light-weight automobile.

Nevertheless, a fair portion of the tripled engineering personnel I mentioned before is at work on basic new ideas, ranging from engines to auxiliary power steering aids. Obviously, the more radical ideas are not going to see the light of day overnight for they have to be practical and they have to be available at the right price. And I think you've also got to realize that in seven war and post-war years few basic changes have been made in automobile design. There has been a lot of talk about the vast technological improvements developed during the war. Unfortunately, most of those wartime developments can't be applied to peacetime automobiles without a lot of engineering work. After the static war years, though, I think the public want and expect more and faster major improvements in their cars. I don't blame them, either. But none of us is going to make any promises on dates. We are going to continue appropriating the money and hiring the people that it will take to do the job.

MR. LILLEY. — Do you have any longer-range plans for diversifying your product lines — making and selling products other than automobiles?

MR. FORD. — So far as any moves into new product lines are concerned, the answer is, "Not now." We have too big a job to get done without worrying about things other than automobiles.

MR. LILLEY. — Do you plan any changes in the expansion or contraction of your many different operations which supply raw materials, steel, cement, glass, and parts to your main fabricating and assembly units?

MR. FORD. — Yes, we have already made some changes in the last two years and there will be others. For example, we have already sold a good many properties such as our soya bean farms, and most of our fleet of boats, and currently we are considering the sale of several other properties. On the other hand, we are also planning an 18-million-

dollar improvement in our steel mill to balance operations there.

Basically, it's a dollars and cents question and, to some degree, a question of management load. As I told you, we now have figures available to tell us whether we are making a profit or loss in our different operations. If some unit is not making a reasonable profit on the basis of prices similar to those charged by competitors, we plan to make major changes. Or if some operation overloads our management group or calls for engineering or other specialized assistance which we can't effectively provide, we do not belong in that business either. Of course, a lot of other factors are involved, such as availability of buyers, the price they will offer, and alternative sources of supply. Over the long run, we certainly do not consider our combination of manufacturing units to be at all frozen in its pattern as of today.

MR. LILLEY. — A number of companies are planning or actually moving in the direction of decentralization of their manufacturing operations. Do you have any such plans? I am particularly interested in any possible moving of operations out of your huge Rouge plant.

MR. FORD. — Yes, we are planning further moves to decentralize our operations. And I think there are real possibilities of going farther than we have in transferring production units out of the Rouge to other scattered points, though admittedly many operations could never be moved physically. We already have thirteen branch assembly plants, scattered throughout the country. Currently, we are building three new Lincoln-Mercury branch assembly units in Metuchen, New Jersey, St. Louis, Missouri, and Los Angeles, California, and a Ford plant in Atlanta, Georgia. This year we have acquired two outside plants, one located near Detroit and the other in Canton, Ohio, which will enable us to transfer from the Rouge plant some very important operations.

It is impossible to cite all the practical factors that have to be taken into account in moves toward decentralization. Consider just the problem of freight rates. Advantageous shipping rates out of Detroit have certainly contributed to the industry's continued concentration in this area. We make motors, axles, transmissions, frames, and body stampings and ship them to our scattered assembly plants. A shift in the location of production facilities for many parts of these basic products could involve extra shipping costs, in some cases expensive cross-hauling of the products. Because of transportation costs, future moves of most fabricating units will probably be limited to an area no farther than, say, Indiana, or the western part of New York State.

But I think there are compelling reasons under today's conditions why it is unwise to have so much of our activity concentrated in one location at the

Rouge plant. I spoke a few minutes ago about the desirability of decentralizing our organization by breaking down the management job into well-defined smaller segments. Any such move would be easier and more effective if some of our production units themselves were geographically separate and distinct. Then it is generally recognized that many of the social problems of our time are made worse — and in part have been created — by concentrating vast numbers of people in crowded city areas such as Detroit. I sincerely believe that our heavy concentration in the Rouge plant makes our organization job and all phases of our human relations job more difficult, in spite of the apparent advantage of such a concentration.

I do not mean by this that we ever intend to “break up” the Rouge plant, or that we are planning to make any large-scale moves in a hurry, or that we are unaware of all the difficult problems in personnel adjustments that are involved. But I do think that over a period of time our company and most of the people in it will be better off if our extreme concentration in the Rouge is reduced.

5

MR. LILLEY. — Your ideas on decentralization take us very close to the second major subject you outlined, your plans having to do with people. Some time ago you gave a talk on “human engineering.” Could you tell me something about what this concept means to you?

MR. FORD. — Earlier, I spoke of some of the steps we have taken in reorganizing one particular group of people, the men in our seven top staff divisions. But management of Ford Motor is not confined to the men in our staff divisions. Our cars are built by 107,000 workers on our hourly payrolls. These men are managed, not by a few hundred staff people they seldom see, but by a total management group of about 8700 — from job foreman to this office.

One of our biggest and certainly one of our most difficult jobs for the future is to make all 130,000 Ford men and women effective team players, to a far greater degree than they have been in the past.

There are many phases to this job but the heart of our problem can be stated very simply: it is to get each man in our organization to treat the men he works with as he would like to be treated himself. Now let me tell you how far some of our foremen think we are from that objective. Hundreds of them answered a letter I wrote to all foremen this year, and we didn't feel very complimented about what some of them had to say. One man said that he and the other foremen in his building were constantly being dragged into the superintendent's office and given hell for everything that went wrong. Another talked about the time he was called down in front of a group of men “in a way not fit

for a dog to take." Another said that morale was low and was going to stay low until top supervision "lays down the whip." Maybe these were just complaints that you could mark down to a few habitual grippers, but I doubt it.

I think you ought to get this point quite straight. I don't think for one moment that these are conditions or complaints which are peculiar to Ford Motor Company. I think they are found more or less in all mass-production industry.

But our worries are right here in Dearborn, and I can assure you that a man subjected to any such treatment is not likely to have any sense of participation in the management of this company. And if, day after day and year after year, he gets pushed around, he's going to try to get the work out of the other men under him by pushing them around, unless he's a very remarkable guy. His chance to learn something about the job of the man a level above him is very remote indeed; for he is not going to be consulted when his boss makes decisions, or even told why those decisions are made. He's quite likely to get accepted for promotion on his ability to push harder than the next guy.

One of our major goals is to eliminate such situations in all levels of our organization. An important part of each man's job is to try to get along with the people with whom he is working. We want our men at each level to be good managers and to let the men immediately below them know what decisions are being made that will affect them and why. Wherever possible, the men below should be given a chance to participate in making those decisions.

6

MR. LILLEY. — I realize that you are tackling a problem to which no one has all of the answers. However, in talking with various men in your organization during the last few days, I was particularly impressed with the statement of a man in charge of one of your staff departments. He said that when he was debating whether or not to take the job, you had told him that what you wanted in human relations was "not lip service, but action." I should like very much to hear about the steps you have taken to date.

MR. FORD. — Other organizations are undoubtedly ahead of us in some respects, for we have just really gotten under way.

With regard to our management group, there are two special staff activities which may be of interest to you: our so-called "management meetings" and our management relations program for foremen. Back in 1946, not too long after we had formed our original Policy Committee, we set up a number of subcommittees to deal with various phases of our business, such as merchandising, products, and industrial relations. These committees helped the new top men in our staff divisions learn how to

work together effectively and communicate with each other about what each division was doing. But we realized that we had no effective way to let all other members of our management group know about the many changes being made. Normal channels were completely inadequate for keeping everyone from job foremen to department heads informed on Company policies and plans.

It was to fill this need that we set up our management meetings. At these meetings we attempt to relay to men of management all down the line what our top management objectives are, how we are organized to meet them, and how our various divisions and departments work. At the very first meeting, Mr. Breech explained the changes that had been made in our over-all setup and the reasons for these changes. At each later meeting, the vice-president of a major division has explained the functions and methods of operation of his division.

In each case, an initial meeting is attended by about 125 men. Then meetings just like it are held in every department and in every plant until the last man in management is reached.

MR. LILLEY. — Do you personally take part in these meetings?

MR. FORD. — In as many as possible. At the first meeting I outlined what we were trying to do. At that meeting and at a special session later for plant supervisors I talked about our human relations problems as forcefully as I knew how, to convince our men that we mean business.

The second special staff activity I mentioned, our management relations program, got under way last summer after our foremen's strike. That strike did a lot to show us that we were far from having the organization that we want. It was about three years ago that our company officially recognized the Foremen's Association of America as the bargaining agent for our foremen. I personally do not believe that foremen should be unionized, because they are members of management. But I find it difficult to criticize our men for joining the union because, frankly, I doubt whether in the past very many of them were actually considered or treated as part of management. We now no longer recognize the union as bargaining agent and many of the men tell me they have allowed their union membership to lapse.

From what I told you earlier about the letters I received from foremen, I think you can understand some of the reasons why our foremen found difficulty in considering themselves part of our management team. One of the first jobs of our newly created management relations department is to take specific steps which will let them know they really are a part of that team.

Each step may seem small in itself, but for my money, all of them are long overdue. We are eliminating time clocks and badges for foremen, building separate parking places, locker rooms, and

eating places for them, designing new coverall coats to identify foremen and protect their clothes. We have established management newsletters and management information bulletins so that we can pass information along to foremen. We have worked out a new vacation policy and are developing a revised wage structure to take care of inequities and allow adequate merit increases within a department.

One of the more important phases is the establishment of special management relations representatives in our various production units. Each of these men is selected from the ranks of foremen. He has the responsibility of seeing that individual problems of foremen are taken care of promptly and fairly. And they're trained to be good at listening to complaints and suggestions; not at giving orders. Through special training programs and through the efforts of the management representatives, we are trying to give our foremen better training in how to get along with people. That sounds easy, but anyone in mass production these days will tell you that he hasn't many harder nuts to crack.

These programs — management meetings and management relations work with foremen — are far from their final form, but in each one I think we're trying to do an important and difficult job. Finally, of course, the answer lies not in special staff activities but in our own line organization. Most foremen are going to continue to act the way their bosses act, and in turn most of those bosses will take as their model the men next in line above them. I'm sure we'd be only fooling ourselves if we thought there was any real short-cut to educating each man by example.

7

MR. LILLEY. — How does this point of view affect your relationship with the unions?

MR. FORD. — Unions for our workers are quite a different matter from the foremen's union. Unions are here to stay, and as I have said before, our workers should have the right to strike that goes with unionism. We have worked with the unions in the past and we certainly have every intention of working with them in the future.

Frankly, though, I think union leaders — and I mean lots of them, not only our own — have got to do a better job than they have of finding out and representing the real wants and needs of our workers. Then again, as in our negotiations this year, internal union factionalism and politics and a minority of Communists have tended to create a confusion and bitterness that had nothing whatever to do with the interests of our workers. I don't make this criticism in order to create more bitterness, but in the same spirit in which I have been criticizing our own company. We certainly need to make improvements all along the line if we're going

to do our job well, and I think it's up to the unions to get rid of conditions that create bitterness and confusion if they are going to do a good job of representing our workers.

So far as our company is concerned, we want to do everything in our power to make collective bargaining a far more effective process than it has been in the past.

MR. LILLEY. — Entirely aside from your relationships with unions, what obligations do you think Ford Motor Company has in its direct relationships with your workers?

MR. FORD. — We try to find out what our employees want out of their jobs. Elmo Roper's opinion-sampling organization has given us a useful guide, based on a cross-section of opinions of workers throughout the United States. His analysis showed that they want four things: first, they want security; second, they want opportunity for advancement; third, they want to be treated like human beings, not just numbers on a payroll; and fourth, they want a sense of human dignity that comes from a feeling that their work is important.

Regarding security, we have always attempted to give our workers good pay, and we plan always to try to pay wages as high as or higher than the industry. We hope that somehow we are going to be able to give our men greater continuity of employment than they have had in the past.

But I don't want to palm off any cockeyed promises or pious hopes on you. Ours is a seasonal business and we, like everyone else, are affected by the swings of the business cycle. We think we may be able to take some steps, such as better scheduling of model change-overs, that will help a bit in reducing seasonal unemployment. We have attempted, and we will continue to attempt, to use our economic influence to cut down boom-and-bust swings. But let's not kid ourselves. In the fast-moving, inter-related world of today, no one company can come close to controlling the business cycle.

As I told you earlier, by far the most important thing we can do to give greater security to our workers is to reverse the downhill trend of our business. If we can do that and really do it well, I think our workers will be a long way toward having as much security as can exist in today's kind of world.

MR. LILLEY. — Mr. Ford, isn't your workers' rejection of the pension plan you recently offered them closely related to this issue of security?

MR. FORD. — Yes, I think so. Over two years ago, we began a careful investigation of all types of old age retirement or pension plans. The plan we finally offered was more favorable than any other I know of in a large industry, providing among other things that an average worker upon retirement would receive company and government payments totaling about 50 per cent of his normal pay — and in some cases 60 to 65 per cent of normal pay. When,

in the course of negotiations, some of the union leaders reversed their original position favoring a retirement plan, we suggested that the workers themselves be allowed to vote for one of two alternatives. The first was a 7-cent wage increase plus the pension plan, and the other a pattern wage increase equivalent to 15 cents per hour with no pension.

The vote was overwhelmingly against the pension plan and in favor of the 15 cents an hour pattern wage increase. While some side issues influenced the voting, the results clearly indicated that most of our employees would rather have higher immediate pay than old age security. Maybe the average Ford employee feels that he would prefer to take care of his own old age in his own way, rather than have his security planned for him.

8

MR. LILLEY. — What about the other workers' needs that you outlined, opportunity for advancement and the desire to be treated like human beings doing an important job?

MR. FORD. — Meeting these needs — really meeting them — is a more intangible job, and yet it is certainly a vitally important one. It's strange but the polls and surveys show us that not all workers are genuinely interested in having an opportunity for advancement. But to those who are, we have a very great obligation. Our Industrial Relations Division has made several changes which are steps in the right direction. They have, for example, established new procedures for upgrading men interested in advancement and have started a pre-training program for workers who have shown an interest in becoming foremen.

In the last two years we have brought in a lot of new management personnel from the outside at all levels in our organization, because we had to do it. But we certainly don't plan to continue that. We are going to promote from within our organization and, to do it, we have got to give the men now in the lower levels of our organization a chance to grow.

MR. LILLEY. — It must be an even bigger assignment to find tangible ways to have your workers know how important you consider them and their work.

MR. FORD. — Well, this example ought to show you. In 1946, we had a poll conducted to find out what our workers really thought about the Ford organization. Of the large number of replies we received, over two thirds of the men believed that little or no effort had been made to make them feel a part of the Company. Over two thirds thought that the policies of the Company either had not been well explained to them or had never been explained

at all. Fifty-odd per cent thought that there should be some systematic way for them to make their views known to management, and almost 20 per cent thought it was downright dangerous to express any honest opinions around here. I think that we got a pretty good cross-section in this poll, and that it gave us a good size-up of the human relations job we have to do out in our factories.

Several of our staff departments are working on that job. For example, plant newspapers, handbooks, and other publications have been put out or are being prepared. A workable system is being developed for obtaining employee suggestions and rewarding the best suggestions. We are seriously considering ways of using opinion-gathering polls more extensively. From the first, I wanted some way of communicating with our men, so I've written personal letters to them from time to time. The replies have been particularly useful, including those making pointed criticisms of our organization. We're bringing our hiring procedures up to snuff, too. Today every applicant receives a personal interview, in which the interviewer's number one job is to listen and try to learn what the applicant's interests, experience, and aptitudes are. We still have a lot to learn about how to fit men into the jobs best suited for them. In that and in every other point of contact between our workers and management, we're going to continue to develop by experience better ways and means of meeting our human relations goals.

MR. LILLEY. — Would you summarize for me what you consider to be the most important approach to these human relations problems?

MR. FORD. — I have a deep-rooted conviction that our staff departments won't carry us too far unless the men in our line organization — foremen, the supervisors who are over foremen, and their supervisors on up the line — learn to treat every individual who works with them the way a human being expects and deserves to be treated. Contacts with personnel and other special departments, publications, and speeches are not enough, unless the boss talks and lives what the speechmakers say.

The man you work for day after day and year after year, whether he's a foreman or superintendent or whatever, is the one who represents the Company to you. He is the Company to you. And if the man you work for gets pushed around by his boss, gets orders issued to him with "never mind why," there's an awful good chance you are going to get pushed around too.

The nub of our problem is building a team of foremen, superintendents, department and division heads who realize that we can get our job done best by really getting along with people.

There aren't any easy answers.



When GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., graduated from West Point in 1909, he was Adjutant of his class and a fine horseman, swimmer, and marksman. He was our tank expert in 1917-1918 and despite a serious wound proved the leadership which was to make him the most feared army commander in the Second World War. These letters, written to Frederick Ayer, are the affectionate record of a commander who was eager, audacious, proud of his men, wryly humorous, and implacable towards the enemy. The opening installment appeared in November.

GENERAL PATTON'S WAR LETTERS

From Sicily, England, and France

[Headquarters 7th U.S. Army, Palermo] November 12, 1943

I have taken your advice and I am writing up some accounts of various incidents I have noted, and as soon as I get them completed will send you a copy, as I am deeply appreciative of your interest in my literary efforts.

I will be very much obliged to you if you could secure for me, and have Bea send me through Cy Groninger, a 380 Remington automatic pistol with a box of high velocity shells. If they do not sell guns to civilians, you can probably induce Sherman Miles to authorize it.

If this cannot be found, please ask Bea to look in my gun box and send me my 380 Colt with some ammunition. The reason I specify the Remington is that I understand it is a much harder hitting pistol.

It is quite essential here at least to always go armed because, while people have not shot at me, except twice, there is always a chance that they may and it would be very embarrassing not to be able to reply. I hope this is not too much trouble.

[Headquarters 7th U.S. Army, Palermo] December 10, 1943

You will be surprised to learn that I am an LL.D. in Political Science; also a Companion of the Bath and probably a Red Star, but that last has not arrived yet.

However, be careful never to quote me, even in fun, as you can see from the Patton Incident that there are a lot of hatchet men around and you, as my brother-in-law, will always be thought to say what I say. This is particularly important about the cousins whom, since I accompany them in swimming, I must delight to honor. Speaking of swimming, this weather makes me shiver when I think of any more landings, but as Turenne said about his knees: "They would shake still more did they but know where I shall take them."

From what people tell me who were at the con-

ferences, Uncle Joe must be quite a man and much more able and intelligent than I, at least, had imagined him. He sort of stole the show. If I survive this business I think I will be a very interesting conversationalist unless we are all so tired of war that we want to talk horses. Personally, I never get tired of either.

Everybody and his brother visits Sicily and I have to feed them, so am ruining my digestion. The fine cigars you and Hilda sent me for Christmas are aiding me along the downward path, but I am taking very good care of myself and have found a mountain Hakte, where Hasdrubal defied the Romans, up which I walk three miles every day and do it in less than 45 minutes. It is a beastly bore, but healthy. I also ride in the Hall, and believe it or not, drink hardly at all.

I saw your friend Harry Hopkins and his boss the other day, as you will have read in the papers, and they were exceptionally nice to me.

As a matter of interest, I enclose my score sheet.

MILITARY OPERATIONS CONDUCTED BY LT. GEN. G. S. PATTON, JR.

From November 8, 1942, to August 17, 1943

I. Landed in French Morocco commanding Western Task Force of 32,000. Between 40,000 and 50,000 French troops capitulated November 11.

II. March 6, 1943 — assumed command of Second Corps, approximately 90,000 men — then occupied defensive position after some rough handling.

March 17 — commenced attack continuing 24 days, accomplishing mission with break-through at El Guettar and Faid.

III. July 10 — 7th Army completed Sicilian landing, using during campaign 170,000 men with additional 41,000 held in reserve in Africa. After

38 days' continuous offensive action, terminated Sicilian campaign with capture of Messina.

RECAPITULATION OF THE THREE OPERATIONS

Total troops commanded by General Patton.....	333,000
Enemy losses, killed and wounded.....	21,000
Enemy losses, prisoners.....	106,700
French troops subdued.....	50,000
Total enemy put out of action.....	177,700
Total American losses.....	13,700
(or approx. 13 enemy for each American)	

In addition the following enemy matériel was captured or destroyed:—

Guns.....	1,344
Tanks.....	333
Military Transport.....	2,995

[Headquarters 7th U.S. Army, Palermo] December 22, 1943

Thanks very much for your letter of November 24 concerning the "incident." As you probably have surmised, most of the statements made therein are without foundation. However, there is a sufficient basis of truth to make some fire for a great deal of smoke. However, I am convinced that the Army and the President are both for me.

I have also received 38 letters, mostly from people whom I do not know, containing kind words of encouragement, and only about four of the other kind. In fact, one of the four wrote me a second letter saying that he had written the first while drunk and apologized for having written it.

The facts of the case are such that I do not feel at liberty to write about them; however, after Bea has seen Mr. McCloy, she can probably give you the exact circumstances. All the talk about the nurse, the pistol, and so on is pure bunk.

My chief regret is that I am causing you and Bea and my other friends and relatives undue worry.

[Headquarters 7th U.S. Army, Palermo] January 14, 1944

The "incident" has given the stenographers hot bearings so I am typing this myself. I have had over two hundred letters from everyone from Frank Murphy down and only eleven were nasty and these by very ignorant people.

The Catholic Church has been very much on my side, as have the veterans and the war mothers. I think I could run for office on the strength of my misdeeds. I am not the first General to catch hell; Wellington had plenty of it, as did Grant, Sherman, and countless others.

I am quite worried over the reaction after the war. I have already met several quite intelligent men who say, "Now we will have no more wars," and when you ask them on what they base that forlorn hope since the history of the world is the history of war, they smile and reply, "Things are different now." Yet the avowed purpose of the Treaty of Vienna in 1815 was to see that that was

the last war. Around 1700 B.C. the Hittites, Cretans, and Egyptians had a tri-party treaty to avert wars, and we learned about it when in 1914 some explorers discovered the Hittite capital and in the Library discovered the bricks with the treaty on them — yet before the mud had dried, the Egyptians and the Cretans had ganged up and destroyed the Hittites.

If we again think that wars are over, we will surely have another one and damned quick. "Man is WAR" and we had better remember that. Also, we had better look out for ourselves and make the rest of the world look out for themselves. If we try to feed the world we will starve and perhaps destroy America.

Our soldiers are coming to form in a wonderful way. The men who have been through it have developed a pride and discipline that is magnificent. You can tell a new outfit a mile off by the fact that they lack both pride and discipline, but due to association with the old men, they pick up very fast.

My own officers have been wonderful in their loyalty to me throughout the trouble. I told some of them that I might be on the skids and that if they wanted to leave me, I would help them to as good a job as I could. Not a man quit. I had to loan some of them recently and they all begged me to be sure and get them back, and two of them cried. So did I.

Did you read "My Thoughts on Christmas" by Bea? It is swell.

Lots of love and many thanks for your loyal support.

[Peover Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, England] June 19, 1944

You will be relieved to know that I have a truck to sleep in. It is quite swell — like the cabin of a cruiser only you can stand up. There is a bed with an air mattress, a washstand, clothes closet, desk, map board, heater and 110-volt electric circuit, and a built-in radio; also a sort of canvas porch effect. The horrors of war are fast departing and the fear of booby traps has gone. It can also black out, and has a huge map board so one can work at night. It is made out of an obsolete truck body but runs well or at least well enough.

Well, I will have to go and walk five miles and run a little so as to be ready in case of need — to run after the Germans, not from them.

[Peover Hall] July 3, 1944

Your letter of June 15 reached me when I was moving from one Command Post to another. At the present time I am in one in the south of England which is supposed to be the finest Elizabethan house in England. It is really very fine, but what people did with such enormous places, I do not know. In addition to myself, the two Chiefs of Staff and Aides, there are 75 officers and about the same number of soldiers in the house and it is not crowded, or at least not very crowded.

However, we will not have to bother with it much longer as we have some very good news and are waterproofing our vehicles at the moment.

It is funny that I have never had any doubts about licking the Germans any place I meet them. The only question in my mind is being able to survive the lapses between campaigns when I always seem to get myself in trouble.

[Headquarters 3d U.S. Army,
Office of Commanding General]

La Bocage (near Le Mans)
August 18, 1944

Now that I can use Third Army paper, and having been removed from hiding, I can write you a slightly more interesting letter.

Since we started operating, practically three weeks ago, we have gotten a very good bag of prisoners and killed. It already mounts to more than one half of what we took in Sicily, and I think this is a meager estimate.

I have had quite a lot of fun personally, but still do not enjoy flying around the country in a cub plane. When one goes up in such a vehicle, one has exactly the feeling that a Bluerock must have on being discharged from a trap. You just wait to get hit; however, the shooting is very poor and we have not lost many planes. In addition to being shot down from above, there is some danger from being shot at from below, either by trigger-happy soldiers or else by Germans who are hiding out in the brush.

The other day, when I was driving between two corps, with only two peeps, some French people rushed out and said some Germans had just passed. We got out and pursued them, but beyond good exercise, had no shooting.

One of the doctors on my staff, Lt. Col. Charles Odom, had a narrow squeak yesterday. He was riding in a peep and had just stopped to answer a call of nature, but had not gotten out, when he felt a blow under his heart, followed by the almost instantaneous report of a gun. He unbuttoned his coat to see what it was and brought his hand out covered with blood. The bullet, which seems to have been a ricochet, as the nose was deformed, had hit him on the rib, followed the rib around, and lodged itself in his back muscle, so he is perfectly all right, except a little sore. On the other hand, another quite valuable officer stuck the upper half of his body out of a tank and got twenty bullets through his chest, with the natural results.

We have been going so fast that our chief difficulty consists in our inability to emulate Ariadne and keep our spiderweb behind us. Our supply people, however, have really done marvels and we have always had sufficient of everything.

The Germans are not doing anywhere as good a job on demolitions as they did in Tunisia and Sicily; in fact, we find hardly any bridges blown except those which we blew up by our Air Force in our efforts to cut off the enemy.

We have now gotten to a point where the Air and Ground Forces are working perfectly together, and much of our success is due to the fact that the tanks keep the enemy going so fast he can't get off the roads, and when he is still on the roads, the fighter bombers shoot him up.

Naturally, for purposes of secrecy, we are usually 48 hours ahead of where the papers say we are, because we never release our locations until the German radio has published them.

The weather has been just as good as it was for the Germans in 1940 and also for them in Poland in 1939. In the last three weeks we have had about two non-flying days and today is perfectly lovely.

I sent Bea some notes on France which may be of interest to you. They have nothing to do with the war but simply with my reactions to France as it is today.

The part of France we are now in has suffered hardly at all except at the railroad stations, where we have bombed all the tracks, but these are being repaired very rapidly and actually we have train service a remarkably great distance to the front. This naturally facilitates our supply problems.

[Headquarters 3d U.S. Army,
Office of Commanding General]

La Chaume (east of Sens)
September 1, 1944

When you get to command several hundred thousand men, in fact nearly 450,000, you have a surprising amount of time on your hands because it is physically impossible to be at the front all the time.

Yesterday, for example, I drove, flew, and walked for 5½ hours (most of it in a fast airplane) to get from one front to the other — that is, from the Meuse to Brest, and was unable to get back the same night. What I usually do is to go up to the front every second day except when things are tight, in which case I go up every day. I find that people get used to you if they see too much of you.

I am very impatient with my friends for not letting me go faster, as I am sure — although people do not agree with me — that the Boche has no power to resist. When you think of the trouble that happened at Verdun in the last war, and realize that we took it with two divisions this morning, you get some idea of what's going on here.

We also captured thirty carloads of rations, German; thirty new 88 mm. cannon of the old model, and fourteen new 88 mm. cannon of the new model; some millions of gallons of gasoline, and other things too numerous to mention. Also 25,000 cases of liquor which, unfortunately, we have to give to the hospitals with the imminent risk of producing alcoholics among all the patients.

Up to date, our bag of German generals is bad. We have captured only four, and the Free French killed one before we could get hold of him. They are quite a good type but very sullen and also quite surprised that we do not cut their throats.

[Headquarters 3d U.S. Army,
Office of Commanding General]

S. E. of Châlons-sur-Marne
September 14, 1944

Since last writing you, we have been having quite severe fighting, which is still going on, but we have finally completely crossed the Moselle River, which, as you know, has throughout history been a great military barrier.

Yesterday afternoon I was up having a look around and happened to get in on a lovely tank fight which I could see and hear quite clearly from an almost perfectly safe place.

One of our battalions was taking a hill, covered with woods at the top, very much like the hill at Green Meadows. In the foreground were two German tanks burning brightly, while moving up the hill, firing with everything they had, were four of our tanks. I was close enough to hear the squeal of the bullets and to easily tell the difference between the high staccato cackle of the German machine guns and the more moderate barking of our own.

The place I was looking from had some fine wild plums in it, so I combined business with pleasure and ate so many plums that I had the stomach-ache.

Another thing which may interest your medically inclined disposition is that the death rate in this Army from people who have been sent to the hospital is only 2 per cent, which is lower than it would be for an entire group, totaling 400,000 men, at home.

On the other hand, the death rate of the German prisoners, or American prisoners first treated by the Germans, is around 4 per cent. While this is low, it is double that of the people we get at first. The doctors tell me this is due first to the fact that the Germans have no blood plasma and no penicillin; and second, to the fact that in most cases the German prisoners, and the American prisoners treated by the Germans, have gone longer unattended than is the case with our wounded. Of course, the 2 per cent does not include those killed on the battlefield nor those who die on the road to the hospital.

The doctors also tell me that the Germans, when they use blood infusions, use raw blood with the crudest known methods. This is a surprise to me and to all of us, because we thought the Germans were very skillful in such things.

Of course, do not mention the above proportions as it might lead to the incorrect idea that the Germans are not being well taken care of. Any man who gets into a hospital is treated the same as any other, no matter what his previous condition may have been.

We are now having quite a large number of surrenders by organized groups of Germans. The largest so far was 20,000 men who came in at Orléans. I think a few more such surrenders will crack the people in front of us.

[Headquarters 3d U.S. Army,
Office of Commanding General]

Étain
October 4, 1944

While the papers are somewhat reticent on the valorous deeds of the Third Army, we have had up until the day before yesterday some very vicious fighting. On the 30th we almost had a bad accident. One of the divisions got hysteria and decided they were beaten and got permission from one of the Corps Commanders to retreat. Fortunately, I found out about it, went up, and had a counter-attack, with the result that in about two hours we killed 700 Germans in one place and an undetermined number in the woods.

Next day, I went to see this division and it had completely reversed itself and was full of ferocity and had forgotten all about the day before when it was on the point of retreating.

Of course, don't mention to anyone that an American division thought about retreating; in fact, in the Third Army we have never given up a foot of ground that we have taken.

Right now, we are having an assault on a German fort outside of Metz. It is one of the old Vauban type forts, much reinforced recently, and the funny thing is that we took it with tanks, which is probably the only time in the history of war that a fort has been taken with tanks. When I say taken, I am a little optimistic because we have about a third of it and the Germans have the rest.

These forts are unlike anything you have ever imagined. They are more like rabbit warrens. There are a few holes on top through which they shoot and all the rest is underground.

What you do in assaulting them is to blow a hole through the wire with long tin tubes full of dynamite and then send tanks through and using tanks at about 50 yards range, shoot the eye slits out of the gun positions. This is not as easy as it sounds, as these turrets have ten inches of cast steel with very small apertures. I am hoping to get near enough to pour some cans of gasoline down the cracks and then throw in hand grenades. I think that should have a very excellent effect on the Germans inside.

The weather is as bad as it could be for offensive operations. It rains every morning, beginning about five o'clock and stopping about eleven o'clock. It then clears up and makes the ground as slippery as grease, so it is very hard to use the tanks, and it also slows up our truck movements bringing in supplies.

[Headquarters 3d U.S. Army,
Office of Commanding General]

Nancy
December 7, 1944

Replying to your letter about fighting conditions here, we are doing better than we have a right to expect, but not as well as I should like.

It has rained every day, except four, since about the 20th of October, and it is raining right now. The result is that whenever a tank leaves the

road, it not only digs in but bellies. However, we can still get forward. On the other hand, our slow rate of speed, due to this mud, causes more casualties in the tanks than normally takes place, as the Germans can hit them when they go slow.

There was one perfectly swell fight — a picture of which I sent to Bea — in which there were five Panther tanks apparently resting themselves in a sort of hollow when one of our medium tanks came down the road and spotted them. I was there shortly after the fight, and from looking at the tracks it seemed to me that this medium tank hit two of the Panthers at about 125 yards. He then charged into the remaining three and got them all at a range of around 40 yards.

During this fight, the American tank was hit several times and every man in it was killed except the Lieutenant, who was wounded. He was immediately decorated by me. It was one of the finest feats of arms I have ever seen.

The other day I went to a regiment in the front line near Merzig for the purpose of having a look around. I asked the Colonel to take me to a forward observation post. We drove about a half mile and then dismounted at a woods, as he said it was safer to walk.

We started down a straight road exactly a kilometer long, towards a large brown house. As we approached the house I noticed an enemy pillbox about 250 yards away looking straight down the road, and from this pillbox protruded the muzzle of some kind of gun, either a 20 mm. or a machine gun. I asked the Colonel if the pillbox was occupied, and he said that he thought it was.

In addition to this pillbox, there were about forty others who could see us, but for some unknown reason none of them fired until we reached the house.

About five minutes after we got there, the enemy dropped a concentration known as TOT, that is, all the shells arrive at the same time. This was a concentration of about 50 shells and hit about 75 yards from the house. The only result it produced was to flush two large deer who came galloping by the house.

Personally, I am opposed to observation posts in houses, because if the enemy starts shelling you and the house collapses, you fall so far, especially when the place of observation is on the third floor.

Going back, I decided that I would not walk up the road but went up an apple orchard that seemed extremely sparsely populated with trees.

Since this episode, which was about four days ago, we have made several crossings over the Saar River, and have broken through the first half of the Siegfried Line. I hope we will get through the second half.

The few remaining Metz forts are surrendering due to lack of salt, lack of water, and lack of guts. Just why they hold out at all is a mystery to me since they can do no good and simply get themselves killed. The one we took yesterday had 22 officers and nearly 600 men, a hundred of whom were wounded and had had no medical treatment for many days. They were in a bad state. All of them were lousy.

We hope that the remaining two will see the error of their ways this morning. (Just took another, same reason.)

The colonel commanding the fort which surrendered yesterday was very mad when he found that he had not been containing us, since we were using Metz as a resting area and practicing firing with captured German and Russian artillery against the fort. This is a perfectly safe thing to do as the forts seem to be out of artillery ammunition and can fire only machine guns.

These forts are not at all what a fort should be. They consist of a pile of dirt about 10 acres in extent with a 30-foot concrete ditch, about 60 feet wide, around them. This ditch is in turn guarded by a high iron fence with a spiked top, and the bottom of it is full of barbed wire. The inhabitants of the fort live just like moles in concrete tunnels.

When they want to shoot at you, they grind up a thing which looks like a mushroom. This mushroom is a steel cupola which is about 10 inches thick with a gun or machine gun inside of it. After they have fired as much as they please, they grind it down again so that it is not visible.

We have had 2000-lb. bombs bounce off the top of these forts. However, I think that a serious bombing would destroy them. However, our troops are so close that we do not dare to use the heavies and the lights do not carry enough weight.

P.S. Just fell and hurt my coccyx. It hurts like hell. We assault anew in the morning. I will sit on a ring I guess.

(To be concluded)



The Assistant Editor of the London Economist, now in her thirty-fourth year, BARBARA WARD is as attractive as she is intelligent. She was educated at the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Felixstowe, studied at the Sorbonne, and took Honors in Philosophy, Politics, and Economics at Oxford in 1935. She has often spoken in this country, and she brings to her lectures as to her books a clear mind, a firm hold on economic truths, and a faith in man's capacity which shines like a beacon through her words.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMAN RIGHTS

by BARBARA WARD

1

IN the battle cries that are hurled across the European arena today, religion and democracy are used by both sides with equal emphasis. The West is fighting for democracy in the name of religion, and the East is fighting religion in the name of democracy. Yet the relation between religion and democracy should not be studied in the claims and counterclaims of two great power systems locked in struggle. Such a situation breeds exaggeration and distortion as fatally as it breeds fear and hate. This article is not concerned with "holy wars" or passionate crusades in which nationalism, imperialism, and power politics combine with sincere faith and devoted idealism to produce the usual tragic betrayal of the original hope. Its concern is much more modest: to ask whether democracy as we know it in the West — there is after all no other recognizable type of democracy — is in fact linked with the religion of the West, Christianity. And if the two are linked, how necessary is Christianity to the achievement of full democracy? And how necessary is it to preserve even that measure of democracy we have already achieved?

The strongest argument against their essential relationship comes from the various schools of rationalist materialism. For them, religion is only a reflection of economic organization: so long as the distribution of wealth and power in society is irrational — as it must be when shortages prevail — it is necessary to bring in a God and another world "to redress the balance of the old." But, so the argument continues, as scientific advance and economic organization create the greatest revolution of all time — the society of plenty — religion will wither away, as it is already doing in "advanced societies," and democracy will exist in its own right — in reason, fraternity, coöperation, and high living standards.

The great weakness of this line of argument seems to me to lie in the modern mania of explaining (or explaining away) everything in terms of something else — men's behavior in terms of their genes, art in terms of psychology, philosophy in terms of class structure, social institutions in terms of economic necessity. This method really explains nothing and destroys our sense of historical reality or of human personality. At the end of the Roman Empire, economic conditions in Western Europe, in the Near East, and, I believe, in China bore a very strong resemblance to each other. The source of wealth was the land. The land was parceled out in private ownership among landlords of varying wealth, but was worked by tenants in varying degrees of serfdom under a variety of arrangements we now call "share cropping." On this economic substratum were built Western society, with its intense dynamism and its élan towards freedom; Byzantine society, which first in Constantinople and later in Moscow produced the most static despotism known to Europe; and Chinese society, which resembled Europe in nothing except its landowner-tenant relationship.

Can economic factors therefore be used to determine in the last analysis such profoundly different historical situations? To me it seems clear that, far from reflecting economic conditions, Catholic Christianity in Western Europe, Orthodox Christianity in the East, and the philosophies of Lao-tse and Confucius and the religion of Buddhism, were positive agents conditioning the development of society. In other words, religious faith is a separate, unconditioned strand in a total historical structure, alongside and not subordinate to economic relationships, geography, climate, racial groups, or the movements of peoples. In order to explain any historical situation, not one strand but all strands must be explained, and

reality is destroyed if this rich picture is reduced to terms of one factor — just as the reality of a gem or a flower is destroyed if it is described only in terms of weight or measurement.

Similarly with human personalities, it tells me little about Rembrandt to know the economic factors underlying Flemish bourgeois society. These factors may throw interesting light on Rembrandt's choice of subject but no light at all on the problem of why he painted so well. St. Francis of Assisi lived in the economic conditions of a tramp, but no study of these conditions will tell me why he differed from a tramp. What I am trying to point out is that religious belief is as much a determining factor of our historical and personal situation as economic necessity. The mania of explaining religion away, which is one of the capital manias of the last one hundred years, has simply done violence to reality — the reality of history and the reality of men.

2

IF religion is accepted as a factor determining society *in its own right*, then one statement can be made with certainty about the relationship between Western democracy and religion. It is that Western democracy emerged from a profoundly religious civilization, and whether or not it could have grown from irreligious roots, we know from history that in fact it did not do so. If for a moment I may take the example of British society, which, with the United States, is the most typical example of Western democracy, the extent to which our political and social tradition is steeped in Christianity can hardly be exaggerated. Some of the most formative institutions in our country — Parliament, the boroughs, the universities, the law courts, and the older public schools — go back in unbroken tradition to the Catholic Middle Ages, and a vestigial religious atmosphere clings to them to this day. When, in the seventeenth century, the British revolution was fought, the men who opposed the centralizing and autocratic tendencies of the Stuart Kings fought for the “ancient liberties” of the law courts and of Parliament. They felt they were preserving a medieval tradition, and the conservative character of their revolution was one reason why English society, in spite of regicide, suffered no violent break with the past such as ruined the cohesion of French society at the French Revolution.

Nor was the influence of religion simply traditional. At two turning points in English history, Christianity played a decisive part. In the eighteenth century John Wesley broke away from the narrow Anglicanism of his day and took the Gospel to the poor. His reforms led to the tremendous expansion of the Nonconformist or free churches, which in their turn decisively influenced the beginning of the trade-union and labor movements

in Britain. The first British organizers of labor were lay preachers, and to this day there is nothing incongruous when the Archbishop of Canterbury opens the Labor Party's National Conference, or when the socialist Minister of Education preaches from the Methodist pulpit.

The other decisive religious trend in British democracy lay in the astonishing grip of religion on all classes of British society in the nineteenth century. The men and women who first took reform into the prisons, the galleys, the mines, the factories, and the workhouses were Christians. The greatest and most typical politician of the day — Gladstone — was a churchman almost before he was a parliamentarian. A deep sense of personal obligation and religious responsibility dominated that intensely dynamic and creative period in whose aftermath the British people to some extent live even today. In face of so strong a tradition, with its roots in Magna Carta and its present evidence in the profound Christianity of such men as Sir Stafford Cripps, it is possible to say with categorical certainty that whether or not British democracy could have developed without Christianity, it has not in fact done so and the onus of proof lies with those who would seek to prove that the connection between them is inessential and that the one can continue without the other.

I cannot speak with the same certainty of American society, yet even a superficial knowledge of America's history suggests how powerful were the religious forces which molded its democratic form of society. The first colonists founded societies so thoroughly religious that some of them were almost theocracies. The drafters of the American Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution may not all have been Christian, yet both documents breathe the spirit of a natural law and of a divine order which were bedrocks of European political and religious thought. The women who took “law and order” with them in the covered wagons based both on Christianity, and it was their faith that was in part, at least, responsible for the astonishingly rapid pacification and settlement of the frontier. And at the greatest crisis of the young republic, surely its religious genius found expression in Abraham Lincoln, who to many people — not only Americans — is one of the most Christian statesmen the world has seen.

No one will deny the strength of the other forces that have molded America, but the strength of the Christian strand is so formidable that once again those who wish to prove it immaterial to the development of democracy will not be able to bring in history to give evidence on their side. The answer of history is irrefutable. Democracy and religion have so far been inseparable. That they can be separable is a matter of theory, not of fact.

I do not wish to make too great a claim for the lessons of history. History does not prove that

Christianity inevitably produces Western democracy. The experience of the Orthodox Church in Russia or of the Catholic Church in Spain is an example of the coexistence of religion and autocracy. The lesson of history is more limited. It is only that Western democracy has not in fact developed except in constant interrelation with Christianity, and that, particularly in the formative phases, the influence of Christian faith has been overwhelmingly strong.

When I go on to discuss the further problem — whether democracy can develop or survive without Christianity — the argument becomes in part an expression of faith. Personally I believe that democracy, the highest and most civilized form of society yet evolved by man, cannot realize its full potentialities without Christianity. Moreover, I do not believe that it can preserve its present achievements without religious faith.

3

IT SEEMS to me that there are certain attitudes towards life, certain basic beliefs that come to us from the Christian faith, which are more essential to democracy than, say, the maintenance of reasonable economic standards, or freedom from invasion, or a situation in a temperate climate, or any of the other material factors which are often held to be indispensable to the maintenance of free society. One such belief is a belief in a moral order superior to the convenience of men or of man-made society. Every great civilization has felt, more or less strongly, that human laws have their validity not because of social convenience but because they mirror a divine order which is above all human appetites and ambitions. Acceptance of such an order is important in that it gives greater sanction to personal responsibility and good behavior — and no democracy can survive without a high measure of unforced personal responsibility among its citizens.

Even more important, belief in a morality which transcends the temporal order and its needs and conveniences is a vital factor in securing one of the essential characteristics of democratic society — the limitation of the state's authority. When the medieval priest and lawyer, Bracton, wrote that "the king is under God and the law," he was expressing a principle of cardinal importance for democratic society. He was striking at the foundations of royal and therefore of state absolutism. This belief — that the power of the state was limited by law — was, as I have pointed out, one of the chief factors in the struggle in Britain against the claim of the Stuart Kings to govern by Divine Right; and in the United States it took the form of limiting the power of the state by a written constitution. Today, modern theories — of racialism, of class interest, of "mass democracy" — have

undermined the belief in the essentially limited authority of the state, and to my mind it is no coincidence that these theories have also abandoned all conception of a natural law in which is mirrored a divine order. Europe is plunging downwards towards forms of government as despotic as those which once prevailed in the pre-Christian Orient, forms in which the state was all and the subject the shadow of a shadow.

And this pre-Christian relationship of government and governed should remind us of another factor introduced into the world by Christianity and without which democracy is inconceivable — the belief in the infinite value of human personality and the essential equality of human souls. That these beliefs are profound acts of faith can be realized by glancing round any large assembly of people. To the eye of reason or the eye of science, men clearly are neither essentially equal nor equally valuable. And we have seen in our own time how easily this faith can be thrown aside, how easily Jews can be massacred by the million in the name of racial purity, and Balts and Poles and Trotskyites and political opponents murdered in the name of "people's democracy." The act of faith essential to democracy — belief in human equality and human personality — springs traditionally from the Christian faith in the Fatherhood of God. It may be possible to maintain it without that faith, but one can at least say that in the twentieth century the fading of belief in God has coincided with a growing ferocity and inhumanity of the relation of man to man.

It is a curious paradox that the most revolting forms of cruelty, the most appalling exhibitions of the lust for power, and the most frenzied search for material gratification have, in our own time, coincided with an almost complete rejection of the idea of sin. I do not want to go into the reasons for this — the growing belief in economic determinism, the growing influence of Freudian psychology — but I do wish to stress my own belief that acceptance of the fact and possibility of sin is essential to the preservation of democracy. It is not simply that to admit the possibility of sin is to accept personal responsibility. This fact is certainly important, but the decisive influence of the sense of sin seems to me to operate at the level of government. The great tragedy of today is the number of men and groups and classes who are ready to massacre and torture their neighbors in order to achieve the rigid Utopia of their dreams — the Aryan paradise, the Marxist classless society. The more convinced they are of the utter infallibility of their political creed, the more ready they are to kill their opponents for daring to stand in the way of the realization of Absolute Perfection.

Now this spirit is in utter contradiction to the spirit both of Christianity and of democracy. Christianity teaches that all man's political, social,

and economic judgments are fallible, and that any effort he makes is marred by his own tendency to self-aggrandizement or lust or fear. And democracy takes up the same lesson in the shape of readiness for political compromise, the search for the provisional but workable solution, the policy "which divides the least." When a nation pays the Leader of the Opposition a large official salary, it expresses its belief in the fallibility of the Government in power. And given the confidence of many heads of states in their own infallibility, it seems to me that only a profound belief in human fallibility, in human sin, can preserve the essential feature of democratic government — the search not for the perfect but for the practicable, and the profound sense of how provisional all human solutions must be.

This virtue — perhaps it can best be described as a sort of political modesty — is closely allied to another virtue, to my mind equally vital to the preservation of democracy: the virtue of pity. We live in an age in which the cult of success, the cult of power, of the huge, of the dominant, of the ruthless, have all been successfully incorporated in political parties and programs. Indeed, the cult of success has swept our own society in an economic sense as thoroughly perhaps as any other. Yet can there be a genuine democratic society unless the rights of the weak, the unhappy, and the unsuccessful are as cherished as those of the able and confident — or indeed more cherished since the weak are less able to carry on the battle of life alone?

It is perhaps by the violence and brutality of our economic struggle that we, in Western society, are most gravely endangering the future of our democracy. The sense of pity, the sympathetic understanding of the weak, the acceptance of failure as part of life and possibly as a redeeming and constructive part of life, came from a religious faith unique in history, whose God shared human suffering, even to a shameful death on the Cross. I do not know that we can preserve a profoundly human society — for that, in the last analysis is what democracy is — if we lose that faith.

Again and again I have spoken of faith — the religious faith that underlies democracy, my own faith in the vital link between them. But some will dismiss faith and say that the ideal democracy of the future will not need superstition and must be based on the clear light of reason and enlightened self-interest. I do not believe it. I do not believe that men, save in brief moments of anarchy and despair, live without faith. Our age, which has seen the weakening and undermining of democracy, is an age of tremendous faiths — faith in National Socialism, in Communism, in Caesar worship, in the Divine Emperor. If faith in God drains out of society, faith in lesser gods flows in. If the supreme Godhead of the prophets and the philosophers

and the mystics is banished, in His place rush in the idols of the tribe. Perhaps democracy can survive without a faith, but history gives no proof of it. And our new faiths have been without exception fatal to democracy.

One last point: the quality of a free society depends essentially upon the quality of its citizens. When Montesquieu wrote that virtue must be the distinguishing quality of republics, he was only underlining the necessity of democracies to depend upon the integrity, the responsibility, and the good will of their people. But is this essential quality of goodness so easy to produce? Let me give an analogy.

Three things above all others have been recognized by the philosophers as ends in themselves, as things which exist on their own merit, fit objects of human effort and search. The first is beauty, the second truth, the third goodness. Up to a certain point the claims of beauty and truth are recognized in most societies today. The artist, the scientist, and the scholar hold an honored place. Moreover, many people recognize, however dimly, that the quality of beauty and the appreciation of truth in society as a whole depend upon the number of men and women of genius who are prepared to devote themselves wholeheartedly and without stint to the realization of beauty and the search for truth. A great artistic age is an age of great artists. An age of supreme scientific achievement is an age of great scientists. It is the work and dedication of great individual men and women that raises the whole tone and level of society.

But when it comes to the third of the three absolutes — goodness — the absolute upon which the temper of a free society most obviously depends, do we find anything comparable to the work of great scientists and great artists? Only in religious faith, only — in our own society — in Christianity, do we find anything like the same effort to produce souls as heroic in their goodness as great artists and scientists are wholehearted in their pursuit of beauty and truth. It is these saints and mystics, these geniuses of goodness, who in the last analysis seem to me to be the only founts from which the spiritual vitality, the force of goodness in free society will flow. Democracy today seems to be hoping to counter the demoniac evil of a Belsen or an Auschwitz with nothing more dynamic than vague good will. I do not underestimate or decry its importance — it is far, far better than active malevolence — but surely democracy, beset with evil on so heroic a scale, must go back to resources of goodness more dynamic and vital than mere general benevolence. Some of the first founders of democracy in America called themselves a society of saints. Their ambition vaulted too high perhaps, but I doubt whether democracy will survive if it is to become at any time a society without saints.

Wait

Instead of seeking to establish guilt and punish it with costly legal entanglements, modern divorce courts could prevent many unnecessary separations. A compulsory waiting period, private hearings, and a thorough investigation by case workers would replace methods now too quick or too cumbersome for a right settlement, fair to all concerned. REGINALD HEBER SMITH, one of the founders of the Legal Aid Movement, is the author of *Justice and the Poor*. He writes from thirty-five years of active practice.

DISHONEST DIVORCE

by REGINALD HEBER SMITH

I

DIVORCE is a complex problem. Its real causes are many and as diverse as human beings are different. Bad divorce laws are only one cause. This article does not deny the validity of the many other causes because it does not deal with them. It is strictly limited to what the courts ought to be able to accomplish by effective legal action.

Divorce must be controlled by law. The law is the most powerful instrument for social control that civilization has been able to evolve. The law and the administration of justice have dignity and majesty as well as force. They can be used with tremendous effect. In the struggle against divorce, this power must be used constructively instead of being frittered away or perverted as it is today. Under the present premise of the law by which they are bound, our judges are now virtually helpless in the field of divorce. Our judiciary consists overwhelmingly of honorable men who wish to do their best and who, as a class, are unquestionably the finest public servants our democracy possesses.

It should be clear, therefore, that I attack our present divorce laws in strong terms, not because I wish to pull down our legal institutions, but because I wish to strengthen them.

Marriages have kept pace with growing population, but divorces have increased ten times as fast. Since 1867 the increase in divorces has been over 6000 per cent, while the population has increased 300 per cent. The figures speak for themselves: in 1867 there were 9937 divorces; in 1945 there were 494,000; and in 1946, 613,000. The sober facts are that last year the marriages of more than 1,200,000 men and women were terminated by law, and that there are now more than 5,000,000 divorced persons in the United States. The trend has been steady and uninterrupted, and our divorce laws have become more and more complex.

Lawyers have the first responsibility and can rightly be asked to make the first appraisal. The Bar Associations are beginning to realize that they must speak out in the public interest. To quote

from one of the many articles currently appearing in legal periodicals: "Differing and conflicting divorce laws in our various states have given rise to an incredible legal and human confusion. Even the attorney is often at a loss to determine if a marriage is legal, or a child legitimate."

The Supreme Court of the United States had before it on October 14 two appeals in divorce cases. Mr. Justice Jackson interrupted arguments by counsel and stated: "We are in a terrible state of confusion. People—simple people—don't know whether they are divorced or not divorced."

The total confusion suggests that the error is in the premise with which the law is forced to work. The present premise inextricably mixes up our law with concepts of sin and punishment. Our statutes and our judicial decisions still embody the ancient concepts, which originated when divorce was solely within the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts, that one party must be *guilty* of some wrongful act and the other party must be wholly innocent.

The premise of punishment is unworkable and three divorce situations that continually arise will show where the premise of punishment leads us.

(1) A husband and wife found that they were not well mated; they had no children; being unhappy, they fell in love with other mates. They have lived with their new mates, have children, love the children, and would like to have permanent, respectable homes. Any social worker would propose to clean up that situation quickly by having a divorce decree end the old, barren, empty marriage. Then the new unions could be legalized and the children legitimized.

Any lawyer, however, must advise this couple that a divorce is impossible *if the judge is told the truth*. Here we see hypocrisy entering the picture and, unfortunately, it will continue to haunt us. The law denies the divorce because *both* parties are guilty. But is not this pre-eminently the kind of cancerous condition that calls for social surgery?

What happens, of course, is that one party files

a petition for divorce. The other does not contest. The judge may have his suspicions, but unless the petitioner (almost invariably the woman) is unusually indiscreet there is nothing he can do, after she has proved a legal "cause," except say, "Divorce granted." Plainly, under this system, the judge is never going to hear the truth.

The lawyers are in an equivocal and uncomfortable position. That is one reason they hate divorce cases. Under the rules of the game, the lawyers have to go through a sort of mumbo-jumbo double talk. From beginning to end, under our present divorce procedure, nobody tells the husband and wife the whole truth in simple, clear, and unequivocal terms. In divorce cases truth is always dangerous, and may be fatal.

In the present case, remember that the illegal liaisons have produced children, the marriage none. Remember also that our divorce laws pretend great solicitude for children. But in this case the law will, if it can get at the facts, deliberately and coldly stigmatize those children as bastards.

(2) Massachusetts has a statute that, after a divorce, the "guilty party" cannot remarry for two years. That is straight punishment; that is what is intended, and make no mistake about it.

Suppose that after an absolutely legal divorce in Massachusetts, so that the man *is* divorced, he remarries in any other state within the proscribed two years. In Massachusetts that marriage is void. Suppose the man and woman continue to love each other and live together for more than two years, does their marriage then ripen into legality? No, it is void. Suppose, after the two-year period, children are born, are they legitimate? No, the marriage is void and they are illegitimate.

The following case arose to harass the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. A man, properly divorced in Massachusetts, within the two-year penalty term married a girl who lived in Rhode Island and the marriage was performed there. The divorce was valid in Massachusetts. The remarriage was valid in Rhode Island. The couple returned to live in Massachusetts. The court was constrained to rule that the girl was married to the man but the man was not married to the girl.

Such an impossible and crazy result can be arrived at only if you start from the puritan premise that, though the heavens fall, a man *must* be punished for his guilt as a sinner.

(3) An honorable man and his equally honorable wife come to realize and have to admit that their marriage is not working out well, that the relationship is unhealthy for them and is producing an atmosphere of tension in their home. They respect each other and love their children. After serious reflection they agree that their own health and the happiness of the children will be promoted by divorce. They agree to petition for a divorce and they agree on custody and financial support.

From beginning to end, everything is clean and straightforward. They appear in court and tell the truth. They are accustomed to talking truth. And having sworn on the Bible in open court, surely they must tell the judge how they feel and why they have agreed. They start to do so.

At that point the judge *must* dismiss the case. A divorce is legally impossible. The man and woman are guilty of a crime they may never have heard of. It is the crime of "collusion."

2

THE way to get a divorce is to figure out some legal "cause" and then have an uncontested case. Not a judgment entered after agreement, but just an "uncontested" case.

Practically all divorces today are uncontested — so far as appears on the court records. William Lewis Parsons in the *Massachusetts Law Quarterly* for May, 1947, estimates that 85 per cent of American divorces were granted in uncontested proceedings. The judges in Chicago have stated that 90 per cent of the divorce cases coming before them are uncontested. These uncontested cases are, in fact, agreed-to cases. Everybody knows it. Everybody must pretend not to know it. In the whole administration of justice there is nothing that even remotely can compare in terms of rottenness with divorce proceedings.

The theory that the state is an interested party in every divorce case, because the children are its future citizens and the home is the basis of society, is sound. But under our present conditions, the genuine interest of the state has no chance to assert itself. It is not heard. It is stifled in the pervasive atmosphere of hypocrisy.

Every divorce court necessarily becomes a divorce "mill" grinding out divorces as rapidly as possible. The dockets are crowded. The woman petitioner testifies to one act of cruelty and she is corroborated by one witness. One act is as good a legal "cause" for divorce as a thousand acts of cruelty. One witness is as good as a million witnesses since there is no contest, no cross-examination, no rebuttal. There is not the slightest reason for the judge to hear purely cumulative evidence. His job is not to get at the truth. He is limited to determining if there is a legal "cause."

Divorce hearings are short and cases go through rapidly. The extraordinarily fine report of the Chattanooga Bar Association, published in full in the *Chattanooga Times*, and reported in the *Journal of the American Judicature Society* for April, 1947, disclosed a court session in 1945 where twelve divorces were granted in seventeen minutes.

In all this rush and shuffle the interest of the state is lost. While it is collusion for the parties to agree to the "cause" for the divorce, it is not collusive for them to agree about alimony and support

of children. When the lawyers for both parties tell the judge that there is an agreement on those points, there is not much that he can do but accept it. The judge has no time to make an investigation himself. And the state provides him with no staff for the purpose.

3

WHEN the law gets hopelessly bogged down, as is true of our present divorce law, reform is best accomplished by a fresh start from a new premise. That has been the history of the evolution and growth of our legal system.

The law should throw all its weight and influence against divorce by honestly attempting prevention through reconciliation. In this effort, the courts would use all the social resources of the community so that it could deal with questions which are social, economic, medical, and spiritual in nature rather than legal, and which are the true causes of broken marriages.

The law would be limited to what it can do and would act within areas where it is effective. It would avoid attempting to do things which it cannot do.

The law can create, enforce, and dissolve contracts. It can deal with marriage as a contract. It is totally beyond the power of the law to create a sacrament. Therefore, it cannot successfully deal with marriage as a sacrament. This is an honest confession of self-limitation. It in no sense denies that the sacrament is the supreme ideal of marriage. The law would leave every religion free to establish its own standards for its own members and communicants, and free to enforce those standards by its own sanctions in the religious sphere.

Furthermore, as the law would seek the aid of *all* the social resources of the community, it would invoke the aid of the churches in its own effort at prevention inasmuch as the church is one of the greatest resources in every community.

If the law, having made its best effort to prevent a divorce, failed at reconciliation, it would then grant the divorce, *but* it would devote the necessary time to seeing to it that the children were properly provided for as to custody and support.

Under this new premise, divorce procedure would be totally different. It would be far simpler. The abstruse legal technicalities which have got completely out of hand would all be swept into the dustbin. Two examples will illustrate this:—

(1) "Domicile," which even the Supreme Court of the United States cannot clearly define, would be abandoned and residence put in its place. Domicile is a state of mind; residence is a fact. A social investigation about a home can be made *only* in the community where the married couple have actually lived a reasonable length of time.

This change, together with the new premise,

would stop migratory divorces. A New York woman does not go to Reno because of its six weeks' residence provision. Only because her own state denies her any relief does she seek the quickest bargain available.

(2) "Collusion" would no longer be used to terrorize honest people into lying. Our law, under its new premise, would encourage people to tell the truth, and thus our judges would have at least some chance to get at the truth.

The procedure, in substance, would be this:—

Persons seeking a divorce would petition the court where they reside. Their petition would recite, not legal "causes," but the vital facts about themselves and their children. The judge would then talk to the man and woman, together or singly, or both. He would talk with each as long and as many times as he considered beneficial. The case would then stand over for six months. During this period the judge would have his social investigations made.

At the end of the six-month period, the judge would again talk with husband and wife. If, having used all the power and influence and persuasiveness at his disposal, he failed to effect a reconciliation, or a reconsideration, or even a postponement, he would grant the divorce. Except in very rare instances, there would be no fight in open court about "causes."

The judge would then take firm control of the welfare of the children and determine their custody and provision for their support. This control he would keep throughout the children's minority.

The contract theory will not only let fresh air into an atmosphere that is now suffocating: it will substitute honesty for hypocrisy, and it will end up with decrees that are enforceable.

There is no trouble about enforcing contracts in any state in the Union. Only divorce decrees are an exception. The judges of one state view with great suspicion the divorce decrees of any other state. They resist enforcing them because they are not at all sure of their justice. Under the procedure suggested, a divorce judgment could be given full faith and credit in every state just like any judgment in any other contract action today.

Once migratory divorces are made unnecessary, the effort to enforce a divorce judgment in another state will generally be directed against a man who is, in effect, a fugitive from justice.

It is this evil of migratory divorces and the resulting chaos that the earnest advocates of a federal uniform divorce law seek to abolish. This would require an amendment to the Constitution of the United States because the federal courts now have no jurisdiction to grant divorces. Such a proposal affords a tediously slow remedy at best, and there is grave doubt whether the peoples of the different states ever would agree as to uniform and standard "causes" of divorce. Their laudable objective can

be obtained through the adoption of the new premise suggested in this article, with the further advantage that divorce proceedings will be left in the state courts where they rightly belong.

The history of Anglo-American law proves that legal reform is most easily and most effectively secured through new premises. The classical illustration is that when the common law got so bogged down by antiquated writs, pleadings, and procedures that gross injustice resulted, the principles of equity began to emerge, and afforded relief where relief had formerly been denied.

In 1919, in *Justice and the Poor*, I criticized as unfair and undemocratic the laws concerning landlord and tenant, and those determining the rights of injured workmen. The law in both fields has made tremendous progress *and it did so by adopting new premises*.

The only contribution that the law can hope to make to the solution of the divorce problem is to prevent as many divorces as possible. Divorce cannot be prohibited by law. We live in a democracy and the majority of the people will refuse to enact, to enforce, or to obey any such prohibition. Divorce cannot be curtailed by laws based on the premise of punishment.

But divorce might be prevented in many cases by sound laws that commanded the respect of the community, intelligently administered by judges properly staffed and equipped for their work.

There is good reason to believe that this idea of prevention would meet with success. The Danish law of divorce is based on prevention through reconciliation, and this is in harmony with the entire spirit of the Danish administration of justice, which is based on conciliation instead of litigation.

This plan has also been tried to an extent in Detroit. The judges, being distressed by the flood of divorce petitions, appointed a Friend of Court to make investigations, talk to the parties, and see what he could do. During the twenty-year period ending in 1943, divorce petitions filed totaled 166,872. Of these, 58,439, or approximately 35 per cent, were dismissed for various reasons *but mainly because reconciliations had been accomplished by the Friend of Court*.

Among lawyers and sociologists there is a growing awareness that the factors entering into divorce, and therefore the factors to be combated, are social, economic, medical, and spiritual in nature, as well as legal. Experts and authorities in these fields are available in most communities. The judges should have access to all these resources, have the benefit of their findings and recommendations, and thus seek to determine the best solution for the family as a whole.

Nearly all of us, as members of families, know of instances where truth-telling, good counsel, and honest advice have prevented unwise and hasty divorces. Every practicing lawyer has himself

from time to time been able to convince couples that divorce was foolish and no solution for them. It seems reasonable to believe that what private parties, without power or prestige, can achieve simply through weapons of truth and honesty could be accomplished far more effectively by judges, who do have power and authority, *if they were permitted to use the same weapons of truth and honesty*.

We are apt to forget that most normal persons contemplate divorce with repugnance, arrive at their decision reluctantly, and undertake divorce proceedings with fear, with a good deal of hesitation, and much uncertainty. They are beset by doubts. Once these persons get involved in our present divorce procedure, all hope of prevention is lost. They find themselves in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and lies. Their one desire is to get out by having it over with as soon as possible. *At no point* is wise, compassionate, and dispassionate advice given them. No steadying hand is extended.

Divorce is no panacea and every experienced person knows it. This needs to be said and said hard. Love that once was genuine is a shared experience that no decree can slough off. This needs to be told persuasively. Children produced by such a union are a solemn obligation. This needs to be stated emphatically. The man or woman who attempts to escape that responsibility is attempting the impossible. The fact of fatherhood or motherhood is the same fact after a divorce as before a divorce. This must be made brutally plain and without mincing words.

If the state wishes honestly and affirmatively to assert its rightful interest, then let it unshackle its judges and equip them with all that is needful. The judges need staffs of social investigators, they need suitable chambers, and they need time. A judge should be able to devote to a divorce case just as much time and effort as he, in his discretion, believes might bear fruit.

Within the field of effective legal action there will be plenty of cases where divorce is right because it is the only humane solution. When the judge is satisfied that such is the type of case before him, he should be able to act with the merciful efficiency of the surgeon, and without torturing, humiliating, or besmirching the unhappy and unfortunate persons who stand before him.

After these admissions have frankly been made, the core of our problem still remains. Unless we are prepared to give up entirely and lose the battle by default, we must attack with every possible resource we can command.

Certainly the law should be one of those resources. And the law ought to be one of our strongest allies since it steadily demonstrates a vital capacity to regulate life in many of its aspects and activities more successfully than any other instrumentality devised by civilized society.



The Atlantic Serial



A native of Newburyport and a graduate of Harvard, JOHN MARQUAND began writing fiction in 1921. In 1936 he turned away from short stories to write a satirical novel of contemporary New England. The Late George Apley won the Pulitzer Prize for 1938, and the four novels which followed established Mr. Marquand as a painter of the contemporary scene, a novelist keen, mature, and always entertaining. Now the Atlantic presents a major theme culled from the first half of his new book. The scene is laid in the Stuyvesant Bank of New York, where two junior executives, Charles Gray, back from the war, and Roger Blakesley, are being sized up for a vice-presidency which has fallen vacant. Tony Burton, the bank's president, will have to make the final choice. The reader should remember that this is the first draft of Mr. Marquand's work and that the wording may be changed slightly in the final version.

"BANKING IS AN ART"

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

10

DOWN there on the floor of the Stuyvesant you worked with the privacy of a goldfish, aware that almost anything extraneous might happen. There might be certain sheltered corners in the neighborhood of the officers' desks, but there was no shelter at the edge of the green carpet where Charles Gray and Roger Blakesley were stationed. Old Joe, who stood just inside the door, in a neat business suit instead of a uniform, was in the most exposed position with duties roughly like those of a floorwalker in a department store. He was the one who helped find the counter checks and the deposit slips, who answered the first questions and directed traffic. Charles often wondered why this system of everyone working in the open should exist.

It must have been a part of a great tradition, stemming from the medieval days of the goldsmiths and the moneylenders, that all the workings of a bank must be as visible as the wheels and mainspring of a glass-enclosed French clock. It was perhaps a tradition that was deeply rooted in human suspicion regarding money and those who handled it. There must be positively no deception, everything open and aboveboard and nothing up the sleeve. It was democracy; if you had money in a bank, it seemed that you had an inalienable right to see the bankers sweating over it. Then,

too, it established confidence to see a roomful of well-dressed, capable individuals sitting behind desks, reading, answering telephones, or moving in bland orbits according to their rank. One got used to it, of course, through time and training, and it was surprising how through sheer discipline one could avoid making mistakes of fact or even of judgment. You learned a lot about people there.

The street doors had been opened at ten o'clock and the trade from the near-by shops was already coming in. There was not much time before the eleven o'clock meeting. Charles had already gone hastily through his mail, which he hoped to have time to answer when the tellers' cages closed at three.

"That's all now, Miss Marble," he said, and he saw that Tom Joyce was coming over to his desk.

Charles thought that morning when Tom Joyce stood beside the desk that he himself had looked much like Tom Joyce once when he was twenty-five or six. Tom had come there fresh out of Harvard Business School but had only worked at the Stuyvesant for about a year before he was drafted. He had returned there from Europe in 1945 as a captain of artillery to take his old place in the statistical department about the time that Charles himself had returned. If that hiatus of the war

had made any impression on Tom Joyce, Charles had not been able to discern it. His work had been excellent and now he was one of the bright young men, as Charles had been when he was twenty-six. New York had given Tom the same veneer and the bank had given him the same watchful manner. He could think of Tom Joyce as having the same ambitions, as observing everything and making mental notes for future reference. He was careful, he was steady, he was giving his full attention to the business. He had so much promise that Charles would have liked to give him his place if he should be moved up. The only thing that interfered was age and lack of maturity. Tom Joyce was still too eager and impatient, as he had been once himself, too anxiously, openly competitive. The trouble was that he had as yet no powers to conceal his likes and dislikes, not enough subtlety and patience. That was the trouble with being young.

"Good morning, Colonel," Tom Joyce said. It was a little joke between them that was wearing rather thin, and besides, military experience did not help at the Stuyvesant.

"That will do, Captain," Charles said. "Never mind the war."

"Don't you ever mind it?" Tom Joyce asked.

"I'm too busy to mind it here this morning," Charles said, "but I'll tell you what. We'll talk about it if you'll come out some Sunday."

"That'd be swell," Tom said.

That was his trouble, overeagerness, but it was very pleasant to have anyone look at him as Tom Joyce did, pleasant and at the same time a little sad.

"It won't be as swell as all that," Charles said. "How do you like it here downstairs?"

"It's swell," Tom said.

He was glad to hear it, and yet it puzzled him that he found it a little sad. It was that enthusiasm, his own pathetic enthusiasm, his own desire to sacrifice to get ahead, that was staring back at him over a gap of fifteen years.

"Banks are filled with nice boys, particularly up in front," Charles said. "We're all delightful fellows."

"There are quite a lot of bastards, too," Tom said.

Charles thought, before answering, that this was not good banking talk.

"There are everywhere," he answered, "and sometimes it pays to be one."

"You're not one," Tom said.

"Thanks," Charles answered. It was not the way to talk near the front desks of the Stuyvesant, and he was surprised that he allowed himself to go so far. "I'll tell you what I want right now, Tom. I want the Whitaker security list and I want everything on Smith Chemical. Tell them I'll be upstairs around noon to look things over."

"Yes, sir," Tom Joyce said, "I'll get them right away."

But he still lingered by the desk, and his slowness made Charles look up at him. Charles was about to ask what else he wanted, but stopped when he saw the other's face, and the guileless admiration in it that again showed Tom Joyce's youth. It was exactly the way Charles had looked at Arthur Slade in the old days.

"I've been thinking about Smith, too," Tom Joyce said. "It was down a point again this morning."

"Yes," Charles said.

"I met a friend of mine yesterday," Joyce went on. "He has a brother on the floor. He said —"

"Run along now," Charles said. "Never mind what brothers on the floor say — never."

Sometime, he was thinking, he would have to have a talk with Joyce. He would have to make him see that the trust department was a great machine not governed by anyone's individual judgment but by the collective decisions of committees and boards. It might be possible to speak out in meeting and to influence the committee's decision, but that was all. When it came to trends, and the drop in Smith might indicate a trend, these things were being watched by a dozen subordinates. It was all very well to think about them but it was no use to think you were a Napoleon running the trust department.

There was nothing more futile nor more stultifying to sound judgment than being swayed by what other people said. Charles had learned it again and again, and perhaps he was still learning. The truth was that people who knew anything never said a word. The mere fact that they were in a position to know guaranteed their silence. He was thinking that he had never obtained a word of useful information from them except by indirection. You had to work it out yourself. You had to read between facial lines and between the lines of all the market letters and between all the figures, but in the end it all depended on yourself. There were certain rules, of course, but in these days even rules were flexible because they were influenced by personalities. If you were a good investment man, in the end you had to depend upon yourself and upon an instinct developed by training. You had to have a sense of the whole financial balance that came from an accumulation of facts, and that accumulation developed as slowly as a stalagmite in a cave, drop by drop. He was thinking as he read the market letters on the desk before him that they were all written by stupid little people and that no man in a high category would ever dare write one, yet even the dullest inanities could add up to a sum of experience.

Since the upstairs conference room was being redecorated, the meeting was held downstairs in the

conference room off the vaults. To the left, before you entered the conference room, you could see the vaults themselves, the barred anteroom with its uniformed attendant at the gate that always reminded Charles of the prison scenes in films when the brave little wife went to visit her erring husband at Sing Sing. There was an efficient smell of oil on all the glittering steelwork, and down the narrow, brightly lighted passages he had a glimpse of the safe deposit boxes and of the private cubicles where individuals could examine the contents of these boxes in an antiseptic seclusion almost as complete as the privacy of the Great Pyramid. The gentle efficient sound of a ventilating system somehow gave an impression of inexorable security.

The Stuyvesant was a small bank, but its vaults were completely modern, shock-proof, dust-proof, and time-proof, the acme of safety, the ultimate sublimation of property and possession. Put your family jewels in the vault, leave your heirlooms for a modest sum, your will, your priceless papers and mementos, your bond and stock certificates. The Stuyvesant would take care of them, and if, for any reason, you did not want to go down there yourself, walking the slightly slippery steel floors to your safe deposit box, if you found it tiring clipping coupons and filling out all those troublesome federal forms, why not let the custodian service of the Stuyvesant do it for you? Why not leave these fatiguing details of ownership to the oversight of careful, conscientious experts? For a purely nominal sum the Stuyvesant would do it for you.

Hugh Garrity, an old Second Division veteran of World War I, dressed now in a Confederate-gray uniform, was on duty at the gate, and Mr. William Poultney, who led clients to their boxes and put both clients and their boxes into the private alcoves, was seated watchfully like a Sing Sing warden, and in a way also like a kindly hotel clerk, at his desk behind the bars. Hugh Garrity and Mr. Poultney both had an air of lynx-like alertness, which was to be expected since bank officers were making this unaccustomed descent into the conference room.

"Good morning, sir," Hugh said, and he saluted in that heavy, half-formal way common to all civilian guards. If he had been a dog, Charles thought, he would have wagged his tail, slowly and gently.

Charles heard a light, quick step behind him. It was Mr. Anthony Burton, coming down for the conference.

"Come on, Charles," Tony Burton said.

Charles followed him to the conference room.

That subterranean room had been built some years before the war and Tony Burton, and the directors too, were proud of it, though it was not as large and imposing as the directors' room upstairs. It had started like all bank interior decora-

tion with dark paneled walls and indirect lighting, with an oval table, and chairs, but then someone had hit upon the idea that the Stuyvesant was old enough to have a tradition and this room, which was also a good place to take large customers, ought to have some of that tradition. Now there were some interesting prints and pictures on the walls, old prints of Broadway, the Seventh Regiment marching down Fifth Avenue in the Civil War, framed pieces of Continental currency, ancient lottery tickets, century-old advertisements, and a shelf with the first books of the Stuyvesant. The State Street Trust in Boston, Tony Burton used to say, went in for ship models. He did not want to go as far as that but at the same time it did not hurt to show that the Stuyvesant had a past.

The group had already gathered in that room with a past, although the subject under discussion, being a specially called trust meeting, was to deal essentially with the future. Steven Merry was there, with his tortoise-shell glasses, and Roger Blakesley with his rimless glasses, and Alfred Brock, from the foreign department, and Tom Joyce, and two other men from the trust department. When the door was closed, everything was friendly because they were one big family.

"It was an awful rain last night," Steve Merry said. "We got water in our cellar."

Then they all sat down and talked for a few moments about cellars and the difficulties of keeping them dry, and Tony Burton began to tell about his own cellar and a heating plant until he checked himself and said they had better get to work.

11

CHARLES sat listening attentively with his eye on Roger Blakesley. In spite of its being a special conference he knew most of the answers already. The general money situation, the condition of certain businesses, the holdings of new accounts, the stability of certain industries. Roger Blakesley, it seemed to Charles, was talking more than usual, and trying almost too hard. Charles could follow the discussions with no difficulty. He could answer and ask his own questions and at the same time remember that he must arrange to have two hundred dollars put in the housekeeping account for Nancy. He could think of the large figures with one part of his mind and also of his own figures, but his main attention never flagged. No matter how dull and how meaningless they were, you had to be very careful at those meetings. You had to remember the arguments and the way the minds had worked around the table.

It was only after half an hour that anything came up at all unusual. It came so unexpectedly and so entirely out of the blue that he had to think carefully what had led up to it. Somehow the

thread of the meeting and its purpose had been dropped and Tony Burton had embarked on an extraneous discussion about real estate and loan collateral, subjects which never should have been considered, and it was not usual for Tony to stray from the agenda. Tony Burton had happened to mention that a new depositor, with whom Charles was not acquainted, was applying for a six months' loan of two hundred thousand dollars. This was entirely out of Charles's province. He was a man named Godfrey W. Eaton and was the head of a substantial company manufacturing tiling. Roger Blakesley had seen him first and he had taken him to Steven Merry and afterwards to Tony Burton. They had investigated Mr. Eaton through all the ordinary channels and now all his business life was down on a memorandum. This sounded like the dossiers of a hundred other people whose names had come up at loan conferences. He had come from the Middle West. Before coming to New York he had owned a number of small factories. And Mr. Eaton had obviously done well for himself because now he owned two apartment buildings, free and clear, was a director of a chain of stores, and a part owner of a sugar refinery. Obviously one of those adroit people who could move from one enterprise to another. The purpose of the loan was for additions to the tile plant. Part of the collateral was in government bonds and part in stocks. It surprised Charles that the officers had not given him the loan at once on such security, but lately Tony Burton and Steven Merry were exhibiting an unusual slowness in making decisions.

"I wonder why he didn't go to his own bank," Charles said, "not that it's any of my business."

Clearly Roger Blakesley was delighted by the question.

"Because I met him first, Charles," Roger said, "and I'm selling him on the personal service of small banks. I met him playing golf. I've seen quite a good deal of Godfrey Eaton. He's a friend of Sam Summerby. You know, Tony, Sam Summerby from Baltimore."

Perhaps it was Charles's imagination, perhaps he was becoming unduly sensitive, but it seemed to him that there was a slight rustle around the table. It seemed to him that everyone was watching them, and he was aware that Roger had made a very good point. It seemed to him that Roger was implying, without being obliged to say it although he had undoubtedly said it to Tony Burton, that he had brought in a very nice piece of business to the Stuyvesant, which was more than Charles had done lately. He was implying, without having to say it, that he brought in business because he got around, and sweetened contacts, and played golf with people like Samuel Summerby, and everyone knew the Summerby Corporation. He was implying without saying it that it

was too bad Charles played a very poor game of golf, and it seemed to Charles that he had to say something.

"Are you on a first-name basis with him, Roger?" he asked.

Charles was aware that it was a small and sordid little contest. He was implying, without having to say it, that several times in the past Roger had been too prematurely friendly.

"Of course I am," Roger said. "I've known Godfrey Eaton for a year. Everybody at the club knows Godfrey."

"What club?" Tony Burton asked. "Where does Eaton play golf?"

"Why, the Seneca Club," Roger said. "I've got in the habit of playing there lately, instead of at Oak Knoll. It's a sportier course."

Mr. Burton nodded, and made a note on a memorandum pad. Tony Burton was always very careful with customers and loans. He always said that the Stuyvesant was a small family bank and he wanted to know as much as possible about his clients, and now they were all like the Committee on Admissions of a club.

"I rather liked him myself," Tony Burton said. "He's breezy, with a rather nice personality, but Charles has put his finger on it. Why should he come around to us?"

"Because he likes us," Roger said. "He told me he liked you very much, personally."

"Why shouldn't he?" Steven Merry asked. "I like Tony personally."

Roger Blakesley laughed. "As a matter of fact, I do too," he said. "That's why the Stuyvesant is a great bank. Everybody likes Tony."

Charles had to admit that it was bright of Roger.

"I'd love Tony myself," he said, "if he'd lend me two hundred thousand dollars. That's the way it is. Love and money."

Everybody laughed. Even the younger men round the table smiled, and Mr. Burton picked up a piece of paper. "He's putting up enough," he said. "There's only one thing I question."

"What?" Roger Blakesley asked.

Mr. Burton frowned at the paper he was holding, and he looked very handsome there at the head of the table as everyone's eyes moved toward him.

"Here's an unlisted company from Clyde, Massachusetts. You didn't mention this, did you, Roger?"

That was how Clyde came into the conference room, suddenly, out of nowhere. It came in by accident, because Tony Burton's mind had been on a loan when he should have been discussing trust business. It came like a gust of wind through an open window, but there were no windows in the conference room — nothing but air-conditioning.

"May I see that?" Roger Blakesley said. "That wasn't in the first list he gave me."

It was not a fortunate statement of Roger's and Charles could not help hoping that everyone noticed, for it showed that Roger was somewhat careless about detail. Roger should have remembered.

"The Knickerson Boat Company, Clyde, Massachusetts," Mr. Burton said, "five hundred shares. Does anyone know about the Knickerson Boat Company? Wait a minute —"

Then Charles knew that Tony Burton was going to remember. He could see Tony Burton looking at him.

"Clyde. Let's see. Charles, don't I remember that you used to live in a place called Clyde?"

Mr. Burton had a good memory.

"Yes, sir," Charles said. "I was born there but I haven't been there for quite a while."

"Well, what about the Knickerson Boat Company?"

"They used to make small boats," Charles said, "small sailing boats and fishing boats. They used to build a lot of ships in Clyde in the 1830's. Some people still build little boats."

He could see, as he spoke, the Knickerson boatyard beside the river, a small place where boats were hauled out and repaired. He could remember the workshop and the smell of paint and shavings. Mr. Burton was still looking at him and it seemed necessary to go on.

"I didn't know it was incorporated," Charles said.

"I'm sure it wasn't on the list he showed me," Roger said, "but if Godfrey Eaton has money in it, it must be good."

It was a very lame remark and Roger must have known it.

"Well, we'll leave this for now," Mr. Burton said. His voice was resonant and agreeable, but it seemed to Charles that it had changed slightly.

Charles relaxed in his leather-seated mahogany chair. There was no doubt that Roger Blakesley had made a mistake. Probably already he was thinking of some way to cover it up. But still, it was strange that the name of Clyde should have cropped up at the table. It was peculiar the way things happened all at once. You thought of a name or a face, and then it would appear.

"I remember Clyde," Steven Merry said. "The road to Bar Harbor used to go through it, but it's by-passed now. It's a pretty little town, something like Wiscasset in Maine. Nice houses. Elm trees. I never knew you came from there, Charles."

"Well," Charles said, "that was quite a while ago."

Mr. Burton picked up another paper, but it seemed to Charles that he was still annoyed about the Knickerson Boat Company.

"Never mind it now," he said. "It's getting on toward lunchtime."

Charles only half heard him. The mention of

Clyde was taking his attention from the meeting. It was not that he was daydreaming, it was not that anything was vague or ill-defined. He could see the faces about him very clearly and the papers on the table and those inevitable memorandum pads and newly sharpened pencils that were conventionally on every conference table, though you hardly ever used them except to draw squares and pictures if you did not smoke, and no one ever smoked at the Stuyvesant on the banking floor and Tony Burton disapproved of smoking in conferences. Charles was completely in the present. It was only that he no longer accepted that present. For a moment he found himself wondering how he had ever got into that conference room, and whether he really wanted to be there, and he wondered whether anyone else around that table had ever shared those thoughts. Certainly their faces did not show it. Yet if you thought of it in one way, they had all arrived there as he had, through some sort of accident.

Charles glanced at his wrist watch, not surreptitiously as you usually did at conferences, but deliberately. It was ten minutes past twelve and Charles was relieved because that situation with Roger was beginning to be difficult. They were both of them showing off before the bank officers like college boys running for manager of a football team although they were assistant vice-presidents. He knew that Roger was implying that he had unsound, visionary qualities, while he, on his part, was implying that Roger was not accurate. They were doing it in a very nice way, and of course they both were right, but he was glad when it was over. In five minutes everyone was standing up, looking almost carefree because there would be a breathing spell for lunch.

"I didn't know the Eaton thing was coming up this morning," Roger Blakesley said.

12

THOUGH common sense told Charles that he should hurry back from lunch, some other inner impulse made him walk with perverse slowness as you sometimes did in a dream when you tried to hurry. In fact when he reached the Avenue, he came to a stop at the corner and looked at the buildings across the street, bright in the early afternoon sun, for the sun had finally broken through the clouds and the sky was almost entirely blue. The yellow cabs and the green and white cabs, and the new buses, so different from the old ones with the open tops, were all moving in that fast, continuous stream, so much faster than the progress of the people on the crowded sidewalks. Everything was changing and Fifth Avenue was, too. But then, Fifth Avenue had always been in a state of flux, with old buildings coming down and new ones going up, the old ones crumbling into rub-

ble and being poured into the wreckers' trucks. It was always changing, but the spirit of it was the same, as young, confident, and blatant as when Henry James had written of it long ago. It still conveyed the same message, that you could feel but not analyze, as when he had walked along it first, on that visit with his father to New York. The motion of it still had the same strength and eagerness, so different from the more stately motion of Piccadilly and the Strand.

It had been quite a while since anyone had made a remark to him about staying out too long at lunch and there was never the slightest criticism, now that he was downstairs, at a desk near the front window. There was still the compulsion of never being late but at the same time you were privileged to stay out longer. Nevertheless, Charles knew that Miss Marble and Joe had been wondering where he was, and it did not help to see that Roger Blakesley was busy at his desk already. Charles repressed an instinct to hurry and hang up his hat and coat, and instead he walked slowly past the desks and stopped where Miss Marble was typing and asked her if there was anything new.

"Nothing new," Miss Marble said. "I called up Mrs. Gray and told her you couldn't catch the five-thirty. She said to remember that you're going to the country club tonight."

"It isn't tonight, is it?" Charles asked.

"You didn't tell me to put it on the calendar," Miss Marble said, "but Mrs. Gray said to remind you."

"Well, call her again and tell her I'll meet her there," Charles said. "I'll get there as soon as I can, but I'll be late."

He stopped in front of the washroom mirror to see that his tie was straight. He did not look the way he had at Clyde though even there his mother used to say that he had the Gray high cheekbones and the Gray pointed chin. The roundness had gone out of his face. There were wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and his mouth was tighter, but there was no gray in his hair. It was not the face that he used to have but it still looked young.

The tellers' cages closed at three and already, as was usual in the afternoon, the pace was growing more leisurely. There were always new problems in the morning, but these always grew old by afternoon, fitting with older problems into an even order so that you had a sense of everything running smoothly, a sense of teamwork if you wanted to call it that, or a sense of what Mr. Burton called a meshing of the gears. You could think of the whole system of capital, of rates, discounts, markets and production, as running without interruption, like the traffic on the Avenue. Charles had devised a system of seeing every trust account personally at least once a month, and now Miss

Marble brought to his cleared desk the ones which he was to examine that day. As he thanked her and settled himself in his chair, he glanced across at Roger Blakesley. Roger's desk was heaped with piles of paper. It was a habit of Roger's always to shove a great many papers around in the afternoon, especially toward closing time.

"Hello, there, Charlie," Roger said. "Everything's backing up on me."

Charles knew this was not true but it gave the picture that Roger wanted, a picture of heavy and unremitting labor.

"Well, don't let it get you down," Charles said. "I thought you were going to have lunch with Tony."

"He canceled it," Roger said. "Something came up the last minute." Roger took off his glasses and polished them. When his glasses were off, his blinking eyes gave him a wide and guileless look. "Are you going to the country club tonight?"

"Yes," Charles said, "but I'm afraid I'll be late."

"The Whitakers?" Roger's voice was polite and respectful when he mentioned the Whitakers.

Charles smiled and nodded.

13

CHARLES began on the first account. It was the Burrell School for Negroes, in Tennessee, that had been founded by the late Charles Burrell, the moneys for which were to be administered by Mr. Burrell's own bank, the Stuyvesant, in conjunction with Mr. Burrell's old law firm, Burrell, Jessup, and Cockburn. Charles would have to meet with Mr. Cockburn the first of the week and the meetings were never agreeable. The trouble with institutional accounts lately was that all institutions were screaming for more income, although they always were demanding a margin of absolute safety. Mr. Cockburn always wanted to lower the bond holdings and to increase the higher-yielding preferred list, and Charles had never liked preferreds. That million-dollar fund had been beautifully invested. Even in the depression it had held up well on income and now the market was considerably above the book value.

Charles was in the middle of the third page of the holdings when habit told him that Miss Marble was waiting by his desk.

"It's twenty minutes to three," Miss Marble said. "Mr. Selig is coming in at a quarter of. I thought you'd like to see the memorandum."

"Selig," Charles repeated, and his mind ran back swiftly from the investments of the Burrell School.

"The matter that Mr. Burton asked you to take up," Miss Marble said. An anticipatory quiver in her voice showed that Miss Marble was interested, but there was no need for her to tell him. He had

been asked to do that job yesterday. He always seemed to be the one who was picked for unpleasant jobs and now he knew why Tony Burton was not yet back from lunch.

"Thanks," he said, and he took the memorandum. "Does Joe know I'm to see him? You'd better check again, Miss Marble."

Then his eye traveled over the memorandum. He had learned to read office memoranda quickly, and to pick the salient details out of dull verbiage.

"Burt J. Selig," he read, "is part owner of the Teddy Club and the La Casita Nightclub, owns real estate at . . . and also in Miami, was indicted for income tax fraud but indictment was quashed. . . ."

There was no use going any further with the memorandum because everything had been concluded. It seemed to Charles that there was no reason for a personal interview and that it might have been done as well by letter, except that Tony Burton had disapproved of a letter. His desk was clear except for a pile of Moody reports when Charles saw Joe moving from the door with a thin, dark man beside him, wearing a bluish-purple overcoat and a lightweight gray felt hat. Except for the shimmering sheen of the overcoat and the unnaturally brilliant polish of his shoes, Mr. Selig was quietly dressed. His tie was dark, like his suit; his face was tanned, probably by the Miami sun, into a smooth, meerschaum color. When he took off his hat, as he did when he approached the desk, Charles saw that his forehead was high and that his close-cropped dark hair was receding from his temples. His eyebrows, that might have been trimmed, made a straight, almost Grecian, line. His jaw was heavy, his eyes were gray, but there was nothing heavy about his step.

"This is our Mr. Gray," Joe said. "Mr. Burton asked Mr. Gray to take care of you."

Mr. Selig held out a carefully manicured hand.

"I'm happy to meet Mr. Gray," he said. "My name's Selig, Burt Selig."

"Yes, I know," Charles said. "Mr. Burton asked me to see you and I have all the details. Won't you sit down, Mr. Selig?"

Mr. Selig's face had a polished look of things written on it that had been erased without being entirely gone. It was a face of a type that Charles did not know, but it was as marked and distinctive as a soldier's or a doctor's — positive, alert, and confident.

"A nice little place you have here," Mr. Selig said. "Very nice."

"It's just a small bank," Charles answered.

"Yes," Mr. Selig said, "that's what draws me to it, Mr. Gray, particularly for Mrs. Selig. I know some lovely people banking here. Some of my best friends. My friend Alf Rockmore banks here. Do you know Alf?"

"Yes," Charles said, "I've met him."

"A very nice fellow, Alf," Mr. Selig said. "He likes La Casita. Have you been to La Casita, Mr. Gray?"

"I tried once," Charles said, "but there was a long line waiting."

"Well, any time," Mr. Selig said, and he smiled.

"Thanks," Charles said.

"Well," Mr. Selig said, "I suppose you've looked me over. That's what the delay was for, wasn't it?"

Mr. Selig paused and smiled but there was no need to give any answer.

"I'm used to being looked over," Mr. Selig said, "in my position."

"Well," Charles said, "anyone in business always gets looked over."

"Yes, that's right," Mr. Selig said. "How long have you been here, Mr. Gray?"

"Quite a while," Charles said.

"I suppose it takes time to work up anywhere in a business like this. Nothing can move fast."

"That's right," Charles said, "it takes time."

"I wouldn't want any son of mine working in a bank," Mr. Selig said. "Advancement is too slow."

"It all depends on temperament," Charles answered.

"Yes," Mr. Selig said. "Everybody has a different temperament. I ought to know."

Charles did not answer. The best way to hurry an interview was to wait, but he was sure that Mr. Selig ought to know.

"Well," Mr. Selig said, "what's the story? Do you want my account or don't you?"

It often surprised Charles how many people considered banking a matter of dull routine. Whatever it might be to the boys in the back of the room, and whatever dull, drowsy hours there might be up front, you could never count on them. It was necessary as soon as Mr. Selig asked that question to change from an investment consultant into a man of the world. It was necessary to remember that he was in a very responsible position, representing in his own person the prestige and dignity of the Stuyvesant, and at the same time protecting the inviolate dignity of its officers. Suddenly, with hardly any time to prepare for it, he had to change from facts to diplomacy and to draw smoothly on a store of meaningless phrases, which were deceitful but which had to stick.

"Our officers have been over that question very carefully," Charles said, and the smoothness and the consoling tone of his voice surprised him. It reminded him of a hotel clerk saying nicely that there was no room for a certain guest. "We would value your account in a great many ways, Mr. Selig, and we've honestly tried to make room for it. You said yourself this is a small bank, and smallness has its difficulties. Just at the moment, we're as crowded as New York hotels." Charles smiled at Mr. Selig and felt still more like a hotel clerk. "Just at the moment, we can't increase our depositors and do

justice to the old ones. I hope you'll understand, Mr. Selig. Sorry as we are to turn away profitable business." Charles smiled again. "Mr. Burton asked me to tell you personally that he's very sorry."

Of course he was using Mr. Burton's name unofficially, but still it had a consoling sound, even if it did not have the desired effect.

"So the answer is no, is it?" Mr. Selig asked.

"I'm afraid so," Charles said, "for the time being. We're very sorry."

Something made Charles sit up straighter and something made him feel that it would be unwise to shift his glance from Mr. Selig, for a film had seemed to drop over Mr. Selig's eyes. It was as though Mr. Selig was trying to suppress an impulse without being able wholly to conceal it. For a second, in spite of all control, Charles had a sense of something close to physical danger.

"So I'm not a nice enough guy to play with you, is that it?" Mr. Selig said.

Charles spoke slowly and very carefully. You had to go on with the act and make no rash statements. You had to be glib and still say nothing.

"There's nothing personal intended," Charles said. "When we take a depositor we want to do our best for him, and now we really couldn't do our best with another checking account."

"I'm not used to being given the run-around. Why didn't they say that the first time I came in?" Mr. Selig asked. He had not raised his voice, but there was a disturbing change in his accent.

"I'm sorry you put it that way," Charles said. "Mr. Burton was very impressed by your references. We never like to disappoint our friends, Mr. Selig. We hoped we might find a way of working you in."

"So you're fronting for the crowd, are you?" Mr. Selig asked.

"If you mean I'm out in front," Charles said, "I suppose I am. Mr. Burton asked me to attend to the matter, but of course if you're not satisfied —"

"How much do they pay you for doing it?" Mr. Selig asked. "Ten grand a year?"

"That hasn't anything to do with your account, has it?" Charles asked. But still, he was fronting for the crowd. He liked the expression, fronting for the crowd. Mr. Selig was looking at him, with a new sort of interest.

"Guys like you fascinate me," Mr. Selig said. "You fascinate me. I don't see why you do it, for that money."

"I suppose I think I'm underpaid," Charles said. "It's human nature."

Mr. Selig lowered his voice. "How would you like twenty-five grand a year?"

"What for?" Charles asked.

"For what you're doing here," Mr. Selig said. "Fronting for the crowd."

It was something, after all it was something. At least it meant that he had not done his job badly. At least it meant that Mr. Selig had seen something

in him that was desirable, and he could not help being curious as to why Mr. Selig made the offer.

"Thanks," Charles said. "I'm afraid I couldn't use it, but I appreciate your asking."

"You guys fascinate me," Mr. Selig said. "Money everywhere, and you don't want money."

"Maybe we get too used to it," Charles said. "Maybe we get tired of seeing so much of it around."

"That's what fascinates me," Mr. Selig said. "All of it around, and you don't take it. Well, no hard feelings."

They both stood up and then they were shaking hands.

"Oh no," Charles said, "not at all. We're very sorry, Mr. Selig."

"It takes guts," Mr. Selig said. "I wouldn't have the guts."

"I wouldn't call it guts," Charles said. "I'd call it temperament and timidity. Good-bye. We're sorry, Mr. Selig."

14

THERE was no flagging in the bank's activity, but Charles was aware of a ripple of excitement, of glances from the cashiers' cages and from all the smaller desks. They were all like good little boys and girls who had witnessed one of their number having it out with a naughty boy from the street who had trespassed in the schoolyard. The adding machines were still clicking and whirring with the typewriters, the cashiers were still thumbing through their paper currency, but there was still the excitement, that sense of the unusual. Mike Cavanaugh, the bank detective, was stepping toward his desk, not hurriedly but quietly as though he were only making his afternoon rounds, and Roger Blakesley had turned in his swivel chair.

"How was he?" Mike Cavanaugh asked.

"He was a perfect gentleman," Charles said. "He asked if I was fronting for the crowd."

Then Roger Blakesley was asking whether Mr. Selig had been mad, but Charles had no time to answer. Mike Cavanaugh had stiffened to attention and Charles saw that Mr. Burton had come in, still in his overcoat, just back from lunch.

"Has Selig called?" Tony Burton asked.

"He's just left," Charles told him.

"Well, I'm glad I missed him," Tony Burton said. "How did he take it?"

"His feelings were hurt," Charles said, "but then mine would have been. I wouldn't say he was angry at me personally."

"There aren't any complications, then?" Tony Burton asked.

"No," Charles said. "I don't think so."

"This sort of thing always worries me," Tony Burton said. He began to move away to the coat-room.

"Oh, Mr. Burton," Roger Blakesley said, and Mr. Selig and possible complications left Charles's mind. Roger was like a good boy speaking in one of the classes at the Harvard Business School, careful not to call the president by his first name right in the middle of the bank.

"Yes, Roger," Tony Burton said, benignly, like a kind teacher.

"Have you got time to see me for a minute?"

"Yes," Mr. Burton said. "If it's only for a minute. I'm pretty well behind schedule."

Charles had rung for Miss Marble and Miss Marble was bringing back the trust accounts. He was careful to show no undue curiosity, but such a request of Roger's, at such a time, had certain implications. Ordinarily, either he or Roger Blakesley, because of their position, would have risen and walked over to the president's roll-top desk without asking for any sort of appointment. That request of Roger's meant that he wanted to see Tony Burton alone and perhaps about something personal. It might even mean that Roger, like himself, was getting tired of it and that Roger was going to step over, as Charles had often thought of doing in the last few weeks, and ask right out about the vice-presidency. It was not like Roger, but it was possible. It was possible that Roger was going to do what he had thought of doing, to ask if a decision couldn't be made quickly, on the grounds that this sort of waiting was bad for general morale.

Mr. Burton had left his coat and was settling down at his roll-top desk and Roger Blakesley had risen.

That sort of curiosity and suspense was useless and unpleasant, and there was nothing one could do. Charles was back in his personal world again, that little narrow world, yet even so there were the trust accounts. It was time to be going through them because it was after three o'clock.

There was something wrong with his mood that afternoon, something discordant that moved him beyond the control of ingrained habit and system. Ordinarily his ability to concentrate enabled him to suppress his own personality and personal problems during banking hours. He was back again with the trust accounts, but he could not keep his mind on them. His eyes were on a list of common stocks, American Can, American Cyanamid, American Tobacco B, American Telephone & Telegraph. Through wars and rumors of wars, in the midst of panic and depression, out of the maze of taxes and social change, through all the welter of a cracking tradition, American Tobacco B and American Tel & Tel had stood like granite peaks of a half-submerged continent, serene above a swirl of hostile seas, like the values of early life. Other securities might go sour, but not telephone and tobacco, unless you wanted to switch to Liggett & Myers B. But now, though he was surrounded by those trusted symbols, so like the Greek letters in

an algebraic equation, his thoughts kept wandering off in tangents.

Roger Blakesley was over in the corner, his chair pulled close to the president's desk, talking very earnestly. Charles could not get out of his mind what Nancy had told him that morning, that he could go to Tony Burton and put his cards on the table. Even though he dismissed it as just the thing a woman would suggest, Nancy had good business judgment. She understood as well as he did the routine and the jealousies and the discipline of an office, and besides there was the question of personal dignity. It was humiliating, considering his position, to sit, day after day, waiting for Tony Burton to tell him what was on his mind, when he had probably made up his mind already. It was humiliating to have one's life, and a good part of one's future, depend on the eccentricity of one man's mind, but that was the way it always was.

Charles had often thought that it was fortunate for Tony Burton that quick decisions were very seldom necessary. Tony Burton had told him himself that he liked to mull over problems, particularly problems of personnel, but of course it was not the way he, or anyone else, made decisions. These were made quickly and instinctively, out of native intuition and instinct, tempered by training and experience. Generally you were driven to them, and Tony Burton always made up his mind fast when he was driven. All his talk of mulling and weighing and balancing was vacillation, if you wanted to use a harsh word for it. There was that personal element of not wanting to hurt another's feelings, the qualms that always surrounded a definite negative. That was what was worrying Tony Burton, the certainty that no matter what he did someone would be hurt.

The way to handle Tony Burton was to force him. Years ago, Charles had been horrified by the idea, but the better you knew someone, the more you knew of his weaknesses and his temperament. In a way it was not fair to take advantage of it, just as all friendship in business was not fair, but after all they were not friends except through economic accident.

It would be perfectly possible that afternoon to end suspense and to get the word from Tony Burton. He was surely not afraid of him, and he could even frame just what he would say.

"Listen, Tony," he would say, "let's face the facts. There's a directors' meeting on the first of the month and everybody here in the bank knows that you are considering proposing either Blakesley or me for the fifth vice-presidency. You know as well as I do, or you ought to, that they're making bets on it in the washroom. It isn't dignified. It isn't fair to Roger or me to keep us waiting. We're both of us making monkeys of ourselves, running around and polishing apples. You know everything about me, Tony. I've been around here long

enough. Of course, I was out in the war, but you approved my going, or you said you did, and I'm right where I was when I came back, except the war has made me better. I know it's hard to step on somebody's face, but this thing has been going on for two weeks, ever since Arthur was killed, and I'm tired of staying awake at night, and Nancy's getting tired, too. How about it, Tony?"

It was not a bad speech, either, even though it was out of his usual line and beyond the realms of discipline. In fact, the words were so vivid in his mind that he seemed to be saying them, right now, at the far corner by the window. But already something told him that he would never say them. He was at his desk, and out of the corner of his eye he saw that Roger Blakesley was back again, leafing through a pile of papers with his left hand while he scribbled with his right on a memorandum pad. It may have been that Roger had already talked to Tony. He could even make a savage, unkind parody of Roger's possible speech which Roger would have called an "approach."

The shades on the front door were drawn already, showing that the bank was closed to depositors. He knew it because there was the inevitable air of relaxation now that the bank was no longer on public display. Voices were louder. People were assuming more comfortable positions, and far in the back of the room, in that region where there was not so much to gain or lose, he saw some of the boys moving toward the washroom to smoke a cigarette. If he wanted to have that talk with Tony Burton, now was the time, but he still sat at his desk with his accounts in front of him. It was a surprising thing to realize that he too was hesitating and fumbling over a decision. He was sure that he was not hesitating out of any sort of fear. The thing that held him was a native sort of pride, and he was relieved when he knew it. If they wanted to keep him waiting, he was not going to show that it bothered him; and granted that the whole thing was childish, as long as he knew why he did nothing the rest did not make so much difference.

Just then his desk telephone rang, with a quiet, purring sound. It was Miss Summer, Tony Burton's secretary.

"Oh, Mr. Gray," Miss Summer said. Her voice was sweet with the assured authority of being the dean of all secretaries, the repository of all secrets. "Mr. Burton wants to know if you can see him for a moment."

15

THERE were some things you could not control, and in spite of himself, his heart was beating faster. He deliberately finished the page of his report before he rose, and when he was on his feet he looked at Roger Blakesley.

"Yes, Sug," Roger was saying over his own

telephone. It was short for sugar, which meant that Roger was speaking to his wife. "I'll be on the five-fifteen. Yes, I'll pick up the prescription."

Roger's concentration on his conversation was not misleading. Charles was sure that Roger knew what was happening, and that Roger knew exactly why Tony Burton wanted to see him for a moment.

Tony Burton looked very fit, in spite of his white hair and his roll-top desk, both of which conspired to put him in another generation. For years Charles had accepted him as a model and was very willing to do it even though he realized that everyone else above a certain salary rating used Tony Burton for the same unit of measure, and he was pretty sure that Tony himself was conscious of it. Charles never rebelled against it because Tony was just what one should expect of a president of a first-rate bank. It was amusing but not ridiculous to observe that all the minor executives in the Stuyvesant, as well as the more ambitious clerks, wore conservative double-breasted suits like Tony Burton, at the same time allowing undue rigidity to break out into pin-stripes and herringbones just like Tony Burton. They all visited the barber once a week. They all had taken up golf, whether they liked it or not, and they all wore the same square gold type of wrist watch, and the same stainless-steel strap. They had adopted Tony Burton's posture and his brisk, quick step, and even the deliberate inflection of his voice. In fact once at one of those annual dinners, for officers and minor executives, when everyone said a few words and got off a few local jokes about the bank, Charles had brought the matter up when he had been called upon to speak. Speaking was always an unpleasant ordeal, with which he had finally learned to cope successfully, largely from imitating Tony. He remembered standing up and waiting for silence, just as Tony waited, with the same faint smile and the same deliberate gaze.

"I should like to drink a toast," he had said, "not to our president but to everyone who tries to look like him. When I walk, I always walk like Tony, because Tony knows just how to walk, and when I talk, I always talk like Tony, because Tony knows just how to talk, and when I dress, I always dress like Tony, in a double-breasted suit. But no matter how I try, I cannot be like Tony. I can never make myself sufficiently astute."

That was the one time in the year, at that annual dinner, when you could let yourself go, within certain limits, and Tony Burton had loved it. He had stood up and waited for the laughter to die down, and then he had spoken easily, with just the right pause and cadence. He had said that there were always little surprises at those dinners. He had never realized, for instance, that there could be a poet in the trust department, but poetry had its place. Poetry could teach lessons that transcended pedestrian prose.

"And I'm not too old to learn," Tony Burton had said, "and I'm humbly glad to learn. Sometimes on a starlit night, I've wondered what my function was in the Stuyvesant. I'm very glad to know it is that of a clothing dummy. It's a patriotic duty. It's what they want us to be, in Washington."

That was back in 1938, but Tony Burton still had the same spring to his step, the same unlined, youthful face, and the same florid complexion, and he had the same three pictures on his desk — the first of Mrs. Burton in their garden, the second of their three girls, standing in profile, like a flight of stairs, and the third of his sixty-foot schooner, the *Wanderlust*, the boat you were invited on once every summer, with Tony Burton in his yachting cap standing at the wheel. Time had marched on. Two of the girls had come out, and one of them was married, and the *Wanderlust* had been returned by the Navy in deplorable condition, but Tony Burton was just the same.

No matter how well Charles had come to know him, in that half-intimate, half-formal business relationship, he still had a slight feeling of diffidence and constraint. It was the same feeling that one had toward generals in the war, or perhaps toward anyone with power over you. There was always a trace of that subservient desire to please and to be careful. You had to know how far to go, how long to laugh, and how to measure everything you said.

Tony Burton looked up and smiled and waved his hand with a circular motion at the wrist that everyone had tried to imitate.

"Sit down, Charlie," he said. "Have a cigarette and relax."

No matter how much you might pretend, it was no time for relaxing and Tony Burton must have known it. It must have been a little hard for Tony, trying to be friends, because there was always that line of demarcation. It might have been different, Charles was thinking, if he had money of his own instead of being dependent on a job. It might have been different, even, if he had received some attractive offer lately, if he had known that there was something waiting for him elsewhere, with the same salary, instead of knowing that times were tight and uncertain.

Everything was uncertain and there was nothing to do but to wait. He shook his head when Tony Burton offered him a club cigarette out of his gold case, because he had given up long ago smoking in the bank.

"What's on your mind, Tony?" he asked. There was nothing to do but wait, while Tony Burton laid his cigarette case on the desk in front of him. He could read from where he sat the engraving on its gold surface, done in script, in three different specimens of girlish handwriting. "To the most representative daddy, Gladys, Olivia, Babs."

"The girls gave it to me on Father's Day,"

Tony Burton said. "I didn't know I was a representative dad."

"I didn't know you were either," Charles answered, "but it must be nice to know."

There was nothing to do but wait, but it was clear already that they were not going to talk about the future or they would not have started with the cigarette case. At the same time, it was also clear that Tony Burton did have something on his mind. Charles glanced at his cool and almost placid features, set in their assured, easy lines, that came from a career in which everything had always worked out right. It was amazing to think that from the very beginning Tony Burton could have had no doubts about anything. From the very beginning he must have known that he would end where he was sitting.

"I don't like being representative of anything," Tony Burton said.

"I don't see how you can help it very well," Charles said.

"How do you mean, I can't help it?" Tony Burton asked.

"Sitting where you are," Charles said, "you've got to represent. That's all I mean."

"Well, I was thinking the other day," Tony Burton said, "that you're pretty representative yourself."

"I hope I am, Tony," Charles answered. "I try to be, in business hours."

He did not like the conversation because he did not know where it was leading, although he understood that it was all a part of Tony's technique.

"We ought to call this place the House of Representatives," Tony Burton said, "but it isn't a bad shop, is it?"

"No," Charles answered. "It isn't. I'm glad to be back in it, Tony." And Tony Burton smiled at him, almost as though they were friends.

"Well," Tony said, "speaking of representatives —" and he paused and Charles sat motionless. For a second he thought that he was wrong about the conversation, and that they were coming to the point at last, but only for a second. "How did you represent things to Selig?"

"I told him we had too many accounts," Charles said. "I told him there were too many complications."

"Why didn't you tell him that we'd have room for him in the quite near future?"

"Because he wouldn't have believed it," Charles said. "He had to know, not that he didn't know already."

"Did he take it?"

"Yes," Charles said, "he took it."

Tony Burton leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head.

"He has a lot of good connections. That's the trouble with the underworld these days. You don't know where you're at any more. The girls

keep going to La Casita. It's a damn funny world, isn't it? It's getting curiouser and curiouser."

"A man told me at lunch today," Charles said, "that no matter what the world is doing, man remains the same."

Tony Burton unclasped his hands from behind his head and placed them on the arms of his chair.

"Well, let's forget it, Charlie. There's one other thing."

"Yes, sir," Charles said. He knew it was the other thing that Tony Burton wanted to talk about, and he knew that informality was over. It was time to be a bright young man again, and to call Tony Burton sir.

"About that loan."

"Which loan, sir?" Charles asked.

"The one we were talking about this morning. That little boat company. You said you were born up there. What's the name of the place?"

"You mean Clyde?" Charles answered. He had never dreamed that Clyde would come into the conversation again, yet now that it had, it seemed inevitable. All day, from the moment he had arisen in the morning, Clyde had been behind everything.

"Yes," Tony Burton said, "that's it. Clyde. Somebody's got to see that company, and it just occurred to me," he raised his hand from the right arm of his chair and rotated it slowly from the wrist, "it just occurred to me if you've lived there and know the background, you'd better go up for the day and look things over, just quietly. Talk to people. Find out from the bank. Nothing secret about any business in a small town."

"No, sir," Charles said. "Nothing's secret. Everybody knows about everything."

"Well, if you want to, take the midnight, or take the plane up to Boston tomorrow morning. Stay as long as you like and see if you can get some figures."

Charles nodded slowly. He did not want to speak for a moment because the pieces were all beginning to come together, inevitably, as sure as fate. The whole thing was so perfect that it had the quality of destiny, as though it had all been meant to happen long ago. In a way there was retribution and justice in it, a perfect sort of justice. He was going up to Clyde and he could not help it. He was going back to where he had come from because Roger Blakesley had seen Mr. Burton for just a minute.

"I envy your getting away for a few days," Tony Burton said. "You're looking a little tired, Charles."

"Do you want to come along?" Charles asked.

"I wish I could," Tony Burton said, and he laughed, "but I'm the representative dad."

Charles's thoughts were moving smoothly again. For an instant he thought of refusing. He thought of a possible excuse, but a refusal or excuse would have been as bad as going.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question, Tony?" he asked.

"Why, no, of course not, Charlie."

"Did you think up this idea yourself?"

It was dangerous, impertinent, and out of order, but from the slight narrowing of Tony Burton's eyes, and from the faint look of surprise, he knew that Tony Burton understood, and that was all he wanted.

"Why no," Tony Burton said. "Now that you mention it, it wasn't entirely my idea."

At least Tony Burton understood. He understood why Roger had suggested it. It would be a chance to get Charles Gray away for a while, out of sight and out of mind in a crucial period. He had to admit that it was clever of Roger Blakesley.

"I suppose Roger ought to go," Tony Burton said. "It's his responsibility. But he doesn't know Clyde. How about riding back with me on the five-thirty?"

"I can't," Charles said. "The Whitakers want to see me at half past five. They're very short of money."

"You'll be back by Friday, won't you?" Tony Burton asked. "Remember, you're coming to dinner Friday."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," Charles said.

When their glances met, there was no doubt that Tony Burton knew what he was thinking. He was smiling in a paternal way, far removed from any trouble of Charles's but still understanding.

"Well, relax and have a good time, Charlie," he said, and he leaned forward and slapped Charles's knee.

"That's the second time," Charles said, "that you've told me to relax."

"Well, do it," Tony Burton said. He seemed to be speaking from a great distance, from Olympic heights of security which Charles had never known. He might have been speaking from the deck of the *Wanderlust*, with a wet sheet, a flowing tide, and sailors in white drill, swaying as they hauled. He sounded like a doctor in his office, giving advice to a nervous patient.

"Go ahead and relax, Charlie. I'll see you Friday." And then his voice had a note of kindly promise in it. "Just you and Nancy are coming, and you and I'll have a good long talk about everything on Friday."

(To be concluded)

Snobbism

Why this chaos in the world of art? asks GEORGE BIDDLE, a leading American painter. The chaos, he argues, is the result of war neuroses, a rigged market, snobbism, and above all, of sloppy, inaccurate critical standards. A Philadelphian who was graduated from Harvard in 1908 and who has had more than fifty one-man exhibitions in Paris, Vienna, Rome, and America, Mr. Biddle here raises questions which will draw blood.

MODERN ART AND MUDDLED THINKING

by GEORGE BIDDLE

1

DURING the war years and, with increasing tempo, the last two seasons, there has been a rapid swing in the art markets along New York's Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street toward modernistic, abstract, and non-objective art. This was not the case with just the Whitney Museum, which supposedly has its finger on the pulse of young America; or with Knoedler's Gallery, which has specialized in early Victorian-American; or Durand-Ruel's, whose cellar is stocked with the vintage of French Impressionism; or Jacques Seligmann's, which deals in eighteenth-century French furniture; or the Metropolitan Museum, which streamlines early Etruscan and Egyptian; or even the National Academy, whose arteries are generally conceded to be about as young and pulsating as those of the Knickerbocker Club. Not just all this, but even the State Department's first purchases to be sent overseas to represent the dignity of Uncle Sam's artistic maturity.

Does all this mean the final victory of Modernism, youth, liberalism, and the left wing? Anything but that, unless we conclude that Durand-Ruel's, Knoedler's, Jacques Seligmann's, the Metropolitan Museum, and the State Department are youthful, experimental, and revolutionary. And they are not. It means that modernistic art has become thoroughly academic and therefore acceptable to the most conservative institutions and galleries.

History often repeats itself. The identical art forms which are now having this tremendous vogue — not only in New York but all over the country — had exactly the same vogue in Paris just after World War I, between 1919 and 1925. So much so, that if the paintings of the young men then could take the place of those of the young men now, nobody would know the difference. Is this just what one should expect? Or is it a little depressing that a generation later — and I'm telling you that things move fast in our generation — America can express nothing in art after World War II that Paris did not express after World War I?

Let us examine the causes which may explain this all-out trend toward extreme Modernism or non-objective art in America today. In the first place it is not a novelty. Abstract art, which reached its full expression, if not its final form, in the great Cubist Exhibition in Paris in 1911, was fully shown in the Armory Exhibition in New York in 1913 and thereafter in many American cities. In 1921 the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts gave a comprehensive exhibition of American modernists, and since then abstract and non-objective art has been shown in almost every museum and in most American galleries. Still there was what could be called a time-lag in America as compared with Paris and other European cities. Now this time-lag has finally been caught up with, and the resistance to modernistic art has been pretty well eroded away. What was in 1911 a dynamic, creative, experimental art movement has become a static, crystallized, period style, like any other: the Baroque, Victorian, or *Art Nouveau*.

It would seem natural, then, that this current acceptance and momentary preoccupation with non-objective art should be used to advertise their wares by such dealers as are stocked with the great names of the *École de Paris*. Nor is there anything intellectually shabby in such promotion. If Knoedler's, Durand-Ruel's, Rosenberg, Kootz, Pierre Matisse, Valentine, Perls, and all the small fry, have heavy investments in Picasso, Matisse, and the other great names of a generation ago, it would seem perfectly appropriate that, in the current exhibitions of American art, they should display the sort of advertisement that barks most loudly up their particular alley. It is of course an understatement to say that the Fifty-seventh Street market is heavily rigged and that enormous pressure is exercised on a snobbish, gullible, and muddy-minded public by highly astute businessmen. But there is nothing dishonest in such manipulation of taste. Nothing that would not pass the most rigid test of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

How much of this current preoccupation with abstraction, as opposed to traditional or representational art, is due to war neuroses, to world fatigue? I think a case could be made that abstract color and design offer a stronger stimulant, and one to which there is a more immediate response, than does traditional art. In each case the aesthetic reaction is produced by the same rhythms, harmonies, and dissonances of line, color, and design. But in traditional art the "phrasing" of the rhythm is closely integrated with a visual statement of the outside world. Similarly in the crafts the phrasing of the rhythm is integrated with the shape and purpose of a useful object. The artist creates an abstraction, into which he fits the observed facts of life. This abstraction in itself has beauty, form; but it is the *integration* of the abstract with the objective statement of the outside world which immeasurably enhances the aesthetic enjoyment. It could be plausibly maintained in fact that *this integration of the abstract with the representational aspect of life or utilitarian purpose is the chief cause of aesthetic pleasure*. In non-objective paintings, there are no rules to follow except those governing color and design. For this reason, in traditional art there is a greater intellectual demand, the need of a more subtle eye for color, line, and design. The student's training is far more exacting if, in addition to mastering a knowledge of color and design, he must also learn to draw and to paint the figure, landscape, and atmosphere. To the same measure the aesthetic enjoyment of traditional art calls for an understanding, by the audience, of the solution of this problem: the integration of the abstract with visual nature. This aesthetic enjoyment is, of course, partly intellectual and partly sensory. But such is the case with the enjoyment of every other art form: architecture, literature, drama, music, or the dance.

2

It might be maintained that the insistent appeal of abstract or non-objective art during and immediately after World War I in Paris, and during and immediately after World War II in America, was partly due to war fatigue or war neuroses. This is very different from arguing that such war neuroses were the cause of this art. The great intellectual movement, generally known as Modern Art or the *École de Paris*, which was essentially a preoccupation, on the one hand with the elements of design, on the other with the philosophic relation of abstract form to the visual world, germinated in those carefree, happy days before World War I. But although world fatigue had nothing to do with the origin of abstract art, it may well be one of the explanations of its present popularity.

Snobbism, too, has had a by no means negligible influence on the patrons and art lovers. I am not

just referring to the Museum of Modern Art, whose prestige, largely built on snobbism, is enormous; or to the more subtle technique of the dealers. One of the most intelligent of them said to me recently: "Whether one likes it or not, the appeal to snobbism is what sells pictures, even though it does not always engender taste."

For almost a generation, Hollywood has used modernistic sets to decorate the homes of the fashionable and smart. Many a simple bourgeois, who himself delights in strawberry-and-cream sunsets, associates sculptured doughnuts and children's distortions signed by expensive foreign names with the artistic taste of the elite of wealth and fashion. Americans admire streamlined up-to-dateness. Though they may not like modern design in their parlors, they respect and expect it in the kitchen or the garage.

All these reasons, then, — war neuroses, a dealer-rigged market, snobbism, and an association of Modernism with up-to-dateness, — have helped to give modernistic and non-objective painting, the normal appeal of which was to the aesthete, the initiate, and the intelligentsia, a certain vogue and mundane popularity which it would be hard to explain on other grounds. The vast majority of Americans, who, whether rightly or wrongly, have no particular taste for this somewhat narrow aspect of art, are therefore confused and frustrated. Either they think the whole thing is some snobbish hocus-pocus and are thoroughly irritated by its apparent hypocrisy, or else they are deeply skeptical of their own intelligence and taste and are ashamed to express their own low-brow opinions. These inhibitions on the part of the public would not be so dangerous if it were not for the complete breakdown of critical thinking and tradition which ushered in and has accompanied the modern movement.

At the turn of the century the protagonists of the new art attributed an aesthetic jargon to their deceased master, Cézanne, which this single-minded, confused, and completely honest painter never held. Seizing on an equivocal passage in one of Cézanne's letters to his friend de Monfreid, they broadcast to the world their mumbo-jumbo of the translation of nature in terms of the cylinder and cube. As well translate nature in terms of circles and rectangles!

Critics, artists, and laymen began mouthing such totally meaningless baloney as "spatial" and "tridimensional" attributes of flat-surface design. Clive Bell and Berenson hypnotized the aesthetes with the "significant form" and "tactile values" of great paintings. From then on, a muddy-minded stream of art clichés poured over the dam, bewildering painters even more than the public. Expressionists, cubists, futurists, vorticists, dadaists, surrealists, abstractionists, and non-objectivists flung out their manifestoes, with no more regard for each other's aesthetics than for the traditions upon which

the arts of the past were grounded. "Michelangelo is roast beef," cried Brancusi, not so much cementing the foundations for his own art as denying the validity of anything that had preceded it.

The cultivation of the meaningless reached a point where in 1937 Pablo Picasso, a great painter and a talented publicity agent, could take the public into his confidence, describing his latest masterpiece as a "fandango of shivering owls souse of swords of evil-omened polyps scouring brush of hairs from priests' tonsures standing naked in the middle of the frying-pan — placed upon the ice-cream cone of codfish fried in the scabs of his lead-ox heart — his mouth full of the chinch-bug jelly of his words —" etc. For years to come it will be debated as to whether Picasso's paintings have profound intellectual content. It would seem evident that his critical pronouncements have none.

Another modernist writes of his own work: "The new philosophy shall be a true plastic cosmogony. That is to say, neither a symbolization nor an interpretation, but rather a direct visualization through artistic media, of the forces which move and excite us. Neither symbolic nor metaphysical, this cosmogony does not attempt to anthropomorphize the universe, but to universalize man, causing him to participate emotionally in the great cosmic poles.

"Thus it is no longer the job of art to answer ingenuous questions; today the painting looks at the spectator and asks him: What do you wish to say?"

As clear and simple as that. And lots more. No wonder the harried spectator goes on a hunger strike, refusing to swallow such empty and pretentious slobber-slobber any longer.

Today, then, there is almost no sound tradition of art criticism, without which experimentation has little value. Art deals with ultimate truths. It is presumptuous to think that any movement, no matter how radical, can alter or upset these basic values. When a moment in history shows unusual creative vitality, it will usher in, as did the Renaissance, a new outlook on life expressed by a new reaction to life's problems, but it will at best offer only a somewhat different solution expressed in somewhat different terms.

One assumption to hold in mind is that non-objective art does not in any way imply a revolution in aesthetics, but at best a new approach. Indeed, there is nothing strictly new in the use of non-objective design, unless it is the questionable propriety of exhibiting it in gilt frames rather than incorporating it in useful objects. It is difficult to draw the line between the aesthetic emotion derived from any wall hanging with a non-objective design, such as a Persian carpet, and a painting by Kandinsky, Braque, or Stuart Davis. In both cases the color, rhythm, and texture give us pleasure. The former helps to insulate cold walls.

It can be concluded that if art today is in a state of chaos and the public confused and inhibited, it is

not because there is too much experimentation, but rather that the critical thinking which is the basis for healthy experimentation is confused, pretentious, and lacking in tradition.

Most emphatically this assumption does not warrant a return to the artistic idioms of 1900. It does imply that an aesthetic philosophy — no matter what — must precede an experimental statement. It does not call for a return to the baroque styles or *Art Nouveau*. It does demand an analysis and knowledge of the elements of design which constitute the Primitive, Gothic, Baroque, and Modern. At moments Picasso borrows elements from the classic Hellenistic tradition of the eighteenth century; at times he uses elements from Zúñi pottery. Dali mixes traditional Victorian with modernistic. Max Ernst jumbles together modernistic with realistic plant forms. Artists are lumped as modernists who advocate a social or a Marxian approach; who believe in expression through the subconscious; who believe that art should have no intellectual content; who advocate the subjective-expressionistic approach; who proclaim the mathematical architectonics of the abstract. O.K. But which? And why?

It is not here relevant to outline my own artistic credo. But almost any approach presupposes a few assumptions which, I believe, will find fairly general acceptance. Their restatement may help to clarify the direction and validity of various current art movements.

1. Art is a restatement, reflection, reaction, criticism, or experience of life, expressed in a given medium with a certain rhythm. *But always life is the artist's raw material.*

2. Art has always exercised two unrelated functions. It can give us aesthetic pleasure. The pleasure seems to derive from the rhythm — of color, line, form, sound, or melody — which is basic in all works of art. It also has social value. Since art reshapes or criticizes life through its selective reflection of the external world, it becomes a yardstick of man's mind, aspirations, religion, and philosophy. It is the only "open sesame" by which we can penetrate the spiritual meaning of the great civilizations of the past and thus borrow from their wisdom and experience in recharting our course through the night that lies ahead.

3. This being so, those arts which appeal to the greatest number of people and which deal with basic human emotions will survive the longest and exercise the most influence. In this sense they are vital since their roots are in the hearts of mankind.

3

How then, in the light of the foregoing premises, shall we evaluate the current preoccupation with abstract and non-objective art and the ultimate achievement of the whole modern movement? To

the degree to which the original creative movement has become a crystallized period "style," its life-growth is ended, although the fossilized art form may linger on for years like that of any other fashion. It is, however, far more than just a fashion: more properly what we think of as a stylistic approach, such as the classic, realistic, or romantic approach in art or literature. And this, I take it, from the long view is its importance. The great dynamic movement which started in Paris before World War I as a protest against the preceding realism of Impressionism, as an attack on the outworn modes of the Baroque, as an exploration into the meaning and relations of color and design, has done far more to widen the horizons of art than merely to contribute new techniques and color modes. A more generous comparison could be made with the application to painting of the laws of perspective by the artists of the Renaissance. This, too, became more than a stylistic *fashion*, which we associate with an historical date; rather, it became a stylistic *approach*, which in the endless art stream of history is recurrent.

In the rapid, high-tension tempo of life today, the swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other has become accelerated. Whether we conceive of extreme Modernism — non-objective and abstract art — as a fashion or as a stylistic approach, its momentary vogue, judging from others, will be short-lived. Looking back for one generation, we have seen the sunset of the Ash-Can School illuminating the art horizon before World War I; the first impact of the Paris movement immediately thereafter; the so-called Regional Art School flourishing during the depression; and now the recurrent swing toward the abstract and non-objective.

Extreme Modernism as a fashion will not last many years. As an experimentation in the techniques and as a somewhat different response to aesthetic enjoyment, it can broaden and vary our approach to art. The limitation to the entire movement, however, is that to date *it offers nothing by way of content other than technical experimentation*. It addresses itself exclusively to the aesthetes, the intelligentsia, and — let us be honest — the intellectual snobs and the sensation-mongers of a tired world. For when experimentation is finished, something must be done or said with the new techniques or it becomes empty and meaningless, and the creative impulse which flowed into it diffuses itself and dies.

My point can best be illustrated by two historical analogies. As I have suggested, the great Italian artists of the Renaissance, notably Michelangelo, Leonardo, Piero della Francesca, Mantegna, and Signorelli showed a similar intellectual preoccupation in their technical experimentations with anatomical research and lineal perspective. But into these new techniques they poured an excitement about life which gave the Renaissance vitality for

five centuries. Toward the end of the Middle Ages, in the field of music, there went on a similar technical experimentation in the development of counterpoint and the fugue. It reached a point where musicians were as preoccupied in writing tunes that could be played backward as in composing worthy music. This was the swan song in the twilight decadence of a great school of medieval music.

Somewhere in his writings, Van Wyck Brooks remarks that only a great humanistic century can create great portraits. It is noteworthy of the modern movement that it has produced no great portrait. For a portrait to be great must be more than a physical likeness or even a spiritual interpretation. It must be a social and a personal drama. Nor has the movement produced a single great mural painting. Picasso's *Guernica* is really a large easel canvas, although it was commissioned for a wall of the Spanish Pavilion, where it hung for several months in the Paris Exhibition of 1937. But a painting on canvas, destined for traveling exhibitions or private collections, and without any particular relation to the architectural requirements or the social significance of the building it decorates, can hardly be called a great mural painting. Diego Rivera was one of the early cubists, but his mural achievement is based on a sweeping protest against the philosophy of French Modernism.

Schools of painting, however, can achieve emotional depth and philosophic content which limit themselves to landscape or still-life painting. The Dutch, the French impressionists, and the entire range of Chinese and Japanese art give rich examples. At present, the extreme exponents of the modern movement — the non-objective and abstract — are not primarily occupied with human beings, landscape, social drama, or any other aspect of the world we live in. They are primarily occupied with but one theme: art for art's sake. If this is a proper analysis of the current directions of these particular art streams — and I believe their protagonists would in a great measure agree with my analysis, if not with my findings — one cannot help concluding that although the movement, vital and creative at its inception, developed new techniques and a new aesthetic approach, it is at present arid, decadent, without depth, social importance, or universal meaning.

It is my belief that our general public's healthy appetite for art is stifled and inhibited by the one-sided diet now being offered to it — but even more so by the pretentious, ornate, and vapid presentation of the fare. There are some who will show a natural taste for the non-objective dish. The great majority, however, will always crave a simple and more vigorous sustenance to satisfy their normal, pictorial appetite. All I plead for is that the bill of fare be written out in a basic and lucid English which can be understood by the average intelligent American.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A graduate of the University of Iowa, where he received his B.A. and M.A. degrees, R. V. CASSILL spent four years in the Army as a lieutenant in the Medical Department. He saw service in the South Pacific, at Okinawa, and later in Japan. "Most of the stories which I have written in the past year," he tells us, "are stories about the Army, the war, or people somehow involved with these things." Now in his twenty-eighth year, he is teaching English at Monticello College and writing a novel.

THE CONDITIONS OF JUSTICE

by R. V. CASSILL

ON the jungle hill fronting the farthest and now seldom used end of the fleet anchorage at a South Pacific island the pattern of streets and coral walks was emptying at suppertime. The hot December bursts of rain had stopped an hour or so before. In the breadfruit trees and among the long, pink limbs of the banyans the evening light had a buttery look, as though the light itself were part of the oppressive medium which the garrison breathed and in which they sweated.

Captain Mercer, who commanded the hospital troop detachment, had just finished his shower. Returning to his tent—the screened hut roofed with a pyramidal tent—he powdered all the upper part of his body and rubbed his face with an alcohol lotion. Then, still clothed only in the towel wrapped around his loins and his shower clogs, he returned to the steps outside to read his letters. Even the screen walls of the tent seemed to add to the heavy mugginess of the air, and he wanted for a little while to stay free of sweat.

He opened the letter from his wife first, and his first approach to it was to count the pages—three tonight—observing with pleasure that the handwriting was small and compact as it sometimes was not when Margaret had little to say.

Her letters were always cheerful, but he believed by now that he had become so sensitive to her expression that he could always tell exactly her state of mind regardless of the particular thing which she had written to him. So the beginning of her letter was satisfying. The description of the

drive she had taken with the children to show them the leaves turning red in the foothills up behind Edwardsville was so full of detail that he guessed happily that she must not only have written it conscientiously, but, while driving, have purposely made mental notes of sights which she would want to share with him.

The second page of her letter was an answer, perhaps the answer which she had been thinking of for a long time—too troubled for a while even to try to put it in words—to some things which he had lately told her. "From all you say," she wrote, "your Colonel Logan must be turning into a terrible grouch or a martinet or something. I shouldn't think the Army would want men like that in top positions. And what you say about his always snooping around in this primitive jungle where naturally there'd be weeds, to see if your men have all the weeds cut, and his wanting the white picket fence around his office when your latrines needed working on. I should think this general coming to inspect would be much more concerned about the sanitary facilities than about any white fence. But as you say, That's the Army.

"But Ralph, it doesn't matter so much about these little foibles of his as the way they affect you. I can guess that all these months and years that you've been on this island have worn you down. Maybe because you can't get away from it they've narrowed your perspective in a way that isn't characteristic of you. Tell me I'm completely wrong if I am. I know things *do* change.

"But I remember some of the things you used to say about the Army and it seemed to me that I'd be wifely (or maybe terrible? Don't pay any attention if I'm wrong) to remind you of them. To help you keep your detachment from things and your good judgment.

"For one thing, before you went overseas you used to always lecture me every time you told me about something ridiculous the Army had done, to remember this was just the fluff and not the real thing. That we were fighting a big war that had to be won and were mostly doing a good job of it and that I ought to keep telling the boys that in this war we were doing just what Americans had always done to make them proud of it. You used to like Colonel Logan pretty well too. I know he thought you were one of his best officers or he wouldn't have promoted you so fast. So . . ."

Captain Mercer began to chuckle — at first mirthlessly, then with more and more pleasure. It pleased him to laugh at himself for these absurdities which he must once have uttered just as Margaret reported them, and he was glad that Margaret had an explanation of his situation which would satisfy her. To write back and confirm her theories and thank her for reminding him of his long-range views seemed to him an easy way to relieve the pressure of worry about what she might be thinking of him these days.

He was still smiling when Major Swift came past on his way to the shower. He paused a minute in front of Mercer, clutching his towel over the little pod of his belly. "Somebody write you a good dirty joke, Ralph?" he asked.

Mercer shook his head. "Just my wife kidding me about how bald I'm getting. She just got those pictures we took in October, you know."

"We can't claim to them that we're getting any younger."

"What was it Washington said about he couldn't sign something without his spectacles because he'd grown old and gray in the service?" Mercer asked. "I'm getting old and bald."

Major Swift's eyes narrowed a little. "I've been wondering about that, Ralph. How you've been feeling." He sat down on the steps, carefully folding the towel over his knees. "You know, being the Executive Officer around here means I'm supposed to be the nosy old woman that pries into everybody's affairs. I lift up the damn pie crusts in the kitchen" — he laughed here and paused — "to see what they've really put in the pie. Tell you what I'm getting at. The Old Man came back to the office hopping mad the other day. Said you'd given him an argument. Something about the number of men you couldn't put on detail to get the place fixed up before General Carr gets here. Four stars, you know. Don't forget that means something, Ralph."

"My point is" — and Mercer could feel the

tightness and anger coming back — "if I pull these men out of their regular jobs on the wards and stuff where they're working ten hours a day — some of them — and think they're doing something important, and put them on some weed-pulling detail they can't see any point to, it discourages the hell out of them. Makes bums out of them."

"Now wait. Don't ever underestimate your men. That's the worst mistake an officer can make. If you explain it to them, they'll coöperate. I've always found that true."

"Explain? I'll be damned if I see the point."

"Now Ralph," Major Swift tapped him on the knee. "You see, this is just what I'm talking about. You're getting all wound up in yourself and want to argue. You can't argue with the Old Man. You don't really want to. I know that. It's his job to see the whole hospital here and see what should be done here, what should be done there. You just see one little part of it."

Let it go, let it go, Mercer thought. And as suddenly as a cool breeze cutting in under the heat could have done it, the notion that he would quit thinking about it and play their way seemed to ease all the muscles in his back and soothe his face. He laughed and stretched. It was so damn easy to play their way. "I need to get canned up on about a case of beer," he said.

Major Swift smiled, "You know, that's just what I was going to suggest to you. Why don't you drop over to my tent after supper? I got a pretty nice bottle of brandy from a friend of mine in the 13th. Those boys are never short." He lingered a minute to say, "I don't even think it would be a bad idea for you to knock off a day or two. Let your First Sergeant run things. That boy has got a sound head."

2

MERCER'S second letter was from Miss Margoulies, whose desk faced his in the accounting department of the store at home. She had written of a couple of boys from the store who had just finished pilot training. "Though I'm proud of all our boys," she said, "I can't help being especially proud that so many of those that I know from the store are officers."

With rights and privileges thereto pertaining, Mercer thought as he dressed. He took clean khakis from the chest in which a perpetually burning light bulb kept them dry. Anyway for the evening he was going to cut as far loose from the muck of this time and place as he could — dress up a little, maybe walk along the beach, and if he felt like it accept Swift's invitation to split the brandy. He really didn't mind Swift as long as the man didn't talk too much about the years he'd spent running a CCC camp dispensary.

And then the company clerk was there, knock-

ing at his door. "Can you come over to the office, sir?" the man said. "I think you'd better come. There's been some trouble in the PX."

"Well," Mercer said, "look, isn't it something the First Sergeant can handle? It's just about suppertime. I can come over after supper."

"No. He said I better get you," the clerk said.

"He ought to settle little things that come up at mealtime by himself or keep them over. We can always take care of things tomorrow."

"He told me to get you if you can come, sir."

On the way to the office the clerk told Mercer what he had heard of the fracas, the argument that led to it. "... so it wasn't really Corporal Miller's fault, the way I look at it. But I don't say he should have done it the way he did. This colored boy had pushed his way right up through the line and banged his money on the counter, they said ..."

A sense of bafflement, of undeserved personal trouble, was rising in Mercer's mind. He tried to imagine some way he could sweep into the office and give a few deft orders to settle the matter. But what those orders might be he could not think. He felt sweat already making his fresh shirt sticky around his shoulders. "Damn," he muttered. "I can't imagine Miller, of all people, doing that. You know Miller. Why would he blow up? The way he's run that PX so nobody ever had to worry —"

"He never really hit him with it," the clerk said. "Only he was coming around the counter with it when Red and Smiley grabbed him or he might of killed him."

"My God! With an axe."

As Mercer climbed the steps to his office he looked back and saw the other officers straggling into the mess hall, where they could get a beer before supper. He felt very tired.

3

HE TALKED to Corporal Miller first, after he had cleared everyone else out of the office. The man Smiley had gone out saying earnestly, "It wasn't Miller's fault, sir. If he'd just been coming after the nigger with his fist, I'd 've helped him."

Miller's short, blond pompadour was hanging damply on either side of his forehead. His face looked very white except for a spray of freckles. He began to answer in a low voice. "... and then I said to him that niggers don't talk that way where I come from. And I don't know, then I just seen red and I went to get the axe. I don't know what I would've done if they hadn't grabbed me."

"You can be damn glad you're not responsible for what you would have done," Mercer said. "But here, I thought you were one man I could count on. This isn't going to be easy to figure out."

"No, sir. I wish it hadn't happened."

"You ought to know — hell, you do know you can't do things that way. We've got a lot of colored patients here that have to be treated just like anybody else."

"Yes, sir."

"You've got to think about your part in it."

"It wasn't anything but I saw red for a minute. I wish you'd take me off my job. I'll take a bust."

"Oh hell," Mercer said. "It isn't that simple. Somebody's got to run this place. I can't bust everybody and put them out cutting weeds. Let's see what this guy says."

Jackson, the patient, came in wearing his blue pajama suit, the jacket hanging open. He saluted smartly when he approached Mercer's desk and Mercer said, "You don't need to do that. Suppose you just tell me about what happened."

"Sir, I came into the PX a while ago to get a box of cigars. I asked the corporal for the cigars. He didn't like the way I asked him and he said that niggers don't talk like that to white men. Then he come after me with a fire axe."

"All right," Mercer said. "We've got that much agreed on." He was trying to size Jackson up; for some reason the man's low, even voice disconcerted him, seemed to suggest that Jackson already understood what would take place now but wanted to see it worked out in detail.

"How did all this start, Jackson? They tell me you pushed your way to the head of the line and began banging on the counter."

"There isn't no line in the PX, sir," Jackson said. "Everybody was moving up to the counter when I come in."

"We won't argue about what is a line and what isn't. What would you say about that, Miller?"

"I guess he's right. He did come shoving up there, I thought. But I don't want to say this is his fault."

"No," Mercer said. He could see no way in which he could settle this situation, but it seemed to him that he was forced to struggle against it as he would struggle in quicksand. "I wish this had never happened," he said, and then believing that he saw a look of challenge from Jackson, went on, "but since it did I think we ought to look at it this way — no one really got hurt. I want the thing explained so we'll all understand it and that's the best we can do. It seems to me, Jackson, that you shouldn't have shoved up there like that. Then Corporal Miller was completely wrong in losing his head the way he did. But you understand, Jackson, he knows he was wrong."

Jackson stood before the captain's desk — in the thick orange color from the lamp — without any expression on his face, but insistently, as though his presence, his standing stone-still where he could not be ignored, offered an unavoidable barrier. Mercer, becoming nervously eager to get

through, get away from the office, said, "Here's what I'm going to do about it. I'll just tell you that I think you were partly to blame, Jackson. Corporal Miller, I'm going to put you on a week's restriction to your quarters."

He had turned to speak to Miller, but when he looked back at Jackson, the man was standing there without a quiver of gesture or expression, waiting as unanswered as he had been before.

Mercer's eyes narrowed. "I guess you know I don't have any authority to settle it that way."

"No, sir," Jackson said.

"Well, what do you want?"

Jackson said nothing. He stood there waiting.

"Do you want to prefer charges? I have to tell you that anyone under military jurisdiction has the right to prefer charges."

Jackson shook his head. An insect hit the screen of the office — a faint, drumlike tone in the silence.

"Speak up, Jackson."

Another long pause before Jackson said, "I'd like to speak to the Commanding Officer."

"Oh," Mercer said. He tapped on his desk with a pencil. "As an officer I can't say anything about that. But I can tell you frankly that you wouldn't do any good talking to him."

"I'd like to present my case to him."

A sense of angry helplessness swept over Mercer. He lifted his hands to rub his forehead, the gesture prolonged and exaggerated as if by it he tried to rub away not only the sweat but the whole oppressive mess of war and circumstance which had brought him here, five thousand miles from home, and put him on an island nearly as far from the fighting — an island inhabited by the mad. He wanted to shout at Jackson, "You stupid bastard, don't you think I have sat at the Colonel's table day after day listening to him tell what he would like to do to you niggers? That you ought to be herded in ahead of the white troops when they invaded an island?"

He did not say this. He said with all the recklessness he was capable of, not knowing whether Jackson would believe it, hoping he could make it stick, "The C.O. would only tell you things like this are up to me to decide. The only thing else you can do is write up charges for a court-martial." Watching Jackson he thought, Even if he hasn't heard of our Old Man, he's heard of court-martials. He knew Jackson would not ask for any part of that.

Again, this situation suspended ominously over the three of them in this room, Jackson stood in the center implacably waiting.

"You're not satisfied, are you?" Mercer asked.

"No, sir."

"Can't you just accept the explanation that Corporal Miller lost his head for a minute? There was nothing more to it than that."

Now Jackson's waiting seemed to say, Except the Army and the way things are, that's all the more there is to it. And he expects me to do something about that, Mercer thought despairingly. Why should it be up to me?

"In my outfit they tell us a noncommissioned officer doesn't lose his head," Jackson said stiffly.

Mercer watched him a minute. "You think that I'm not giving you a good deal because you're colored? Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's not the truth."

Jackson said nothing.

"Do you think that's so?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I don't know what deal I can give you," Mercer said. "Maybe your own outfit will do better by you. I'll call one of your officers to come up here tomorrow and we'll go over it again."

"Yes, sir," Jackson murmured.

When Mercer had rung through to the port battalion and been connected with the mess hall of Company D, he asked for the company commander and presently the voice came over, crisp and military, "Lieutenant Arthur."

"Mercer at the station hospital. I'm calling about a man in your outfit. Jackson, a private. George Jackson."

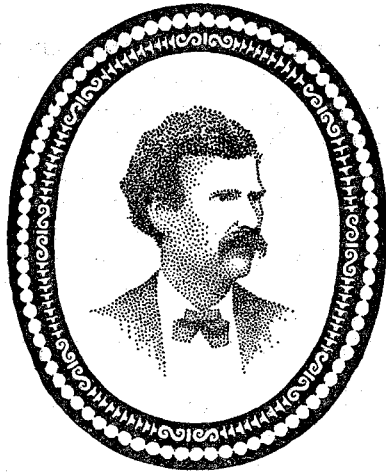
The answer came with an almost startling suddenness, "Jackson? He's a troublemaking nigger. If he's giving you any trouble, let us in on it and we'll be up to take care of him."

"No," Mercer said. "It's just something about his equipment. He came in here worried about whether his gear had been picked up at your supply when he came into the hospital."

"Ah. I'll check it. Why the hell should he come bothering you about that? He knows better," the martial voice said, and Mercer hung up.

He looked at Jackson and said needlessly, "I told him not to come up. O.K. I've done all I'm going to. You men better step it up if you want to get supper. There's still time." With an attempt at joviality he said, "Hell, might even be time for me to make it."

As he lifted the watch on his arm, peering at it under the light, holding it steady, staring at it so long his eyes lost it, he was not so sure.



DIXON WECTER has recently been appointed Literary Editor of the Mark Twain estate. Last August he made the trip by riverboat down the Mississippi with Mark's pilot book to guide him to the old landmarks. Now at the Huntington Library, as Chairman of the Research Group, he is editing the unpublished letters of Mark Twain, of which the most endearing are these to his fiancée, Olivia Langdon. A first selection appeared in November.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF MARK TWAIN

Edited by Dixon Wecter

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, known by the most famous pen name of modern times as Mark Twain, at the age of thirty-two fell in love with Olivia ("Livy") Langdon. Ten years his junior, this Elmira girl had long lived a sheltered, semi-invalid life not unlike that of Elizabeth Barrett. The incursion of her wild-haired suitor — Missouri printer, Mississippi pilot, Nevada miner, California journalist, world traveler, and rising young lecturer — swept all before him. He conquered the reluctance of her affluent father as well as the doubts of Livy herself. After a trial engagement begun in late November, 1868, their betrothal was announced on February 4, 1869, after Mark found time in the midst of a strenuous lecture schedule to make another whirlwind descent upon Elmira.

Romantic by nature and ardently in love, he discovered in Livy the physical beauty, charm, purity, and intense Victorian femininity which he craved. Yet from the start he realized the temperamental differences which lay between them. For example, the trade by which he earned his bread was at first blush almost incomprehensible to her. "Poor girl, anybody who could convince her that I was not a humorist would secure her eternal gratitude!" he wrote to his elder friend Mrs. Fairbanks early in his engagement. "She thinks a humorist is something perfectly awful. I never put a joke in a letter to her

without a pang. Best girl in the world." Nevertheless the playfulness of his courtship letters — ranging from drollery to mock ferocity and the teasing of passages deliberately inked out, interspersed by sallies of fun over her gravity and bizarre spelling — seldom went amiss. In time, as if to prove her powers of accommodation, Livy began to repay him in his own coin, in what he delightedly called "a burst of humor worthy of your affianced husband."

These letters, penned daily by Mark Twain in hotel rooms or on the railway cars, often at late hours when he was struggling against fatigue of mind and body, as well as the vexations of a public performer constantly on edge, are still probably the best he ever wrote. "Mamma says she thinks they are the loveliest love letters that ever were written," reported their first-born daughter Susie, in a precocious biography she once attempted of her famous father. "She says that Hawthorne's love letters to Mrs. Hawthorne are far inferior to these." Besides the endless variations on "I love" which Latins call conjugating the verb, these missives are filled with equally indispensable talk about photographs (porcelaintypes being the latest fashion), rings, volumes which they read as courting books while underscoring significant passages, and of course the unfolding of plans for their life together. "What we want is a home," wrote the Missourian who had

wandered over the continent and the earth since he left Hannibal in 1853. "We are done with the shows and vanities of life and are ready to enter upon its realities — we are tired of chasing its phantoms and shadows, and are ready to grasp its substance. At least *I* am — and 'I' means both of us, and 'both of us' means I of course — for are not we Twain one flesh?"

With the lecture season over, late spring of 1869 saw him at Hartford, home of the American Publishing Company, whose owners, the Blissés, were rushing through the press his first full-length book, *The Innocents Abroad*. Livy had helped him read proof on the early chapters during one of his frequent Elmira visits. Now, having to carry on alone, he professed to grumble at the drudgery and the absence of his dutiful little critic — with no provision of the rather silly Freudian controversy which would break out, some years after his death, about this same censorship, the ordeal which was supposed to have made him into a kind of henpecked Rabelais. Urging the Langdons to bring Livy to see him, he wrote provocatively: "There are *awful* things in the proofs which she needs to scratch out, and I am putting in more awful ones every day."

Meanwhile he found Hartford in the spring "the pleasantest city, to the eye, that America can show," and first entertained notions of bringing Livy some day to settle there. Just now his yearning for her left him constantly restless in the intervals between spells of hard work. "How could I walk these sombre avenues at night *without* thinking of you?" he wrote. "Every flagstone for many a mile is overlaid thick with an invisible fabric of thoughts of you." But for all his pining he made new friends in this town — like the Reverend Joseph Twichell, Yale College athlete and Civil War veteran, whose hearty, simple, kindly ways endeared him to Mark Twain for life; the savant James Hammond Trumbull and his younger brother Henry Clay, the Sunday-school missionary; and John Hooker, who with his eccentric wife Isabella Beecher had come to Hartford some fifteen years before and bought a tract of land which became Nook Farm, where in later times lived Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Charles Dudley Warners, and the Clemenses. The Hookers he took mostly on faith, because Livy liked them. His struggle to mail a previous letter, telling her about these new acquaintances, forms the starting point for the first letter here selected.

HARTFORD, *Saturday Night*, [May 15, 1869]

Livy dear, only let me say Good-night — that is all. Just as I expected, and just as I said in your mother's letter, Mr. Bliss forgot to mail that letter to you, and I discovered the fact an hour after supper and took it and cleared out for the post office — it was raining like sixty. I grabbed a seedy old umbrella in the hall and hurried. But that umbrella appeared to go up too much and sloped the wrong

way — it was like a funnel — and Livy, would you believe it, before I had walked three blocks it had conveyed more than eighteen tons of rain-water down the back of my neck. Why, I was ringing wet. And I had my thin shoes on, and I began to *soak up*, you know. Barrels and barrels I soaked up — and that water rose in me, and rose in me, higher and higher, till it issued from my mouth, and then from my nose, and presently I began to cry — part from grief and part from overflow — because I thought I was going to be drowned, you know — and I said I was a *fool* to go out without a life-preserver, which Livy always told me never to do it, and now what would become of *her*?

Well, you know I live half way from Hooker's to the post office, and it is six miles by the watch, and I only got there just in the nick of time to mail my letter three hours and a half before the mail closed, and I tell *you* I was glad, and felt smart — and then I bought 4 new numbers of *Appleton's Journal* and went up town and called on Billy Gross a minute, and went away from there and left my *Appleton's*, — and went down to the photographers and ordered a lot of pictures from the negative of the porcelain I gave you, and came away from there and forgot my umbrella — and then rushed back to Gross's and got my *Appleton's* — and crossed over and started home and got about 3 miles and a half and recollected the umbrella, and said "All right, never had a seeming misfortune yet that wasn't a blessing in disguise," and so, turned and tramped back again, damp but cheerful — twice three and a half is nine miles — and *got* my umbrella, and started out and a fellow said, "Oh, good, it's you, is it? — you've got my umbrella — funny I should find you *here*." And it *was* funny. We had unconsciously swapped umbrellas at the post office, or up a tree, or somewhere, and here, ever so long afterward and ever so far away, I find him standing unwittingly by his own umbrella looking at those pictures, with my old funnel in his hand. But the moment I picked his property up he recognized it — splendid umbrella, magic case, chronometer balance — he paid a thousand dollars for it in Paris — and it was unquestionably my umbrella that he had, because what was left of his paper collar was washed down around the small of his back and he had come just in an ace of being drowned before he noticed the little peculiarity of my property — and you know he had made a pass at that daguerrean shop and climbed in there just in time to save his life, — and *he* was wet, Livy, you better believe. He was very glad to see me. And I went away cheerful, and said "I *never* had a seeming misfortune yet that wasn't a blessing in disguise — and it holds good yet, and it was a blessing this time, too — for that other fellow." And then I came home, you know. And since then I have written a beautiful little romance about a nigger which was stolen out of Africa which was a prince — and sold into American slavery, and

discovered, 30 years afterward and purchased of his master by the American public and sent home to Timbuctoo — and it is a *true story*, too, and Rev. Trumbull told me all about it — and his father had seen this poor devil with his own eyes — and T. showed me his majesty's portrait (original) *painted by Inman*. And if you were here you could *read* this stirring romance, darling, and make out all the marginal poetry — and mark out all the jokes you didn't understand — and all the — well *every* thing — you should mark it *all* out, if you wanted to, for if Livy didn't like it nobody else should have a *chance* to like it — and since then — it is just "midnight — and All's well!"

A thousand blessings on your honored head and kisses on your precious lips, my own darling.

Good-night.

SAM

His soaking left Mark Twain with a miserable cold; the following letter was written in bed. His discomfort led him perhaps to seek relief in badinage, at the expense of a sentimental scheme undertaken by "Mrs. Sue." She was Livy's adopted sister, Susan Langdon Crane, who with her husband Theodore lived at Quarry Farm, up the hill from Elmira, where in future years Mark would do some of his best writing. Susan Crane early became one of Mark Twain's great favorites; to her bestowal of the sobriquet "the Holy Samuel" he replied by calling her "Sinful Susan." Just now, it appears, she was planning a little memoir or literary tribute to a son of their neighbor, Henry Babcock Noyes of Big Flats. This youth, William Lord by name, had died in 1866 at the age of twenty. Mark Twain could not have known him. But (as any reader of the Emmeline Grangerford passages in *Huckleberry Finn* will remember) Mark was a derisive foe of the saccharine obituary muse, and so set forth *his* idea of a suitable elegy.

HARTFORD, Monday Night, [May 17, 1869]

I can't resist the temptation to write you a line or two even though I sneeze myself to death before I get through with it. — What a bewitching little darling you are, Livy. You were going to come. It seems almost a misfortune that I *wasn't* dangerously sick, so that I might see the dear face again. — I used to think of sickness with dread — for I always had visions of dreary hospitals — solitude — shut out from friends and the great world — dragging, uneventful minutes, hours, weeks — hated faces of hired nurses and harsh physicians — and then an unmourned death, a dog's burial, and — dissection by the doctors! But with *you* at the bedside — it seems to me that sickness would be luxury! You are a noble, true-hearted little darling, Livy. And I love you. . . .

You little rascal, you *slurred over* Noyes's name, because you knew very well you didn't know how to

spell it! Never mind, Livy darling, you know your spelling is perfectly safe in my "deluded" eyes, because I love everything you do, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. Let Mrs. Sue be troubled no more about her memoir. I will write it — (with pleasure, I came near saying, but it seems like rather a doubtful compliment, and so I withhold the words). I will write it, and I will do it with such grace and such felicity that the ghost of the late William Lord Noyes shall tear its filmy garments with envy and chagrin. I will put in tasty congratulations from each member of the family, and from all the admirals and brigadier generals, and even from the President, the Emperor of the French and Queen Victoria — for *both* of you — both of you in the same volume — and I will write all these felicitations myself — every *one* of them — so that I shall know that they are just exactly as they ought to be. And I'll have some poetry in — some of those sublime conundrums from Young's *Night Thoughts* which only Livy can cipher out the meaning of, and some dark and bloody mystery out of the Widow Browning — and also some poetry of my own construction — and between the three I guess we'll "hive" the gentle reader. And I shall have in a lot of smart remarks made by both of you when you were teething (after the "load of hay" pattern) and I shall get up these remarks myself, so as to be sure that they are not insipid like the late Wm. L.'s (which I regard as altogether "too thin"). And I will put speeches into your maturer mouths which shall astonish the nations — profound remarks upon agriculture, commerce, diplomacy, war, chemistry, afghans for babies at \$15 a day, geology, theology, cut-throat, painting, sculpture, niggers, poetry, politics, — *every thing* that erudition loves and intellectuality revels in. And there shall be a picture of you two and Jim for a frontispiece, with your autographs underneath, which I will write myself, so that people can *read* them. And I will have pictures of the Spaulding girls (together with *their* regrets), and pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon and Hattie and the mocking-bird in a group, and a portrait of the late Jep engaged in his favorite study (landscape gardening,) — and toward the end a handsome likeness of your grandmother, along with *her* letter announcing her exasperation at the sad news. And away over at the extreme back-end of the book I shall wind up with a weeping and disconsolate picture of Theodore's friend with a basket, going for flying arbutus — and "*hoofing it*," as Charley says.

There you are. I'm no compiler of Wm. Lord Noyes bosh. When I get up memoirs I make the deceased get up too — at least turn over. How many copies do you want issued, young women? . . .

"Lovingly *your* Livy" — the very dearest words to me that ever illuminated paper and gave it a glory as of a vision. How the words seem to *nestle up* to me! — and put arms about me, and a loved

head upon my shoulder, and the hymning of the angels in my heart! You *are* my Livy — and I am grateful that it is so, beyond all power of speech to express — and I pray God you may remain my Livy *always*. . . .

SAM'L

The Innocents Abroad appeared in midsummer, 1869, and rocketed to immediate success. A few weeks later, in August, with some financial help from his future father-in-law, Mark Twain bought an interest in the *Buffalo Express* — as evidence of his determination to settle down and follow a steady calling. He also prepared to resume lecturing on the Redpath circuit. Meanwhile the wedding date had been tentatively set as February 4, 1870, exactly a year after announcement of the betrothal, although this was later advanced by two days. Already a family adviser, he offered his fiancée some comforting advice about her brother; Charlie was regarded as a little wild, in the classic tradition of the young Victorian buck. Eventually, after his trip to the Holy Land and a later round-the-world cruise with a Professor Ford had failed quite to settle his restiveness, Charlie was permitted to marry the girl of his choice, and thereafter became a model citizen.

BUFFALO, Sept. 8, 1869¹

. . . I have written to Redpath that my lectures must come to a permanent close a week or ten days before the end of January, and when I hear from him, if he has made no appointments after Jan. 15, I will not let him make any. I ought to have the whole month, if I can get it. I am booked for Newark, N.J., Dec. 29.

It seems a dreadfully long time till Feb. 4, dearie, but I am glad we are to have that day, for it will always be pleasant to keep our engagement and wedding anniversaries together. I would rather have that day than any in the whole 365, for it will be doubly dear to me, and be always looked forward to as one peculiarly and sacredly blessed — the day about which the most precious memories of my life have been concentrated. We can always prepare for it weeks ahead and keep it in state. . . .

Don't be sad, dearie, Charlie will come out all right, yet. It would be an unnatural marvel if Charlie were a better boy than he is. Let us not expect extravagant things of the fellow. He is another sort better and manlier than ninety-nine out of a hundred boys in his situation in life. Now if you knew boys as well as I do, sweetheart, you would know that as well as I do. Let us do the rascal justice, Livy. I suppose *I* was a better boy at his age, but then you know I — well I was an exception, you understand — my kind don't turn up every day. We are very rare. We are a sort of human century

¹The first portion of this letter appeared in *My Father Mark Twain*, by Clara Clemens.

plant, and we don't blossom in everybody's front yard.

Since I wrote that last line I have read column after column of proof, and now it is so late that I must stop talking with Livy and go home to bed. It has rained all day and I suppose is raining yet, and I told Jo. Larned to stay at home after supper and be a comfort to his wife and I would sit up and do the work for both — though there wasn't a great deal to do, for that fellow works straight along all day, day in and day out, like an honest old treadmill horse. I tell him I wish I had his industry and he had his sense.

Good-night my darling little wife, idol of my homage and my worship, and the peace of the innocent abide with you.

SAM

Mark's lecture tour this autumn took him into Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New England, with much planning ahead to contrive the prompt receipt of Livy's letters. "No matter how dreary and wretched I may feel when I enter one of these sad, homeless-looking towns," he once wrote her, "I soon retreat to the shelter of your love, Livy, and all is bright and cheerful again." Without the stimulant of a letter, he protested, a good lecture at night was impossible. At one of his major stands, Pittsburgh, he met William B. Dean, cousin and boyhood playmate of William Dean Howells — for whose *Atlantic Monthly* Mark now aspired to write. (Later this season, when Clemens met Howells, he told the editor what relief had come to him from Howells's good words about the *Innocents*: "When I read that review of yours I felt like the woman who said that she was so glad that her baby had come white.")

Mark's growth as a professional lecturer and writer, and his dependence for livelihood upon tongue and pen, early stirred his interest in the problem of literary property rights, as the following letter reveals, foreshadowing the main share which he later took in copyright agitation. Whatever his conviction about the sacredness of brain children, toward more corporeal progeny his attitude was apt to be fickle. Adoring well-behaved children all his life, and in the years ahead the devoted father of three little girls, Mark Twain from youth to age was subject to outbursts of extreme violence under the goad of noisy, spoiled, affected juveniles. When, in Pittsburgh, his old Nevada acquaintance Asa L. Wangaman turned up with one such domestic affliction, Mark uncorked his savagery in private.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 31, [1869]

I walked all around town this morning with a young Mr. Dean, a cousin of Wm. D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He kindly offered to give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Howells, but I thanked him sincerely and declined, saying I had a sort of delicacy about using letters of introduc-

tion, simply because they place the other party in the position of being obliged to take the stranger by the hand whether or not and show him civilities which he may not feel like showing him, or at least may not feel like it at that particular time. He may have engagements — business — the headache — twenty circumstances may conspire to make the entertainment of a guest a hardship. I prefer to be casually introduced, or to call ceremoniously with a friend — then the afflicted party is perfectly free to treat me precisely as he chooses, and no harm done. . . .

Wangaman made me go to his house to see his wife. I knew her in Nevada, too. I staid 15 minutes, and would have remained to supper, for the table looked tempting, but their young boy of 7 is one of your petted smarties whose entire mind is given to climbing around and getting where he can intercept your vision and attract your attention — industriously watching your eye and changing position so as to intercept it again if you change the direction of your glance — a child with a feverish desire to do something surprising and win the notice of the stranger — a creature that parades its toys and asks its mother questions concerning them which it is plain are merely asked to compel the stranger's attention to them and gouge a remark out of him — a soiled and nasty imp that sings nursery stuff in a loud and still louder and louder key as the conversation rises to meet the emergency, and does it all to win coveted admiration — a small whelp that says those ineffably flat things which mothers treasure up and repeat and regard as smart things, purring and smiling blandly the while — a little pug-nosed, mop-headed, sore-toed, candy-smeared beast that paws after things at table, and spills its coffee, and eats mashed potatoes with its fingers, and points and clamors for "some of that" — a sinful, tiresome, homely, hateful, execrable *nuisance* at all times and in all places whatsoever!

I may be a brute. Doubtless I am. But such is my opinion of this breed of children, nevertheless. The "four-year-old" department at *Harper's Monthly* is written in vain for me.

Well, Livy dear, I was afraid that brat would be at supper — Mothers who rear such prodigies always like to have them on exhibition — and so I first started to *ask*, and then, recognizing that that would not be strictly polite, I simply declined supper and returned to the hotel.

One of the newspaper gentlemen who called today was Mr. Bennett of the *Commercial*, a good fellow modest and pleasant. He wants to make a synopsis of my lecture tomorrow night, or report it in full. I told him a synopsis of a humorous lecture holds up all the jokes, in a crippled condition for the world to remember and so remembering them hate them if ever they hear that lecturer repeat them in solemn and excruciating succession one after the other.

And I said to take the points out of a humorous

lecture was the same as taking the raisins out of a fruit cake — it left it but a *pretense* of a something it was *not*, for such as came after.

And further, the charm of a humorous remark or still more, an elaborate succession of humorous remarks, *cannot* be put upon paper — and whosoever reports a humorous lecture *verbatim*, necessarily leaves the *soul* out of it, and no more presents that lecture to the reader than a person presents a *man* to you when he ships you a corpse.

I said synopses injure — they do harm, because they travel ahead of the lecturer and give people a despicable opinion of him and his production.

I said my lecture was my property, and no man had a right to take it from me and print it, any more than he would have a right to take away any other property of mine. I said "I showed you what time it was by my watch a while ago, and it never occurred to me that you might pull the hands off it so that it would be only a stupid blank to the next man that wanted the time — but yet I see you meditate pulling the hands off my lecture with your synopsis and making it a blank to future audiences. You see me sitting here perfectly serene although I know you could walk off with my valise while I am talking with these other gentlemen — but don't steal my valise because it is property — my property. Now *do* take the valise and let the lecture alone. I own both of them — I *alone*. Take the valise — it is only worth a hundred dollars — the lecture is worth ten thousand."

This was all perfectly friendly and good-natured, of course. I was trying to show him how in the wrong he was — I had no desire to offend him, and I didn't.

But Livy, if his chief orders him to report the lecture he can't help himself — for although the law protects rigidly the property a shoe maker contrives with his hands, it will not protect the property I create with my brain.

I went to church and heard a man from a distance preach a sermon without notes — which was well — but in a frozen, monotonous, precise and inflectionless way that showed that his discourse was a carefully memorized production. There was something exceedingly funny about this bald pretense of delivering an off-hand speech — and something exceedingly funny, too in a full grown man "speaking a piece" after the manner of a little schoolboy. His gestures were timid — never could finish one — always got scared and left it half made. He evidently had the places marked, and knew how he wanted to make them but he didn't dare.

Oh, the music was royal! . . .

My! What a soprano singer! When I thought the very hair would stand up straight with delight, and looked again and wondered if that grand flood of mellow sound *did* issue from so small a constitution — and how it could come with such utter absence of effort. . . .

And do you know there are some people whose complacency *nothing* can subdue. In the midst of the beautiful music a skinny old cat sitting next to me tuned her pipe and began to yowl. Well I came as near as anything to banging her over the head with a pew. Now *was* there ever such effrontery as that woman's?

The second tune was a little too complicated for her and I had a rest. On the third, I waited in pure torture all through the first verse, and felt happy, satisfied, safe — but on the second the venerable screech-owl came to the rescue and again filed her saw all through the hymn.

The young man who went with me got tired of the sermon early. He evidently was not used to going to church, though he talked as if he was. Toward the last he got himself down till he was resting on the end of his backbone; and then he propped his 2 knees high against the pew in front of him; he stroked his thighs reflectively with his palms; he yawned; he started twice to stretch, but cut it short and looked dejected and regretful; he looked at his watch 3 times; and at last he got to belching.* I then threw him out of the window. (1 P.M. Good night and God bless and preserve you, my own darling.)

SAM

* — 'Tisn't elegant, but there isn't any other, Livy.

Mark Twain in later days rated the distinction of having a cigar named for him. An inveterate smoker, he liked to say that he never indulged to excess, since he made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. Following the skirmish with Livy here revealed, and during the first months of their wedded life, at home he restricted his smoking to "two hours on Sunday," solely to humor her, as he told Twichell in December, 1870. But before long he seems to have gone back to the old regime.

CAMBRIDGE, [NEW YORK], Jan. 13, [1870]

No, Livy dear, I shall treat smoking just exactly as I would treat the forefinger of my left hand: If you asked me in all seriousness to cut that finger off, and I saw that you really meant it, and believed that the finger marred my well-being in some mysterious way, and it was plain to me that you could not be entirely satisfied and happy while it remained, I give you my word that I would cut it off. — I might think what I pleased about it, and the world might *say* what it pleased — it should come off. There would be nothing foolish in the act — and all wordy *arguments* against it would sink to their proper insignificance in presence of the one *unanswerable* argument that *you desired* it and our married life could not be completely in unison while that bar remained.

Now there are *no arguments* that can convince me

that *moderate* smoking is deleterious to me. I cannot attach any weight to either the arguments or the evidence of those who know nothing about the matter personally and so must simply theorize. — Theorizing has no effect on me. I have smoked habitually for 26 of my 34 years, and I am the only healthy member our family has. (What do mere theories amount to in the face of a *fact* like that.) My health is wholly faultless — and has been ever since I was 8 years old. My physical structure — lungs, kidneys, heart, brain — is without blemish. The Life insurance doctor pronounced me free from all disease and *remarkably* sound. Yet I am the victim of this fearfully destructive habit of smoking. My brother's health has gradually run *down* instead of *up* — yet he is a model of propriety, and has *no* bad habits. My mother smoked for 30 years, and yet has lived to the age of 67.

Livy dear, make no argument of the fact that you have seen me "nervous, irritable," etc., etc., for it happens to *be* no argument. — You can see your father nervous, worn, restless — you can see *any* anti-smoker affected just as you have seen me. It is not a condition confined to smokers — as you possibly know in your own experience.

There *is* no argument that can have even a feather's weight with me against smoking (in my case, at least), for I *know*, and others merely *suppose*.

But there is one thing that will make me quit smoking, and only one. I will lay down this habit which is so filled with harmless pleasure, just as soon as you write me or say to me that *you desire it*. It shall be a sacrifice — just the same as if I simply asked you to give up going to church, knowing that no *arguments* I offered could convince you that I was right. It will not be hard for me to do it. I stopped chewing tobacco because it was a mean habit, partly, and partly because my mother desired it. I ceased from profanity because Mrs. Fairbanks desired it. I stopped drinking strong liquors because you desired it. I stopped drinking all other liquors because it seemed plain that you desired it. I did what I could to learn to leave my hands out of my pantaloons pockets and quit lolling at full length in easy chairs, because you desired it. There was no sacrifice about any of these things. Discarding these habits curtailed none of my liberties — on the contrary the doing it released me from various forms of slavery. With smoking it is different. No argument against it is valid — and so to quit it I must do without other reason than that *you desire it*. The desires of others have weight with me, but are not strong *enough* quite.

But even if you never *said* the words, if I saw that my smoking was a bar to our *perfect* wedded unity and happiness, it should go by the board — and pitilessly.

You seem to think it will be a Herculean task for me to suddenly cast out a loved habit of 26 years, Livy dear. Either you do not know me, or I do not

know myself. I think differently about it. — Speak the words, Livy dear — unaccompanied by any of the hated arguments or theories — and you shall see that I love you well enough to follow your desires, even in *this* matter. Nothing shall stand in the way of our perfect accord, if I can help it.

If you had ever harried me, or persecuted me about this thing, I could not speak as I do — for persecution only hardens one in evil courses. But it is you, darling, that have suffered the persecution (and yet, being you, it has *seemed* to be me, and so I have resisted all along). You have had to listen to it all, and it grieves my heart to think of it. It has had its necessary effect in making me more loth to yield up this habit than I would have been otherwise. We do hate to be driven.

Ah, Livy, if the whole matter had been left solely in *your* hands, I would have been quit of the habit of smoking, long ago, and without a pang or a struggle. It was bad judgment to attack so strong a vice save through you. There could be little prospect that other means would succeed if your gentle ministrations failed.

It is about supper time, and some new friends are to come in after supper and sit with me till lecture time. Just as usual, I am in splendid trim for this little country town — and just as usual I must get up at 6 in the morning and be in a lifeless lethargy for the next large city — Utica, and so make a botch of it. . .

SAM

The final courtship letter speaks for itself. Mark's favorable impression of Fredonia, New York, bore a very practical result. He started almost immediately to plan for his mother and his widowed sister and her young daughter — who were all coming East for the wedding — to settle in Fredonia. There they lived for many years, and there the niece met and married Charles L. Webster, a young surveyor who presently gave up his practice and embarked upon the management of Mark Twain's precarious, and indeed delirious, business affairs.

(To be concluded)

HORNELLVILLE, [NEW YORK], 20th [January, 1870]

My child, I am within sixty miles of you, and so I *do* feel that your unseen presence is stronger about me than when you are away at the other side of a State — but further than this, your proximity does not benefit me, little one, but on the contrary is rather a matter to growl at. Because it only makes me want the more to see you, without giving me the opportunity. . . .

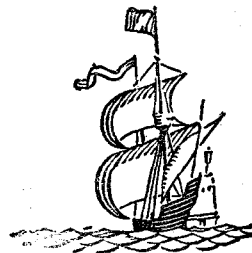
We did have a most delightful audience at Fredonia, and I was just as happy as a lord from the first word of the lecture to the last. I thought it was about as good a lecture as I ever listened to — but some of the serious passages were impromptu — never been written.

This, my precious Livy, is the last letter of a correspondence that has lasted seventeen months — the pleasantest correspondence I ever had a share in. For over two months of the time, we wrote every other day. During the succeeding twelve months we have written every day that we have been parted from each other. And no man ever did have a dearer, more faithful little correspondent than you have been to me, my heart's darling. — Your letters have made one ray of sunlight and created a thrill of pleasure in every one of these long-drawn days, howsoever dreary the day was otherwise. And so I thank you and bless you now, once more, as I have thanked you and blessed you all these days. And I pray for you, even as I have done with the closing in of each night, ever since you moved my spirit to prayer seventeen months ago. This is the last long correspondence we ever shall have, my Livy — and now on this day it passes forever from its honored place among our daily occupations, and becomes a *memory*. A memory to be laid reverently away in the holy of holies of our hearts and cherished as a sacred thing. A memory whose mementoes will be precious while we live, and sacred when either one shall die.

They have come for me, my sweet Livy.

Good-bye and God bless you,

SAM





*Composer and music critic, VIRGIL THOMSON graduated from Harvard in 1922 and then went to Paris, where he studied under Nadia Boulanger and began the writing of symphonies and chamber music, and where his friendship with Gertrude Stein eventually led to their collaboration on two operas, *Four Saints in Three Acts* and *The Mother of Us All*. As the music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* he took part in a recent symposium at Harvard, the addresses for which will be published as *Music and Criticism: A Symposium*.*

THE ART OF JUDGING MUSIC

by VIRGIL THOMSON

1

THE layman is under no obligation to exercise judgment with regard to musical works, to describe to himself their characteristics or to estimate their value for history. He can take them to his heart or let them alone. He does not have to be just or fair or to reflect about them in any way. He can accept, reject, or tolerate, using only caprice as his guide. The professional has no such liberty. Neither has any music patron or amateur who has chosen to follow as a music consumer the standards that govern the music producer.

These standards are not immutable, but they do exist. They exist because being a professional involves, by definition, the assumption of a responsible attitude both toward the material with which the profession deals and toward society in general, which the profession unquestionably serves. That service, indeed, is the price of any profession's toleration by society. And the acceptance of money for professional services rendered is the criterion by which professionalism is determined in our society. This transaction is no guarantee of quality delivered, but it is a symbol of responsibility accepted. And once that responsibility is accepted, the workman must be at least morally worthy of his hire, however limited his skill or mental powers may be.

Every mature musician, therefore, is a music critic. He is obliged to make musical judgments and to act upon them. This necessity obtains primarily, of course, with regard to the work of other musicians, living and dead, in so far as his work is at all a comment on this or an interpretation of it, which nine tenths, at least, of anybody's musical work is. And so even the composer, no less than the scholar, the pedagogue, the executant, and the reviewer, is constantly under the necessity of making a fair estimate, and a decently responsible one, of other people's musical work.

This first stage of this operation does not involve fairness at all. It consists of listening to a piece, or of reading it, rather in the way that a cook tastes food. This act of cognition, this beginning of acquaintance, is probably a more powerful determinant in our final judgments, the ones on which we act, than the subsequent cerebrations by which we endeavor to correct them are. And we cannot prepare for it by purifying the spirit. We do not need to, as a matter of fact, because curiosity is stronger than prejudice. Any musician, faced with a new piece, will listen. He will listen as long as he can, as long as it holds his attention.

The second stage of the first operation, after the initial tasting, is going on listening, the experience of having one's attention held. Not all pieces hold one's attention. One is sad when they don't, but one must never undervalue the fact of their doing or not doing so. Fatigue here is of no more importance than prejudice. In reasonable health, and awake, any musician will listen to music, to sound of any kind, rather than merely ruminate, just as a painter will observe or an athlete move around. If a musician can't keep his mind on a piece of music, that fact must be considered when he comes to formulating judgment.

The final stage of the first operation is the after-taste, the image that the whole piece leaves in the mind for the first few moments after it ceases to be heard (I say *heard* because reading a piece is hearing it in the mind, in however attenuated a fashion). This is as significant a part of its gustation as the first taste of it and the following of it through. It is a recalling of the whole while memory is fresh and before the operations of correction and reflection have been undertaken. Never must one forget, never does one forget hearing for the first time a work that has absorbed one from beginning to end and from which one has returned to ordinary

life, as it were, shaken or beatified, as from a trip to the moon or to the Grecian Isles.

All new music does not produce this effect. But the degree to which it does is as valuable a datum for judgment as any that can be found in subsequent analyses. A great deal of subsequent analysis, as a matter of fact, is a search for the reasons why the piece did or did not hold one's attention on first hearing. And the initial taste or distaste for its qualities will constantly return to plague one's researches or to illumine them, to discourage or to inspire one in the process of making fuller acquaintance.

2

MAKING fuller acquaintance is the second operation of judgment. If first acquaintance has proved agreeable or interesting, one undertakes the second. The undertaking is a result of first judgment, though not necessarily of reflection. The whole first operation, let me insist, is spontaneous; and so is the initiation of the second. At this point, however, spontaneity ceases to be the main highway to experience, or guide to knowledge.

We must now amplify and correct our first impression. If the first impression was gained from auditory means, from hearing only, we must now see the score. If it was gained from a score, we must now hear the work in execution. Many pieces look better than they sound, and even more of them sound better on first hearing than their design justifies — because sound is usually pleasant whether or not high intrinsic interest of an expressive or textural nature is present. In the case of executant musicians there is a constant shifting, during the study of a work, between score and execution, each stimulating and correcting the other till the artist's interpretation is fully formed as a concept and completely clothed in sound.

At this point there is material for a reflected judgment, and one formulates that judgment if there is a necessity for doing so. Otherwise one continues to study and to correct until interest flags. The third operation of judgment can be undertaken only after a period of rest, or vacation from the subject. Here the acquisition of experience and those shifts in the center of emotional experience that come from growing older are capable of lighting up the work in a new way. Sometimes they make it appear nobler and more interesting; sometimes they show up shoddy material or poor workmanship; sometimes one can't see why one ever bothered with the piece at all. As in reading old love letters or reviving an old quarrel, one's former association is now an element to be dealt with. It involves one in loyalty or ruthlessness, in any case in lots of remembering. The music is no longer new and shining; nor has it been kept bright by continual use. It has acquired a patina that must be rubbed away before one can see the object

as anything like its old self. Restudy and rehearing are necessary if a new judgment has to be made.

No judgment, of course, is ever final or permanent. At any stage of musical acquaintance action may become necessary; one may have undertaken to perform the work or to explain it to students or to describe it in public. For any of these purposes one must formulate some kind of judgment — if not about its value, at least about its nature.

This formulation can take place at any point. Reviewers describe new music from one hearing, as pedagogues criticize student compositions or performances from one reading. In nine cases out of ten this is sufficient for the purpose, and no injustice is done. Works of standard repertory are more often described after both hearing and study — that is to say, after the second phase of acquaintance, such acquaintance being easily available nowadays to all, though the press is not invariably so well prepared in standard repertory by score study as it might be, and many members of the teaching profession have not so broad a prepared repertory as might be desired for the answering of student questions and for exposing to the young all the kinds of music that there are. The press in general tends to express judgments of new work from hearing only, just as historians, especially those dealing with remote periods, are obliged to describe from score a great deal of music that they have never heard at all.

In order to make a fair judgment from only the first stage of acquaintance, either from hearing or from reading, everybody is obliged to have recourse to the aid of clues and clinical signs. The clinical signs of quality are (1) a certain strangeness in the musical texture, (2) the ability of a work to hold one's attention, (3) one's ability to remember it vividly, and (4) the presence of technical invention, such as novelty of rhythm, of contrapuntal, harmonic, melodic, or instrumental device. The pattern that a score makes on a page can be enticing, too, even before one starts to read it. In the matter of attention, it is not germane that one should be either delighted or annoyed. What counts is whether one is impelled to go on listening.

It is necessary to keep wary, too, and to examine one's mind for possible failure to make the cardinal distinctions. These are: (1) design versus execution, or the piece itself as distinct from its presentation; (2) the expressive power of the work as distinguished from its formal musical interest; and (3) a convincing emotional effect versus a meretricious one. One must ask oneself always, "Have I heard a pretty piece or just some pretty playing?" "Have I been listening to sentiment or brilliance, counterpoint or profundity?" "Have I been moved or merely impressed?"

Study will provide answers to all these questions; but when one has to act quickly, one must assume that one's first impression, so far as it goes, is a

true view. In the case of successive contradictory impressions, the first, I think, tends to survive.

First one votes about a piece, spontaneously, sincerely, and more often than not, permanently. One adopts it or rejects it. Liking is not necessary for adoption, but one must be interested. In that case one can study the work further with profit. In the other case one forgets it. After study, one can forget it too, but not completely. In this case one can revisit it after a time. But at any time when the formulation of a judgment or opinion is found to be desirable, that formulation must be based on a description of the work. The techniques of musical description are: —

1. *Stylistic* identification, its period or school, as recognizable from internal evidence, from the technical procedures employed. These answer the question "What is it like?"

2. *Expressive* identification, its depiction of the cadences of speech, of bodily movements, or of feelings (that whole series of anxiety-and-relief patterns that constitutes emotional life). This decodifying is a more difficult operation but also a more important one, since one can, if necessary, neglect stylistic differences or even abstract them from the problem, whereas one cannot perform, communicate, or in any other way *use* a piece of music until one has found an answer, correct or incorrect, to the question "What is it about?"

3. The classical aids to memory. These are the known methods of melodic, harmonic, orchestral, and formal analysis. They are of little value without stylistic and expressive identification, but they help one to remember detail, provided one has first understood the whole. Analysis is an indispensable procedure, but the analysis of a given piece is valueless to anyone who does not have some previous knowledge of the work. That is why one must first, in describing a work, answer the questions "What is it like?" and "What is it about?" before attempting to answer "How does it go?"

4. The fourth procedure of musical description is verbal formulation. This is, of course, a literary rather than a musical problem; but no one escapes it, not the teachers, the conductors, or the string-quartet players any more than the historians or the journalists. In some of the musical branches it is easier than others. Vocalism is particularly hard to teach otherwise than by example, or to describe in any circumstance, because there is no standard vocabulary for the purpose. Instrumental terminology is richer, though most of this is borrowed from the language of painting. Composition is chiefly described in metaphor, though the stylistic and expressive identifications do have a scholastic terminology. That for styles follows the history of the visual arts except for the years between 1775, say, and 1810, where the visual artists discern a neo-classic period and the musicians a Classical one (with a capital C). The classification of subject

matter as strophic, choric, or spastic is elementary; but the spastic division, which includes so much of our grander repertory, is incapable of further precision save through poetic allusion. The same is true of musical landscape painting. Here one must use similes; there is no other way.

You will note that I have said nothing about communicating one's passion about a work. I have not mentioned it because it presents no problem; it takes place automatically and inevitably. What is most interesting about any musical judgment is the description and analysis on which it is based — or, if you like, since the judgment is likely to precede the analysis, by which it is defended. This is revelatory and stimulating. The fact that one man likes or does not like a given piece will influence nobody. The fact that he considers that piece to be, shall we say, more like a newspaper editorial than a direct transcript of personal sentiments is, however, right or wrong, convincing or foolish, worth following up, if only for refutation.

Nobody has to be right. Any opinion is legitimate to act on, provided one accepts in advance the responsibilities of that action. Any opinion is legitimate to express that can be stated in clear language. And any opinion at all is legitimate to hold. As I said before, it is not the yes or no of a judgment that is valuable to other people, though one's original yes or no may have been itself the determinant of a whole lifetime's activity. What other people get profit from following is that activity. That is why, just as an emotional reaction is more significant for its force than for its direction, a musical judgment is of value to others less for the conclusions reached than for the methods by which these have been, not even arrived at, but elaborated, defended, and expressed.

Here is the terrain where a man's professional qualifications show up. The instinct for judging music is universal; acting on musical judgments is a privilege of the profession. The art of formulating musical judgments is chiefly the art of describing music. At this exercise it is desirable to be skillful and, as often as possible, convincing. But it is the skill that counts — the skill or gift, if you will, of understanding and explaining; at least of explaining that such and such is, for the present, one's understanding of the matter.

The foregoing is, for the present, my understanding of the chief procedures involved in the formation of musical judgments. The *formulation* of these in clear language is another subject. That belongs to the English department. It cannot, however, with impunity be neglected by musicians, since poor verbal expression can become as expensive a habit as poor judgment. When young people ask one how to prepare themselves for musical criticism as a profession, the double reply is obligatory: "Study music and learn to write."

Patience

Educator and author, RALPH BARTON PERRY taught philosophy at Harvard under Presidents Eliot, Lowell, and Conant. From 1940 to 1945 he was Chairman of American Defense-Harvard Group, and during that time he lived by the logic of war. Today, as Professor Emeritus, he is dedicated to the logic of peace. Before returning to the University of Glasgow, where he has been delivering the Gifford Lectures, he made these remarks of light and leading to American undergraduates at Bucknell University and Wilson College, and at the Atlantic's urging he has expanded his views in this farseeing paper.

THE LOGIC OF PEACE

by RALPH BARTON PERRY

1

IN the hostile alignment between "communism" and "western democracy" the United States occupies a peculiar position. It is impossible for an American to live abroad and to read European newspapers without being struck by the profound paradox that the fear of communism is as pervasive and powerful an emotion in this country, in which there is, practically speaking, no communism, as in other parts of the world where communism abounds. In Italy and France the Communist Party is the strongest party, if not numerically, then through its unity and discipline, and through its control of organized labor. It is doubtful if any government can long stand in either country without the support of the Communist Party; and it is quite possible that both countries will have a communist government within the next few years. If this occurs it will be because of internal conditions: because a majority of the people believe that this Party has the answers to the most pressing questions of the day; because it has provided active and courageous support for the resistance movement during the war, and therefore has a strong moral position; or because of a growing economic chaos in which people are inclined to resort to desperate measures.

There are strong if not dominant Communist Parties in every European country outside of Britain and Scandinavia: in Belgium, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Greece, Germany. There are, presumably at least, 80 million or more communists or communist supporters in China, Manchuria, and Korea. What will happen in India, Burma, Indo-China, and Malaya, no one knows; but it will be remarkable if communism does not become a powerful force throughout the entire Far East. Add these areas and peoples to those which are already governed by Communist Parties or communist-dominated fronts — Soviet Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania — and it is a modest statement to say that half of the world is actually or potentially communist.

Those who live outside of Britain and the United States are, then, already living with communists as their fellow-citizens, or next door to communist-dominated countries. They cannot get rid of communism by the use of disinfectants, congressional committees, or inquisitions. Their situation is what ours would be if either the Republican or the Democratic Party were communist and a presidential election were impending. They cannot be purged of communists any more than the United States can be purged of Republicans or Democrats.

When, on the other hand, we turn to the United States, the picture is totally different. Communists are few in number; and even recognizing the proportionally greater influence which they exercise through their discipline and fanatical devotion to their cause, their power is negligible. Because American communism has been driven underground, because American communists dare not acknowledge their party membership, Americans suffer from a conspiratorial complex, a fear like that of a haunted house at midnight. Since we cannot identify communists in the full light of day, we see them everywhere, and in our panic strike out at random against any sudden apparition.

The real danger, if danger it be, is not communism but a social and economic movement toward the left, a movement known by various names, such as "liberalism," "radicalism," "the New Deal," or "collectivism" — the danger that workers may achieve a larger share of the control and benefits of industry, the danger that Negroes may achieve their rights, the danger that the masses of the people may learn to exercise their power, the danger that something may be taken away from the privileged and given to the unprivileged. This is the real danger.

But since it would scarcely do in America to align oneself against what so closely resembles our original equalitarian ideals, since this danger in large part coincides with what was once called hope and has been held up before our people as their

legitimate aspiration, it is often given the bad name of communism in order to excite hostility against it; as, for example, when the superheated advocates of white supremacy give the name of communist to those who use the word "Negro" in place of the word "nigger." The label is extended to include not only real communists, that is, members of the Communist Party, but those who share with communists any tendency to leftism — fellow-travelers with communism, fellow-travelers with fellow-travelers, and so ad infinitum. Hence in America everybody on the left, every effective advocate of radical change and social betterment, is called a communist by those on the right who prefer things as they are, or prefer to move more slowly.

Such being the nature of the crisis, there are two strategies which we may adopt — the strategy of war and the strategy of peace. Faced with this choice and the present confused state of the American mind, I wish here to defend the thesis that we should, for some years at least, consciously and methodically pursue the strategy of peace.

2

THE logic of war rests on the supposition that conflict is inevitable: at the present time, it rests on the supposition that the world cannot exist half-Soviet and half-American. The duty of self-preservation therefore requires the United States to adopt the strategy of war. This implies that we should increase our armaments, and strike at the time and in the manner which are most likely to give us the victory. Since at the moment we have the advantage in atomic warfare, with a stockpile of improved atomic bombs and perhaps of other modern weapons, and since within a comparatively brief period the enemy will acquire a like equipment, we should make war at once. Of the other implications of the strategy of war we are only too vividly and painfully aware. It implies that building up of collective anger which inflames the deep-seated combative impulses of man, represents the enemy as hateful, submerges the humane feelings, and breaks down the acquired scruples which inhibit the use of violence. It implies the excitation of the adrenal glands and other parts of the sympathetic nervous system, rather than the control of the higher brain centers. It implies the blurring of the careful distinctions of thought, and the fusing of purposive living into an elemental passion — a will to win, to destroy, to kill.

The logic of war implies that under the stress of emergency we must be prepared to abridge our personal liberties. Believing that life itself is at stake, we must be prepared for a time to abandon most of what ennobles life, and makes it more than a matter of biological survival. The logic of war further implies that we should endeavor to align others with ourselves against the enemy: in other words, create

a block, beginning with Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations, and drawing to itself the lesser nations of Western Europe and of Latin America; a block which should share our irreconcilable enmity to Soviet Russia and constitute the beginnings of a military coalition.

That this logic of war is sometimes forced upon nations I do not doubt. It was, I believe, forced upon the United States in 1941. There is a strong current of thought and feeling in its support at the present time; and in some measure it describes what we are already doing. On the other hand, there would, I believe, be no doubt in the mind of any reader that this duty of self-preservation is a duty *in extremis* — to be undertaken only when the necessity is clear and pressing. When you add to the post-Hiroshima super atomic bombs the possibilities of guided missiles, and of biological and chemical warfare, the destructiveness of such warfare both to the flesh and to the spirit of man is literally indescribable. The historical development of war is subject to the law of diminishing returns and it has reached the period where it is of doubtful profit to anybody. It behooves us to be more than normally sure that our self-preservation is at stake.

If war is not forced upon us by the necessity of self-preservation, the alternative duty is to adopt the strategy of peace and follow its logic. This logic dictates a completely different policy. It implies, first, that we should refuse to regard war as inevitable, and that our present differences with Soviet Russia should be kept within the limits of good-tempered discussion. It implies that instead of attributing her words and deeds to base motives, even when appearances are against her and the manners of her diplomats are most irritating, we should give her the benefit of the doubt — and when in such matters is there not room for doubt? It implies that we should definitely renounce the idea of exploiting either by action or by threats our brief period of superiority in atomic weapons and other forms of military technology. It implies that we should be prepared to spend years, if needs be, in solving the difficulties of the peace settlement and the other disputes which are the normal legacy of war, proportionate as they are to the magnitude of the greatest of all wars.

The logic of peace argues for patience. It argues for forbearance, and a desire to excel Soviet Russia not in toughness, or in diplomatic repartee, or in winning applause from our partisans, but in constructive statesmanship. It implies that we should not wait for Molotov or Vishinsky or Gromyko to be as generous or as high-minded as we should like them to be, meanwhile engaging in the unprofitable game of recrimination; but that we should ourselves exhibit generosity and high-mindedness, and continue to exhibit them for as long as may be necessary to raise the spirit of dispute to a level consistent with the gravity of the issue at stake and the im-

mense responsibility which we carry as one of the principals in the making of history.

The logic of peace argues for a scrupulous avoidance of inflammatory or provocative utterance on the part of public officials, press and radio, and the spread of clichés in private conversation. It argues that we should scrupulously avoid any international political alignment that confirms the fear of Soviet Russia that the capitalistic countries are leagued against her. It implies that we should strive, not for weeks and months only, but for years, to transfer problems of security to the new agencies of collaboration, that is, to the United Nations, and not despair of this organization because in its infancy it displays the weaknesses of infancy and is as yet unable to fulfill the purposes for which it was designed. It is to be expected that during this period of infancy certain great powers, notably Soviet Russia and ourselves, will hesitate for a time to trust their full weight to its as yet infirm foundations; and that international disputes will be settled by a mixture of methods old and new.

The logic of peace in its fundamentals is like the logic of getting on with one's neighbor. It implies seeing the other man's point of view even if you do not adopt it — seeing yourself as he sees you, and seeing him as he sees himself, before finally making up your mind. The most wholesome preliminary exercise for inclining disputants to agreement is to practice the maxim of turn and turn about. Every claim should be first submitted to this test; and when so tested, conflicting claims tend to be moderated, in tone if not in substance.

The logic of peace implies not only good-tempered and patient negotiation, the gradual forging of methods of international collaboration, but a tolerance of differing ideologies. I do not mean tolerance in the negative sense of indifference, or in the relativistic sense of taking one idea to be as good as another, but in the constructive sense of advocating what one believes to be true by advancing the evidence, by the method of discussion, by listening and comparing, by thinking, distinguishing, and weighing, rather than by sheer affirmation or blind partisanship.

We are the advocates of what we call "democracy," and we find ourselves in a world of opposing camps, the other being what is called "communism." The logic of peace implies that instead of merely raising our flag and rallying about it amidst cheers and martial music, we ask ourselves what we mean by democracy; not from a pedantic interest in definitions for their own sake, but for clarity and coolness. Instead of hurling verbal smoke bombs at the opposing camp, tolerance asks what *they* mean. For the simple-mindedness of combat, black and white, for and against, friend and foe, it substitutes the making of more refined distinctions. Tolerance in this sense is a unifying and not a divisive force. It breaks the solidity of total opposition. It looks

for common ground and invites agreement. It discloses partial agreements already existing; and partial agreements pave the way to larger agreements.

3

SHALL we, then, in relation to that half of the world which we call communism adopt the logic of war or the logic of peace? I am going to accept the logic of peace to the extent of making distinctions. To Americans who oppose it for reasons, and not merely because the name has become a red flag, communism means at least four things, and those who fight it would, if candid, admit that they fight it on quite different grounds. When these grounds are distinguished, those who are allied against communism fall apart.

First, to many communism means simply Soviet Russia — not an idea, or social philosophy, or way of life, but a particular nation. To those who fear Russian expansion, the fact that Russia has become more nationalistic and less Marxian (if this be a fact) affords no comfort. The issue here depends on whether Russia is or is not entering on a career of territorial conquest which will bring a new and more extended Russian Empire into conflict with American possessions, dependencies, interests, and spheres of influence in different parts of this world.

To understand Russia's view of what we call her "expansion" requires no probing into her dark Slavic soul. In order that one force shall come into collision with another force, both must have arrived at the same place. If our territorial security is threatened by Russia anywhere in the world it is because we are there and not merely because they are there. And to the simple-minded Russian it appears from a glance at the map that the collision, if there is one, is likely to occur nearer where they live than where we live. If we identify our boundaries with China on our west and the Dardanelles on our east, it looks, again in a simple-minded way, as though we had wandered far from home; or as though we had succeeded to the role of those earlier empires which boasted that the sun never set on their dominions.

The zone of Soviet expansion is peripheral and adjacent. It has not leaped across the seas to Canada, Mexico, or the West Indies. It comprises areas from which Russia has in the past been directly attacked, or unoccupied Asiatic areas analogous to our own western territories, into which her population has moved by peaceful penetration and settlement.

Russia's recent expansion is thus *prima facie* defensive. It springs primarily, I believe, from a desire to escape forced imprisonment within her icebound ports, and to achieve freedom from the menace of attack. I see no intent of world conquest, no code of militarism, no philosophy of national or racial superiority — no Russian imperialism or

pan-Slavism. What I do see is a determination to consummate her own socialist revolution, within her own wide boundaries, with her own vast internal resources, and without interference from abroad; together with a profound suspicion of the inveterate hostility of the capitalistic countries. No fair-minded person will, I think, deny that this demand for her own security — this will to achieve it now when she is comparatively strong, together with a tendency to overplay her hand now that she has at last a good hand to play — is a natural outgrowth of her history, both remote and recent; and that this suspicion of the intent of the capitalistic West is well-grounded in Russian memory and experience.

There are three other meanings of communism that identify it not with an aggressive nationalistic force, but with ideas and ideals, which therefore bring it within the duty of constructive tolerance. Force is to be met with force, if needs be; but ideas and ideals with better ideas and ideals.

To the churches, and especially to the Catholic Church, communism means the rejection of Christianity. On this issue the traditional American position is religious tolerance. As regards the specific beliefs of Christianity, Christians will naturally and properly hope for their spread; but this is no part of American public policy. No one, so far as I know, has proposed that the foreign policy of the United States should be directed to the uprooting of Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, or paganism throughout the world. It is a recognized principle of American democracy that religious belief or disbelief should be considered a matter of private choice and left to churches completely separated from the state. This question was, or should have been, settled in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when after the bloody religious wars of earlier times men came to see that sincere piety cannot be spread by inquisition and persecution, but only by the radiant infection of its own intrinsic appeal.

There remain the two meanings of communism which most clearly deserve the name — a political doctrine and an economic doctrine.

Assuming the most unfavorable interpretation of the evidence, the communist political system is a dictatorship: a one-party rule, resting on the will of a small and self-perpetuating Politburo, enforced by indoctrination and police control, and exploiting the labor of extensive prison camps. That this system is profoundly un-American I would not for a moment question. If, however, we are to give the Soviet professions the same credit of sincerity which we claim for our own, this dictatorship, repugnant to us as it is, should be considered a means and not an end — an instrument of revolution, believed to be a necessary condition of the realization of a socialist economy.

The socialist economy is a debatable economic doctrine: to the effect, namely, that the abundant

provision and just distribution of material goods, and the maximum of personal security and well-being for all, can be achieved better by the public than by the private ownership of capital or the means of production. I say that this doctrine is debatable because its opponents, as well as its proponents, do in fact debate it, and argue for or against it in the light of experience.

4

TO REMOVE these political and economic issues from the area of mere acrimony — to proceed on the principle of constructive tolerance — let us see whether it is not possible to find a meaning of democracy which is broad enough to embrace both the Soviet and the American principles, or to reduce their opposition to a difference of emphasis, or a difference of procedure, or a difference of hypothesis. A democracy, let us say, is a society so organized that it is controlled by the people at large in the interest of the people at large. There are therefore two yardsticks by which a democracy may properly be measured, namely, the distribution of control and the distribution of benefits. The first is the strictly political yardstick, according to which a society is deemed democratic in proportion as its government is controlled by a freely formed public opinion. This in turn will depend on the extent to which the people are allowed to express and disseminate their opinions and criticize their government, without intimidation or government-inspired indoctrination. The second is the social yardstick according to which a society is deemed democratic in proportion as it is free from special privilege, or great inequalities of wealth, education, and leisure. Measured by this second yardstick a society would be undemocratic if it consisted, for example, of peasants exploited by great landowners, or workers exploited by industrial magnates.

These two parts of democracy are in principle, and in the long run in practice, interdependent. For the extent to which the people are capable of assuming control of their affairs will depend on the extent of their social advantages; and the extent to which they reap the fruits of organized society will depend on the extent to which they participate in its control. But these two parts of democracy do not always develop simultaneously. One may be behind the other; and in the transition from a non-democratic to a democratic phase of development either may precede the other.

Soviet Russia began with a social revolution, on the assumption that the power of an exploiting class — the imperial bureaucracy, the landed aristocracy, and the Orthodox Church — had first to be broken before the people could be prepared to exercise political power. Soviet Russia now advocates the same order of procedure in the countries of Eastern Europe and the Far East. The United

States, on the other hand, in keeping with her different history and tradition, would begin by establishing the political forms which are peculiar to the West — parliamentary government, opposition parties, freedom of discussion, the majority vote by secret ballot. Each laughs derisively at the other's claim to democracy: we when Russia gives the name of democracy to a system in which there is only one candidate for office or in which the press is strictly censored by the government; Russia when we give the name of democracy to a system in which workers are dependent on private employers who control their means of livelihood, or in which millions of Negroes and white tenant farmers remain in a condition of poverty and helplessness.

It is possible, I suggest, to view the matter more roundly and to see the dispute not as a conflict between one system and another but between two halves of the same system, which have unhappily, and owing largely to historical causes, been sundered. When democracy is thus roundly viewed our criticism of the Soviet political system will be tempered by an acknowledgment of its social purpose. Undoubtedly the standard of living in Soviet Russia falls far short of that enjoyed in the United States. It is too early, however, to conclude that this comparative failure is the fault of socialism. There are other factors to be taken into account: the legacy of Czarism, the exhausting effects of two world wars fought on Russian soil, the divisive and demoralizing effects of civil war, the sacrifices necessitated by a prolonged state of emergency. There has unquestionably been some social gain — some measure of welfare and opportunity of self-development hitherto unknown; and there is unquestionably some hope of better things to come in the near future.

Under given historical conditions it may well be that this gain and this hope would have been impossible without a violent overthrow of the old system and the temporary dictatorial control of the revolutionary party. There is evidence that, as might have been expected, the dictatorship initiated as means to an end has in the minds of a new bureaucracy become an end in itself. But it is too early, far too early, to conclude that this chapter of Soviet political history is the last or that the political liberties provided in the New Constitution are only a sham and a pretense.

When democracy is thus roundly viewed criticism is attended with confession. At the same time that we criticize the absence of liberty in Soviet Russia we will admit that we occasionally deny it ourselves. We will recognize that political and civil liberty does not constitute the whole of democracy; the pride which we take in our free political and civil institutions will be accompanied by an acknowledgment of the social and economic inequalities which are as yet unremedied.

This, I think, is the procedure which is dictated

by the duty of constructive tolerance — to see democracy whole in order that the opposed champions of its parts may if possible become the allied champions of its whole. The integral democracy to which both parties profess allegiance may then be something more than a name. We may then cease to boast of the victories of the one part over the other part — of our one-sidedness over their one-sidedness; but only of victories of both over the common enemy, anti-democracy, the oppression of the many by the few, of the unfortunate by the fortunate, the backwardness and misery of mankind, the ignorance and helplessness which still frustrate the race of men in their endeavor to achieve the harmonious happiness of all its members. This is the old enemy, recently called Nazism, but now widely forgotten amidst the new enmities which divide those who were once friends in action, and are still allies, I believe, in principle — in their long-range design for the good of man.

In so far as we are imbued with the spirit of constructive tolerance we shall consider our own institutions as on trial and strive to prove them, to ourselves and to the world, by our practices and by their fruits. We shall best defeat communism, if it should be defeated, by showing that we have something so much better that communism loses its sales appeal.

I submit that the greatest threat of economic communism lies in the possibility of depression and unemployment: in the possibility of a profound and widespread privation and insecurity which would lead men in their bitterness and despair to forsake capitalism for some drastic remedy. And I submit that a catastrophic failure of capitalism would threaten not only our economic institutions but our political institutions as well.

5

How is political communism to be avoided both at home and abroad? By securing and extending our liberties and by proving to the world that they can be reconciled with order, public spirit, and a sense of civic responsibility. By perfecting our political system, and by proving to the world that it is capable of guaranteeing the good of all against the selfish pressures of personal ambition or corporate wealth.

How is economic communism to be avoided? By correcting the monopolistic abuses of our present system and preventing its recurrent periods of collapse. By proving to the world that capitalism can do the economic job, achieve stability, provide steady employment, create opportunity, and in general increase and equalize the welfare of the people.

Here is the real fighting front. Here is the real test of our institutions. And this is as we should want it to be, for we want the *best political and economic institutions*: not those which possess the

authority of dogma, or are merely endeared to us by old associations, or to some of us because they give us differential advantages; but those which in the light of criticism and experiment will most perfectly fulfill the social and humane purposes for the sake of which such institutions exist.

If what I have said in general has any validity it should throw light on the specific questions of American foreign policy.

We have our Truman Doctrine and our Marshall Plan. Unfortunately their wisdom must be debated at the same time that their meaning remains doubtful. Meanwhile the situation which provoked the Doctrine and the Plan alters from day to day, and the private citizen remote from the scene must necessarily either question what it is too late to prevent, or anticipate what he cannot predict, or confine himself to applying broad principles.

What, then, is the Truman Doctrine, as formulated by its author? Its broad moral appeal is based on the assumption that it means the relief of "human want and misery." Its broad political appeal is based on the assumption that it means helping "free peoples to maintain their free institutions," that is, "representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression."

But the time and place and implementation of the Doctrine implied other meanings — some implicit and some explicit. It seems probable that it had *something* to do with oil interests in the Near East. American foreign policy has never at any time during the last fifty years or at any place on the earth's surface been wholly free from the smell of oil. Not that there is any harm in coveting oil, but only that if that be a part of the policy it is better to say so — better not to conceal it under high-sounding statements of principle — better for the world, better for the American soul, and perhaps in the long run, even better for oil.

The substance of the Truman Doctrine is further confused by its including military and not merely economic "aid," by its support of admittedly reactionary governments in Greece and Turkey, and by its timing to coincide with the withdrawal of Great Britain's military forces from her traditional lines of empire. Taking all this into account the doctrine begins to look less like a declaration of humane and democratic principles, and more like an announcement of irreconcilable hostility to Soviet Russia and her friends and to communism and its adherents. It is not surprising that in the other camp, where there is already a disposition to suspect our motives, the Doctrine should be interpreted as wolfish power politics clothed in sheepish professions of disinterestedness. It is not surprising that at home the Doctrine should be welcomed by Russophobes and red-baiters of every description, religious, political, and economic; and used to justify their anger and recklessness.

The Truman Doctrine being so interpreted at home and abroad we are brought face to face with the issue of war and peace. There are certain sobering questions which demand an answer before we allow ourselves to be committed further by our deeds or by our emotions.

6

ARE we *for* democracy, or are we *against* Soviet Russia, and prepared to defend anybody against her? Are we *for* democracy, including its social as well as its political implications, or are we *against* communism, and prepared to defend anything against it? Is it our intention at least to "contain" Russia and communism, no matter for whom or for what?

Do we identify Russian-oriented or communist regimes in general with "totalitarian regimes imposed upon free peoples," and under that formula do we consider them, one and all, as "undermining the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States"? In other words, is the Truman Doctrine the opening gun in a war which we are prepared to wage all over the world? Are we staking our national existence, pride, and prestige on victory in such a war, and committing ourselves to all the implications of such a war?

If we consider communism anywhere in the world as a threat to our security, are we prepared to side with Franco and Perón, who apparently hold the same view? Are we otherwise prepared to ally ourselves with any political force anywhere in the world, which for any reason has announced its hostility to communism? Are we announcing a new Anti-Comintern Pact, similar to that adopted by Germany, Italy, Spain, and Japan in 1939, and accepting the strange bedfellows which such a political alignment would make?

If, as lies within the bounds of possibility, Italy and France should become communist regimes, are we prepared to advance the necessary billions of dollars and the necessary personnel to defeat them by backing a counterregime? This is unquestionably what the opponents of communism in those countries take to be the logical implication of our proposed action in Greece and Turkey. Are we prepared through our inveterate hostility to communism to oppose popular and revolutionary movements throughout the world merely because they are instigated or led by communists, and even though this aligns us with the oppressor? Can we for reasons either of morality or of prudence afford thus to disassociate ourselves from the prevailing social and political currents of today and tomorrow?

Are we taking over and underwriting the imperialisms of the nineteenth century in defiance of the change in the balance of power through the simultaneous rise of Soviet Russia and decline of the British, French, and Dutch Empires, and regardless

of the new economic and political forces which have come into play throughout the world?

Does the Truman Doctrine mean that we are committed in advance to a non-communist Germany — that we should regard a communist Germany as a threat to our security, and that we are therefore to prevent such a political development of Germany by force? If that is what we mean, what German policy do we expect from Soviet Russia? Does it mean that we are to purge western Germany of communists — de-communize it rather than de-Nazify it? Are we embarking on a struggle with Soviet Russia in which each shall endeavor to attract Germany to its half of a divided world? Do we propose to dispossess Soviet Russia of eastern Germany; or do we mean to divide Germany itself? How, if we harbor any of these intentions, do we expect to negotiate a peaceful settlement of the German problem — or, in fact, of any European problem?

The Marshall Plan had the great merit of confining itself to economic matters; and it did for a time provide a fresh and hopeful approach to international problems. Whether the regrettable unwillingness of Russia and Russian-oriented states to participate in the Marshall Plan was due to the Truman Doctrine is not known. But I cannot see how anyone could claim that the Doctrine contributed to the Plan. A seeming declaration of hostility to Russia and all her works was not calculated to create an atmosphere favorable to pan-European solidarity. It was awkward, to say the least, for an America which had seemingly taken sides against communism to undertake the support of an economic agreement which should embrace communism.

The reconstruction of the European economy is a staggering problem. To put the European economy on its feet, and at the same time repair the losses of the war, guarantee the safety of neighboring states against a resurgence of German militarism, reconcile the methods of capitalism and socialism, and unite the industrial west with the agricultural east, will require every art of statecraft and expertness. It cannot be done by any simple formula, or in a day; perhaps for many years to come it cannot be done at all. One thing, however, is clear: namely, that it cannot be done with the world at the same time preparing, mentally or physically, for another war. It cannot be done with the world divided into two mutually distrustful political and ideological camps.

Hence we are brought back again to the urgent and the crucial problem of re-creating and preserving friendly relations between the United States and Soviet Russia. To this end, and since I do not believe that the threat to our security through the spread of communism is either grave or immediate, I would reject the logic of war and follow the logic of peace. I would continue to strive by diplomatic means to secure the acceptance of that policy in

Germany and elsewhere throughout the world which we believe to be most consistent with the future peace and prosperity of the world. But I would separate this diplomatic effort altogether from any national, imperial, or ideological offensive which is bound to alienate and harden the attitude of those with whom we are attempting to come to agreement.

In short, I would define the present problem as the problem of living with communism, rather than the problem of destroying communism. I would place a *modus vivendi* with Soviet Russia first in the order of business. I should be prepared to offer Soviet Russia a loan and a ten-year non-aggression pact. I would do all possible to create with Soviet Russia a relation of collaboration in the cause of peace and in the hope of gradually strengthening the United Nations. As respects the famous or infamous veto, I would bear in mind the fact that we invented it, are still officially committed to it, and, for all we know to the contrary, would ourselves use it as often as the majority in the Security Council went against what we thought to be our interests. The present use of the veto by Soviet Russia is a symptom and not a cause — symptomatic of a deep cleavage which would be fatal to the peace of the world whatever its constitutional machinery. The veto will be abandoned when and only when it seems relatively unimportant, to us and to Soviet Russia.

I would couple a pacific and conciliatory policy with a ringing declaration of faith which would embrace not only the secular values of polity, law, and economics, but the spiritual values which are a part of our Christian heritage; a declaration which would embrace not only political democracy, but social democracy as well; which would embrace not only our firm belief in the civil liberties, and in the right of peoples to choose their own form of government by free elections and open discussion, but also (and with equal emphasis) our sympathy with the submerged, exploited, and relatively unprivileged classes of men throughout the world, and hence with the purposes, but not the methods, of the social revolution.

If we adopt the logic of peace, we need not in the least abate either the loftiness of our ideals or the hope of their ultimate spread throughout the world. On the contrary, the method of constructive tolerance gives us greater freedom in the profession of our own creed because it is not accompanied by threats. For the ultimate realization of our ideals we would then count not upon the use of military or economic force against the proponents of other ideals. We would attempt to create throughout the world an atmosphere of peaceful rivalry for the good of mankind. We would be for and not against. We would prove our ideals by realizing them at home, and by persuading the people of the world not by pressures or mere precepts but by experience and example that our way of life is the good way — good for us and good for all.



A British poet who was born in Carmarthenshire, Wales, in 1914, DYLAN THOMAS has published seven volumes of verse since his first poem appeared in print in 1930. A mystic poet and master of the lyric line, his work is said to stem from Gerard Manley Hopkins and to differ from the preceding generation in the absence of any stress on economics and politics. In Mr. Thomas's own definition, "Poetry is the rhythmic, inevitably narrative, movement from an overclothed blindness to a naked vision."

IN COUNTRY SLEEP

by DYLAN THOMAS

1

NEVER and never, my girl riding far and near
In the land of the hearthstone tales, and spelled asleep,
Fear or believe that the wolf in a sheepwhite hood
Loping and bleating roughly and blithely shall leap,
My dear, my dear,
Out of a lair in the flocked leaves in the dew dipped year
To eat your heart in the house in the rosy wood.

Sleep, good, for ever, slow and deep, spelled rare and wise,
My girl ranging the night in the rose and shire
Of the hobnail tales: no gooseherd or swine will turn
Into a homestall king or hamlet of fire
And prince of ice
To court the honeyed heart from your side before sunrise
In a spinney of ringed boys and ganders, spike and burn,

Nor the innocent lie in the rooting dingle wooed
And staved, and riven among plumes my rider weep.
From the broomed witch's spume you are shielded by fern
And flower of country sleep and the greenwood keep.
Lie fast and soothed,
Safe be and smooth from the bellows of the rushy brood.
Never, my girl until tolled to sleep by the stern

Bell believe or fear that the rustic shade or spell
Shall harrow and snow the blood while you ride wide and near,
For who unmanfully haunts the mountain ravened eaves
Or skulks in the dell moon but moonshine echoing clear
From the starred well?
A hill touches an angel. Out of a saint's cell
The nightbird lauds through nunneries and domes of leaves

Her robin breasted tree, three Marys in the rays.
Sanctum sanctorum the animal eye of the wood

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

In the rain telling its beads, and the gravest ghost
The owl at its knelling. Fox and holt kneel before blood.
Now the tales praise
The star rise at pasture and nightlong the fables graze
On the lord's-table of the bowing grass. Fear most

For ever of all not the wolf in his baaing hood
Nor the tusked prince, in the ruttish farm, at the rind
And mire of love, but the Thief as meek as the dew.
The country is holy: O bide in that country kind,
Know the green good,
Under the prayer wheeling moon in the rosy wood
Be shielded by chant and flower and gay may you

Lie in grace. Sleep spelled at rest in the lowly house
In the squirrel nimble grove, under linen and thatch
And star: held and blessed, though you scour the high four
Winds, from the dousing shade and the roarer at the latch,
Cool in your vows.
Yet out of the beaked, web dark and the pouncing boughs
Be you sure the Thief will seek a way sly and sure

And sly as snow and meek as dew blown to the thorn,
This night and each vast night until the stern bell talks
In the tower and tolls to sleep over the stalls
Of the hearthstone tales my own, last love; and the soul walks
The waters shorn.
This night and each night since the falling star you were born,
Ever and ever he finds a way, as the snow falls,

As the rain falls, hail on the fleece, as the vale mist rides
Through the haygold stalls, as the dew falls on the wind-
Milled dust of the apple tree and the pounded islands
Of the morning leaves, as the star falls, as the winged
Apple seed glides,
And falls, and flowers in the yawning wound at your side,
As the world falls, silent as the cyclone of silence.

2

Night and the reindeer on the clouds above the haycocks
And the wings of the great roc ribboned for the fair!
The leaping saga of prayer! And high, there, on the hare-
Heeled winds the rooks
Cawing from their black bethels soaring, the holy books
Of birds! Among the cocks like fire the red fox

Burning! Night and the vein of birds in the winged sloe wrist
Of the wood! Pastoral beat of blood through the laced leaves!
The stream from the priest black wristed spinney and sleeves
Of thistling frost
Of the nightingale's din and tale! The upgiven ghost
Of the dingle torn to singing and the surpliced





English author, squire, and critic, SIR OSBERT SITWELL is now absorbed in writing one of the great autobiographies of our time. In Left Hand, Right Hand! he tells of his family heritage, and of Renishaw Hall in Derbyshire, which has held the Sitwell character and vivacity since the seventeenth century. In The Scarlet Tree he writes of his long feud with his father and the painful Victorian education to which he and his sister Edith were subjected. Now, from the third volume, Great Morning! we have drawn this amusing account of his father working at the British Museum, reading Samuel Butler, and buying a castle in Italy.

HOW TO BUY A CASTLE

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

1

EVERYTHING that happened at the Tower of London possessed its own atmosphere. To catch a cold, for example, in the Officers' Quarters — an enormous, unheated Victorian formula for gothic, machicolated with a kind of prim desperation — and subsequently to be in bed there with bronchitis, proved an unforgettable experience. I have never known a building that seemed to be so much made of stone, as though one were camping in a quarry, and the ailment itself had a special quality, as if the germs that caused it had long been confined to the Tower in the interests of public security.

It so happened that I was afflicted with one of these colds at a time when my father chanced to be in London. His life now very plainly divided itself into two halves: one, fussing about the future — a state of mind much aggravated by the Lloyd George Budget of 1909 and especially the clauses it had contained about the unearned increment in land values; the other, fussing about the past. (The present he did not allow to concern him, maintaining that it was a fiction, composed of the immediate past and the immediate future.) I recall in this connection that he startled me, who knew the rigidity of his moral views, by, no doubt with a sudden sense of desperation, remarking, when I was seventeen and his alarm about the Budget and Land Values was at its height, "If the Government persists in its policy of taxing Land Values, the best thing to do will be to split up the south park and people it with illegitimate children."

To the second process, of fussing about the past, it was his wont to refer as "my literary work" — and, indeed, he worked hard at it. Called at seven, he would present himself at the British Museum Reading Room at its opening at 9 A.M. carrying a

circular, deflated air cushion, slung on his coat sleeve like a bracelet. He would then slowly inflate the cushion and, first placing it in his accustomed place in Row L, sit down on it. Between the opening hour and twelve, he would spend his time among pedigrees, charts, and records. He had a gift for such things, and they would come tumbling at him from their shelves in the same fashion that pictures pursue great experts.

Returning to his hotel by taxicab soon after mid-day, he would enjoy a solitary and, because of the hour, rather unpopular luncheon. He could not bear to be kept waiting, and so, since he ate at tremendous speed — a habit which he always justified by alleging it to be a sign of mental energy — the meal would occupy the smallest possible space of time. He would have Turkish coffee afterwards, chain-smoking three or four strong Turkish cigarettes. Then he would go upstairs for a short siesta in a tightly shuttered room. (In the London hotel, he ascended in the lift; but at Renishaw, since he believed that the climbing of stairs "weakened the heart's action," chairs were sprinkled about the stairs and landings in improbable places, so that he could sit down and rest if he felt inclined.) When he came downstairs, the porter would call a taxicab for him, and he would go back to the Reading Room, remaining there until it closed. He thought it extravagant in others to take a taxi, but excused it in himself, with the slogan — he had ready at his disposal at least one for the justification of anything which he condemned in others, but might wish to do — "With *me*, time is money!"

On the occasion of which I talk, perhaps attracted by the medieval associations of my domicile to an extent sufficient to banish his fear of infection, he arrived to see me in a taxi ("Time is money!"). I

saw him get out of the cab, and thought how impressive and distinguished he looked, in a silk hat that made him appear taller than his six foot, and in a long coat with a wide collar of Irish beaver. It was a strange two-man procession that entered my room: my father, first, carrying in his hand a small primer on heredity and eugenics; and then, the taxi driver, staggering under the weight of a dozen or so darkly bound, foxed, and moth-eaten volumes: some consisting of Gregorovius's *History of Rome in the Dark Ages*, others, of books by Herbert Spencer and William James. But the strangest feature of the episode was that the taxi driver appeared, also, to have read the Gregorovius volumes, for when pointing to them, I asked if they were not heavy, he replied, with an air of smiling sincerity, "Well, not to read, sir. They're a treat to read." I longed to talk to him, but my father waved him aside.

In return for this small library, I lent my father Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh*. He seldom read the books one pressed on him, though he was too polite to refuse to take them. It therefore came as a surprise to find, a week later, that he had read it from cover to cover. Alas, my loan had proved far from a success, for it was plain that he had immediately identified himself, both with Mr. Pontifex, the rich and tyrannical publisher-grandfather, and with Theodore, his bullied son, in his turn a tyrannical father. (This second identification seemed to me peculiarly false, for Theodore was a pious clergyman, and my father was still a strict atheist.)

He had read the book with great attention, and it had made him so angry that he had taken to his bed and remained there for three days, treating the effect of it as an illness. Even when he had sufficiently recovered to get about again, the book still obsessed him, and he had thought out, and was willing to propound for my benefit, a great many theories. I recall some of them to this day. He took, I remember, a particularly grave view of the likely consequences of the moral laxity he detected in Ernest Pontifex's character, remarking that it was obvious, from the end of the book, that he was "heading for syphilis."

And there was the question of old Mr. Pontifex's income: upon this subject he had entered some notes in one of his notebooks, and now read them to me. He had a good mind, he said, to write a little pamphlet on the subject in order to make his views clear. It was easy for a writer like Butler, with no responsibilities and no experience, to state that old Mr. Pontifex enjoyed an income of ten thousand a year: but *did he?* That was the point. People were dreadfully careless, and exaggerated in these matters beyond endurance. Probably poor old Mr. Pontifex had only three thousand a year at the outside — and that, with income tax at two shillings in the pound, and Lloyd George's new super tax and threat to land values, was very little for a man with a family.

Samuel Butler, my father considered, encouraged self-indulgence; and of all forms of this sin, extravagance was the worst. My bills were mounting, but not so much as my father made out, for he possessed his own methods of calculating, his own mathematical processes. I did not much care; my father had placed me in the Guards; it had been no wish of mine, and I had better enjoy myself in the ways in which I saw my companions enjoy themselves. Perhaps the self-indulgence against which my father thundered with the inspired eloquence of a preacher was wrong: but, looking round me, I came to the conclusion that it seemed to make people easy, and amiable and kind.

I possessed my own individual lines of extravagance, such as large bills for books, and owing to theater agencies for visits to ballet and opera — and never did extravagance yield a richer harvest. I could not afford it, and should not have gone — I ought no doubt to have sat in pit or gallery, but I did not. I had received little education, had grown to hate learning — associating it in my mind with authority, father, dons, and schoolmasters — and here, disguised as pleasure, was my university. The stimulus that the music of Stravinsky, for instance, afforded to my imagination has subsequently been of inestimable benefit to my work. Yet to run into debt for theater tickets would by many be regarded as self-indulgent; whereas had I been in poor circumstances and borrowed money to send myself to college, my action would have been applauded.

2

It had been somewhat earlier, shortly before my seventeenth birthday, in fact, that my father bought the Castle — or rather half of it — in which in later years he was to live, thereby substituting for farce, with moments of tragedy, the purest *Commedia dell'Arte*.

He and another English friend had been motoring between Florence and Siena with a Miss Fingelstone and an Italian who was called Barone Pavelino. The driver took the wrong road, and the motor then broke down beneath the walls of an immense old castle. (Sometimes, since, I have wondered whether it might not have been a diplomatic breakdown, organized by Miss Fingelstone or the Baron.) On the terrace above, the cellar doors were open, and the peasants could be seen treading the grapes, for it was the season of the vintage.

While the driver was trying to mend his machine, my father walked round, outside the walls, through vineyards, to the other side, where stood the garden entrance. Upon the high rusticated piers that rose, one on each side of a seventeenth-century gate of wrought iron, stood not the usual beautiful Italian garden statues of stone or lead, but two figures rather small for their position, and made, he perceived under the blotches of golden lichen and stains

of time — or perhaps of fire — of white marble. Both represented men in togas, one had a beard, the other figure had lost its head. Yet, dry in execution and formal as they were, these two statues proved to be symbols and remnants of a forgotten episode in history, that catalogue of aggressions to which the passage of time adds beauty and poetic justice.

The family which had settled here, round the central tower, in the eleventh century, was called Acciaiuoli, and from here, its members had set out, in the thirteenth century, to conquer, first Malta, and then Corinth and Athens; in which two cities they had reigned for a century and more. They, doubtless, were the Dukes of Athens in whose realm Shakespeare laid the scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Eventually, some eighty years before the taking of Constantinople, the Turks suddenly made an onslaught upon Athens, and captured it, alleging as the reason for the attack the notorious cruelty of the Acciaiuoli sovereigns to their subjects. Then the deposed Dukes of Athens went back to their Tuscan home, bringing with them these two classical statues, of a rather bad epoch, all that was left to them of their famous realms. And three centuries later, when Cardinal Acciaiuoli had added to the castle, and modernized it, making the ramparts into garden terraces, and building a theater where his plays could be performed, he had erected the two statues at the entrance.

Now the vast house had already belonged to strangers for some fifty years, the great rooms had been subdivided, and the place had become a village of nearly three hundred people, with whole families of peasants, and its own shops, bakers, shoemakers, tailors. Yet it had suffered curiously little damage; the terra-cotta figures in the grotto had been broken by children throwing stones at them, it was true; but even the missing head of the Greek statue — which turned out to be that of Aesculapius — was found a year or two later, buried some three feet in the ground, just underneath its stone pillar.

My father announced to me his purchase in the letter that follows: —

MY DEAREST OSBERT: —

You will be interested to hear that I am buying in your name the Castle of Acciaiuoli (pronounced Accheeyawly) between Florence and Siena. The Acciaiuoli were a reigning family in Greece in the thirteenth century, and afterwards great Italian nobles. The castle is split up between many poor families, and has an air of forlorn grandeur. It would probably cost £100,000 to build to-day. There is a great tower, a picture-gallery with frescoed portraits of the owners, from a very early period, and a chapel full of relics of the Saints. There are the remains of a charming old terraced garden, not very large, with two or three statues, a pebblework grotto and rows of flower-pots with the family arms upon them. The great saloon, now divided into several rooms, opens into an interior court where one can take one's meals in hot weather, and here, over two doorways, are in-

scriptions giving the history of the house, most of which was rebuilt late in the seventeenth century as a "house of pleasure." The owners brought together there some kind of literary academy of writers and artists. . . . There seem to have been bathrooms, and every luxury. We shall be able to grow our own fruit, wine, oil — even champagne! I have actually bought half the Castle for £2200; the other half belongs to the village usurer, whom we are endeavouring to get out. The ultimatum expires to-day, but I do not yet know the result. The purchase, apart from the romantic interest, is a good one, as it returns five per cent. The roof is in splendid order, and the drains can't be wrong, as there aren't any. I shall have to find the money in your name, and I do hope, my dear Osbert, that you will prove worthy of what I am trying to do for you, and will not pursue that miserable career of extravagance and selfishness which has already once ruined the family.

Ever your loving father,

GEORGE R. SITWELL

This letter puzzled me: for I was not conscious of having been extravagant. I had not bought a castle big enough for three hundred people — not even half of one. I was not proposing to make my own champagne.

3

DIRECTLY my father had concluded the purchase of the whole of Montegufoni, war broke out between Miss Fingelstone and Barone Pavelino on the important matter of the commission for the sale, to which in its entirety each of them laid claim. This, indeed, was to prove a fight to a finish; but of the bitterness of the ensuing protracted operations, no murmur ever reached my father's ears, nor the faintest breath of their underlying cause.

Little in stature, but plump, Miss Fingelstone belonged plainly, by shape of eye, nose, and chin, to the lesser birds of prey; was most like, perhaps, to a small, well-nourished sparrow hawk. Her brown hands, too, resembled claws, but were hidden by gray suède gloves. Just as such a bird for its own purposes has developed its own ingenious form of camouflage, so this little old lady, when she walked in the garden, always wore a black mantilla, to soften the lines of her musty face, flecked with featherlike markings, the color of liver. And when I occupied a room next hers, and was obliged to listen all night to her most individual snoring, that seemed to follow its own hideous rules of climax and susurrant diminuendo, I used to lie awake wondering whether this music, too, might not be contrived of her volition and design, calculated solely, like the stertorous breathing of the owl, in order to deceive the mice, on whom she, in reality unsleeping, intended suddenly to pounce. Similarly she could pour over her watchful eyes, as hard as olives, a film of oil that, as it were, magnified their apparent limpid plausibility, and drew mice toward them, as a lamp attracts mosquitoes. (I have never seen such

oily eyes.) For the same reason, perhaps, she liked to encourage among those acquainted with her the belief that she resembled, physically, Queen Victoria, because this erroneously provided for her the perfect moral background against which to work her schemes.

Her profession was to live in Venice on a basis of commissions extorted from any tradesman who sold an article to a foreigner. From the local antiquaries, she reaped a particularly rich harvest; but no object, on a stall, or sold on the pavement, was too small in price to pay her toll. Palaces, flats, statues, furniture, hideous glass figures, provisions, boxes of matches, tortoise-shell combs, shawls, foreign newspapers, picture postcards of pigeons, all yielded their proper percentage. For this, she was immensely respected, if not liked, by the Italians, and in addition she knew every foreigner who resided in the city, and soon became acquainted with all those who came to visit it. In order to accomplish this more easily, she had made herself into an expert — and she was by no means without brains — on various aspects of Venetian life in former times, likely to attract foreigners, and wrote books on these subjects — a quantity of small, plump volumes. Among the better-known titles were — and still are: *Tears from the Bridge of Sighs*; *Nights with the Doges*; *Glass-blowing in Murano*; *With Ruskin on the Rialto*; *Amblings with Aretino*; *A Treasury of Tintoretto*; *Tidings from Torcello*; *Gleanings from Goldoni*; *Venetian Courts and Courtesans*; *Byron — or Love on the Lido*!

In the end Miss Fingelstone, after many a summer, lost the battle for the commission, but then she started at an initial disadvantage, since this was not her own Venetian country, but a Tuscan terrain, over and in which the Baron knew precisely, after a lifetime's experience of similar warfare, how to dispose his troops. Moreover, his mind was bold, and in no way limited, and though engaging himself wholeheartedly in the struggle, he prepared, too, grandiose schemes for gaining after-the-war trade. With this object in view, he now started in Florence a small factory — and not so small at that — where he designed, and in his spare time supervised, the manufacture of hundreds of oblongs of the most objectionable machine-made tapestry; highly colored, painfully realistic scenes, of which the favorite depicted Beatrice, in type a German prima donna, meeting an offensively austere Dante on the Lungarno, against the inevitable background of the Ponte Vecchio.

These panels, first tattered judiciously, and then sprinkled by special process with a chemical dust that sped Time's fretting, he sold for large sums to wide-eyed pork packers and innocent armament kings, explaining that they had been discovered hanging behind a more modern wall in the ancient *castello*, recently acquired by an Englishman, Barone Sitwell: or, alternately, to millionaires of more

criminal instinct and origin, he insinuated, with the tip of his right index finger pressed in an intimate and knowing manner against his right nostril, that he had found them — without my father's coming to hear of it — rolled up in a cupboard in the great tower, and had said to himself at once, "Mebbee, these I should not tak; but Provvidenza intended them for Signor Pozenheimer's Medieval Center in California!" After this manner, in this one direction alone, he made a fortune within the space of a few years.

As well, he allowed his imagination to roam along other paths. Florence, I fear, bored him: perhaps he tired of his Italian Baroness, whose shrill voice echoed under the dingy composite vaulting and along the corridors of his flat, so bare and yet befringed, so modern in its squalor, and medieval in its conveniences, so cold to the touch as to fill the human body with a premonition of the tomb; while, as if to emphasize this feeling, in the narrow hall, an enormous clock, shaped like a coffin, gave out the very sound of Death scything away the minutes.

At any rate, before long, he succeeded in persuading my father that an excellent trade in wine — for our new property was situated in the Val di Pesa, the best Chianti district in Italy — could be established with South America. With this delusive aim in view, my father was induced to pay him annually a handsome sum, with which to spend each winter in Rio de Janeiro, where he soon became respected — a good deal more respected than in Florence — and where he maintained a quite sumptuous second establishment, fitted with every modern convenience, including a flashing-eyed Latin American wife. In the hall, here too stood a clock: but this time, appropriate to the place and household, a cuckoo clock, immensely admired by his Brazilian friends, mocked the hours. The result was that, though the Baron enjoyed himself, the wine business, which in its small way had been a flourishing local concern when bought, now trailed off and disappeared altogether.

4

IN mid-October, when I first saw them, the gardens of Montegufoni resembled those of an English June; not only were they filled with roses and carnations, not only with an exaggeration and profusion of plants already known to one in England, so that the little green bushes of lemon-scented verberna, that in favored positions, and draped with sackcloth, may survive our winter, were here grown almost to trees, showing tawny, flaking trunks, covered with spikes of gray-blue blossom (quite a handsome flower, though at home only one or two of these, and in a wilting condition, grace the most prosperous and sheltered of these shrubs), as well as with their aromatic green leaves, but there were also other and more unfamiliar flowers.

The garden offered reptilian and entomological, as well as floral wonders. To comprehend the character of the place, the reader must be reminded that these great stone terraces, into which the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century owners of the Castle had converted the ramparts and bastions of a medieval fortress, carried their own systems of minute life. These worlds possessed their own interest. There were, for example, the colonies of ants, marking the worn and tawny tiles with an invariable streak of moving sepia, as they followed the monotonous routine of their socialist and boy-scout utopia. And there were two kinds of lizards, blue-green and emerald-green, living like capitalists in their warm crevices behind south walls, which are sprinkled with tufts of rose-colored snapdragon and the blossom of the wild caper, a little resembling a passion-flower. From their retreats, the lizards would dart out every now and then, to sun themselves and flicker a tongue in the direction of some working insect, and if, when they rested thus, the sun glowing down on the living green of their bodies, you regarded them for long, isolated against walls, they took on the heroic proportions of the prehistoric.

There were wild bees, too, bringing with them, like the former owners of the Castle, many a fable from the blue seas, white-crested, from the broken marble pillars and thyme-clad hills of Greece, and the taste, even, of their honey was legendary, fragrant beyond any to be found in hives: there were cicadas, playing selections day and night from their voluptuous repertory of music, though, for all the lure it held for others of the species, to us it sounds a dry and arid music, a scraping, scratching jangle from among the crackling, baked grasses; there were butterflies, large and small, and huge moths, like those drawn by Beardsley. Then, in the afternoon sun, when everything was at its fullest and largest, the roses wide open, the heliotrope scintillating with its particular glitter in the light, there would sound the comforting buzz and bump of beetles, not the dragging kitchen beetles of England, with their obsequious insolence, but bold scarabs, armored warriors or priests in their robes of blue and green and purple. And, too, one would obtain occasionally a glimpse of sidling, poisonous creatures, sad, bad, and dangerous to know; tarantulas, or elongated, parchment-colored scorpions that were said to have waxed thin upon the bones of the Saints who reposed in the Chapel.

Below the Castle, in the trough of the valley, a small, clear stream ran through a wood of cypress, clothed in its perpetual sweetness, so easily in-breathed, and here, too, one could listen to the music of the few Italian singing birds, that, being small enough to have escaped the Italian sportsman's shot, if not his aim, survived to sing. While the country, as if to compensate for so much delicacy, by adding strength, offered a romantic and rugged landscape to the north, so that, across the

Great Court, from the windows of the state dining room — a very long, narrow room with a pretty Tiepolesque ceiling, a painting of cupids carrying away the Crown of Athens — could be seen a cool, blue vista of distant mountains, crowned as a rule with snow.

But it was the number of small pointillist touches — so hard to reproduce — that in their sum gave the house its character. For instance, in the space under the Cardinal's Garden, which sailed so high in the air, was a little vaulted room, with a balcony. This chamber had been used in the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for distilling scents, and in it I found stored in a dark corner large sacks of shells, rose-pink, lilac, pearly, fresh as if the sea had just receded from them, that must have been placed here two hundred and fifty years before, when the Grotto was made, in case it should ever be necessary to patch or repair the mosaics of the interior walls.

5

THE cellars, replacing medieval dungeons, though some of these still existed, reached to a great depth beneath the structure. Each contained two or more vats: and one of the dark, vaulted rooms, lit by a grating, and the light from an open door, offered music as well as wine. The very first letter I received addressed to me at the Castle came from La Società Filarmonica di Montegufoni — in other words, the village band: for the inhabitants were still sufficiently numerous to support an institution of this kind, just as, similarly, they had their own tailor's, cobbler's, and carpenter's shops. The letter contained a warmly phrased request to me to become patron and president and I was delighted with it, though my father, who noticed me reading it, and at once inquired "How are they?" (a ruse he had lately worked out, and now always adopted to find from whom a letter came, by the pretense that he recognized the handwriting, and also by the distraction he caused you, in the middle of reading, because in order to obtain silence you were inclined to blurt things out), when I told him about the invitation, rather skimmed the joy from it by remarking, "Such a mistake! They only want twenty-five lire from you!" Howbeit, I accepted the proffered honor, and I would sometimes, of an afternoon or evening, attend a rehearsal, and it must be admitted that those hours offered some of the strongest and strangest physical sensations of a lifetime.

From above, from the courtyard, or the room adjoining it, only a little muffled rhythm, a bumping and squeaking, could be distinguished, but once you entered the inmost and deepest stone chamber in which the band was playing, the sound conquered and prevailed over every other feeling. The effect, I think, owed its resonance to the fact that the cellar was surrounded, at each side, and above and below,

by similar echoing apartments, and that there were several stories or depths of them. Be the cause what it may, the volume of droning and buzzing and clattering was so tremendous as to seem to add an element to Nature herself, as you breathed the sound, inhaled it, drew it in through the very pores of the skin, lived in it, as fish in water. The music might not be good, but you were plunged and immersed in it. The sound vibrated through every cell in the body, so that you felt a part of it, and that it was a part of you. The tunes, exclamatory, dramatic, old-fashioned, possessed a rusticity, both in their kind and in the playing of them, that I have nowhere else encountered, yet it cannot be denied that they were powerful, and rendered with power.

The scene, too, was memorable; the gracefully vaulted, rather low room, with its walls stained by age, draped with cobwebs, as though it were a hall in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, and lit, for the daylight scarcely entered through door and narrow window, by a single acetylene flare, which threw into one corner the huge distorted cylinders of shadow cast by the vats. Moreover the solemnity and intentness with which the Società Filarmonica played was worthy of a more notable body: these men, at other times vivacious, cared for nothing now but the score in front of them. The conductor, with gleaming, beadlike eyes, wore an elegantly cut dark suit, and a cap with a patent-leather peak. Standing on a box in the middle of the cellar, with resolution he beat the air, and round him, as near as their instruments allowed, were clustered the members of the band, the majority of them blowing and struggling in the grip of enormous brazen serpents, now extinct save in the most remote and secluded Latin communities. Some of the coils showed signs of the perpetual Laocoön-like struggle, by large dents, but, notwithstanding, the huge gold mouths bellowed.

What, the reader may inquire, was the reason of this constant, arduous practice? . . . The answer is: it led, for one thing, to the most enjoyable band contests, when on a fine evening, the crest of every knoll in the broad valley would rise up, crowned by its own din and brazen blare; for another, and more important, it was necessary as prelude for the supreme event of the year, at Montegufoni itself, the *festa* in the Great Court on the day of the Patron Saint of the Castle, late in the autumn. Everyone of importance among the peasants of the neighborhood, as well as all the *contadini* of the place itself, would attend. Among them, perhaps in opposition to dead Saints, was included a living witch; for the landscape, though barely twenty miles from Florence, was remote enough to harbor an old woman belonging to this ancient cult, who claimed to tell the future, to cause or cure illnesses, and to place

spells upon men and beasts, and her rights to coven-craft were clear, for she was the seventh child of a seventh child. In this resembling many of her kind, she liked festivities, and would rather be present at holy revels than at none at all. I saw her often as a unit — though an isolated unit, for people feared her — in a crowd, but I only spoke to her once, to say “good afternoon.”

Very early did the morning of the *festa* begin, with an unprecedented metallic clatter of bells. An altar, with a fine silver front, and carrying four silver candlesticks emblazoned with the Cardinal's arms, was set up in the open air under the shadow of the tower, which fell across the Great Court in the image of an enormous lily. After Mass had been celebrated and the altar moved, the band would start to play and would continue its music all day. The tawny-skinned girls, who resembled gypsies, except for their stouter build and the straightness of their glances, would begin to move in abrupt, staccato waltzes, held at arm's length by that part of the adult male community not wrestling with serpents in the Società Filarmonica. Hour after hour they revolved, while, all round the Court, the older peasants, by now a little flushed with wine — which stood in large, reed-covered flasks by their side on the window ledges — watched their dancing. Through the dusty glass of other windows could be seen white grapes hanging in bunches from long bamboo canes, stretched one above another on a rack, so that the fruit could reach the degree of almost rotten ripeness requisite for the making of *vino di pasto*, while split figs, half dried, lay on straw mats on the tiled floor. But still the smell of must prevailed over every other scent.

The *festa*, though, was a little later in the year. At present the band were only practicing. The trumpets roared. The whole place shook. In a way, I loved to watch the members of the band, even more than to hear them. It was not easy, though, to sort out the individuals and to memorize them, apart from the conductor: for they seemed to adhere very strongly to two or three types. The families of the inhabitants of the Castle, who had lived in it for more than eighty years, had intermarried to an unusual extent, but this seemed to have entailed no evil consequences, one saw no dwarfs, idiots, or deformities; on the contrary, a stranger's attention would be attracted by the good looks and quick intelligence of these peasants. The only visible result of the inbreeding appeared to be that the young men were more precisely like their fathers, whose place they would soon take, and the fathers more like the grandfathers, than any people I have known. They seemed to form a race, a family, more than a chance collection of persons. . . . So must have been the tribes in the days of the Patriarchs.

(The End)



An Atlantic Story



A novelist of copious detail whose feelings were deeply rooted in American life, THOMAS WOLFE was born in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1900. After Chapel Hill his interest in playwriting took him to Harvard to study under Professor George Pierce Baker. Then he was on his own, traveling in Europe, teaching in Manhattan, writing plays, and feeling the ferment out of which came his first vibrant novel, Look Homeward, Angel. Two editors played a formative part in Tom Wolfe's career, the late Max Perkins of Scribner's and Edward C. Aswell, now of Whittlesey House. But others he observed, as we see from this long-withheld narrative.

OLD MAN RIVERS

by THOMAS WOLFE

WHEN Old Man Rivers woke up in the morning, among the first objects that his eyes beheld were two large and very splendid photographs that faced each other on the top of his tall chiffonier dresser, and that were divided by the heavy, silver-mounted brush and comb that lay between them. It was a good arrangement: each of the two splendid photographs commanded its own half of the dresser like a bull in his own pasture, and the rich dull solidity of the brush and comb seemed to give each just the kind of "frame," the kind of proud division, to which it was entitled. In a way, the two splendid photographs seemed to regard each other with the bellicose defiance of a snorting bull: if anyone of this present generation can remember the Bull Durham advertisements of twenty years ago, he may get the idea — three rails of fence, the pasture, the proud bull dominant with the great neck raised, the eyes flashing fire, and the proud rage of his magnificent possession simply *smoking* from his nostrils, and saying plainer than any words could do: "Here I am and here I mean to stay! This side of the fence is mine! Keep out of here!"

Old Man Rivers more *sensed* than *saw* these things when he opened his old eyes. He didn't see things clearly any more. Things didn't come to him in the morning as they used to come. He didn't wake up easily, he didn't wake up at once, "all over," as he used to do; rather his old, tired, faded, somewhat rheumy eyes opened slowly, guilily, and for a moment surveyed the phenomena of the material universe around him with an expression that was tired, old, sad, vague and unremembering.

Presently he roused himself and got up; he got up slowly, with a heavy sigh, and bent to find his slippers with a painful grunt; he was a heavy old figure of a man — a man who had been a big man, big-boned, big-handed, big-shouldered, and big-muscled, and whose bigness had now shrunk and dwindled to a baggy, sagging heaviness; round baggy shoulders, thin legs, sagging paunch — a big man grown old. It took him a long time to bathe, a long time to look at the sad old face reflected in the mirror, the face with the high cheek-bones, the slanting sockets of the eyes, the long wispy moustache, and the scraggly wispy beard, which, with the sensually full red lips and the old tired, yellowed, weary eyes, gave Mr. Rivers a certain distinction of appearance — an appearance not unlike that of a Chinese mandarin.

It took him a long time to shave, too — to do all the delicate work required about the edges of that long, straggling moustache, and that wispy mandarin-like beard to which he owed a good part of the distinction of his personal appearance. He shaved with a straight razor, of course; as he often said, he wouldn't use "one of these confounded safety razor contraptions" if they gave him the *whole* factory. But, really, he had become afraid of his old straight razor, which had once been such a friend to him; his old hands shook with palsy now, he had cut himself badly on more than one occasion, shaving had become a slow and perilous affair.

But he felt better after shaving and four fingers of sound rye: — none of your bromo seltzers, aspirins, or soda-tablets, or any of your other quack remedies for *him*; after a night of old-fashioned cocktails and champagne

there was nothing like a good stiff drink of *whiskey* the next morning to set a fellow up.

Warmed by the liquor, and with a sparkle in his eyes for the first time, Mr. Rivers finished dressing without great difficulty. He grunted his way into his heavy woolen drawers, and undershirt, fumbled with shaky fingers to put cuff links and collar buttons in a clean shirt, grunted as he bent over to pull his socks on, got into his trousers without much effort, but had a hard time with his shoes — confound it, it came hard to have to bend and tie the laces, but he wasn't going to let any fellow tie his shoes for *him*! By George, as long as he could move a muscle he'd have none of that!

The worst was over now; fully attired, save for his coat and vest and collar, he stood before the chiffonier, buttoned the wing-collar, and with trembling fingers fumbled carefully with the knot of his cravat. Then he combed his sparse hair with the heavy silver comb, brushed it with the heavy silver brush, and — looked with satisfaction at the two splendid photographs.

The one on the left was really bull-like; the square face was packed with a savage concentration of energy and power, the moustache curved around two rows of horse teeth bared with tigerish joy, behind the spectacles the eyes looked out upon the world with fighter's glance. Everything about the photograph spoke the brutal eloquence of energy and power, its joyful satisfaction in itself, its delight with life, adventure, friendship, love or hate, its instant readiness for everything. Everything about the picture said: "Here I am boys! I feel bully!" — and this bully-feeling, brutal, savage, joyful, ready-for-fight-or-fun picture was autographed: "To dear old Ned with heartiest and most affectionate regards from Theodore!"

The other face, no less the fighter's face, was colder, leaner, more controlled. A long, lean face a little horse-like in its bony structure, horse-like, too, in its big teeth, touched coldly, stiffly round the powerful thin mouth with the sparse smile of the school-teacher; the whole long face borne outward by the powerful long jaw, relentless, arrogant, and undershot, — face of school-teacher marking papers, Presbyterian face, to flesh-pots hostile, to wine, women, belly-warmth, exuberance, and life's fluidity, unskilled, opposed, and all unknowledgeable, but face of cold high passion, too, fire-glacial face, and face of will unbreakable, no common, cheap, contriving, all-agreeing, all-conceding, compromising, and all-promising face of the ignoble politician, but face of purpose, faith, and fortitude — face of arrogance, perhaps, but face, too, of a captain of the earth, a man inviolable, a high man — and signed: "To Edward Rivers — with sincerest good wishes and — may I say — affectionate regards — Cordially yours — Woodrow Wilson."

Old Man Rivers' tired old eyes and haggard face really had the warm glow of life and interest in them now. As he struggled into his vest and coat, he looked at the two photographs, wagged his head with satisfaction, and chuckled: —

Good old Ted! Dear old Tommy! I tell you what,

those — those fellows were — were *just bully*! He just wished everyone in the world could have known *both* of them the way *he* had known them! Why, the minute Ted walked in a room and flung down his hat, the place was his. The minute he met you, and shook hands with you — why — he made you his friend forever! By George, there was something about that fellow — just the way he had of coming in a room, or flinging his hat down, or jumping up to shake your hand, and saying, "Delighted" — there — there was just something about everything that fellow *did* that warmed you up all over!

And Tommy? As Mr. Rivers' old tired eyes surveyed the long prim face of Tommy, his expression, if anything, became a little softer, a little more suffused with mellowness than when he had surveyed the vigorous countenance of Ted. . . . Tommy! There was a great fellow! He just wished everyone could have known Tommy as *he* had known him! — Why, confound these fellows, anyway (a kind of indignant and impatient mutter rattled in the old man's throat) — writing and saying all this stuff about Tommy being cold, unfriendly, not able to warm up to people. — By George, *he'd* like to tell 'em what *he* knew! He'd known Tommy almost fifty years, from the time they were at Princeton right up to Tommy's death, and there never was a man on earth who had a warmer "human side" than Tommy had! By George, no! Ask anyone who knew him, ask any of Tommy's friends whether he was cold and unable to warm up — *they'd* tell you pretty quick how cold he was! Confound these fellows, he'd just like to tell them about some of the great times *he'd* had with Tommy — some of the things they'd done at college — yes! And even later — he'd just like to tell them about that time when Tommy had all the fellows in the class come and visit him — that was in 1917, right when he was in the middle of all that trouble, but you'd never have known it from the way he acted, invited the whole class to come and stay two days and all the fellows who could come *came*, too — and that *was* a celebration!

Mr. Rivers surveyed the two photographs a moment longer with a warm color of affection and tenderness in his tired old face, the glow of pride and loyalty in his weary eyes.

It was something to be able to say you'd been the friend of two such fellows as that. It did not occur to Mr. Rivers, it had probably never occurred to him, that it was not only "something to be able to say," but in the nature of a miracle to be able to accomplish it — something like sitting on Vesuvius and cooling one's heels at the North Pole at the same time. It was part of Mr. Rivers' charm that he had never seen anything at all extraordinary in his accomplishment. It is true that there had been times when his friendship for these two celebrated men had been attended by certain moments of embarrassment. There had been the time, for instance, when Theodore had come into his office, tossed his hat across the room, flung himself into a chair, and opened conversation with, "Well, Ned, what's the news? Have you seen or heard anything lately of that lily-livered, weasel-worded milk-sop down in Washington? Look

here, how the devil can you put up with such a fellow?"

And there had been the time when Tommy had broken a pause in the conversation, to inquire acidly: "Are your relations still as cordial as ever with the Buzz-Saw of Sagamore? I'm surprised to see there are no scars of battle on you yet."

Well, now, by George — yes, those fellows did say things about each other now and then, but that was just a way they both had of blowing off steam. I don't think either of them really meant a word of it! By George, I just wish those two fellows could have known each other. They were both — just — just bully — both of them — and — and — and I just believe they'd have gotten along together *fine!*

2

IT MAY be seen from these interior reflections that Mr. Rivers was not lacking in certain extraordinary gifts. Possessing no talent of any kind — except the genuine and attractive talent for friendships which has been indicated — Mr. Edward Rivers had risen to a very considerable position in the nation's life. He was now occasionally referred to in the press as "the Dean of American Letters." Every year upon his birthday, representatives of the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* called upon Mr. Rivers, interviewed him, and printed his views on a great variety of subjects at a very considerable and respectful length. When questioned by the representative of the *New York Times* for his opinions on the Modern American girl, the venerable Dean of American Letters had remarked that By George, he just thought she was fine — he thought she was perfectly splendid! And when the young man from the *Herald Tribune* asked the Dean for his opinion on the state of the nation's letters, and his opinion of the Younger Writers, the Dean said Well now, he thought the whole thing looked most promising. He liked to see vitality, originality, and a fresh point of view — and he thought these Young Fellows had it, by George he did. What — the *Times* man would now inquire — did the Dean think about the modern freedom of expression — the tendency to "tell all" in modern writing — to put it bluntly, the use of "four letter words" by some of the young writers, even in the pages of some of the higher class magazines? For example, *Rodney's Magazine*, of which the Dean had been for many years the editor, had only a year or two before serialized the latest novel of the celebrated young writer, John Bulsavage. What did the Dean think of the use of certain words in that book — the use of words (and of blank spaces!) which had never before appeared in the chaste pages of *Rodney's Magazine*? Was it not true that there had been a great many letters of indignant protest from old subscribers? Had there not been a number of canceled subscriptions? Had the Dean himself approved the inclusion of these debatable scenes and phrases which had caused so much and such excited comment at the time? Was the Dean himself disposed to say that he favored the startling freedom in the use of material and of utterance which characterized the work

of some of the leading Young Writers? As a distinguished editor, as an arbiter of the nation's taste, as a discoverer and supporter of the best that had been said and thought and written in the world of letters for the past fifty years, as a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, as a crony of the late Henry van Dyke and William Lyon Phelps, as the esteemed and honored colleague of such distinguished people as Agnes Repplier, Ellen Glasgow, Robert Underwood Johnson, Edith Wharton, Nicholas Murray Butler, John Galsworthy, Henry Seidel Canby, Percy S. Hutchinson, Walter Prichard Eaton, Henry Peckinpugh Saltonstall, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, and Elizabeth Pipgras Wiggins, Isabel Miranda Patterson and Irene McGoady Titsworth, Constance Lindsay Skinner and Winona Roberta Snoddy, Edna Lou Walton and Ella Mae Maird, Sylvia Chatfield Bates and Ishbel Lorine McLush, Ben Ray Redman and Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry Goddard Leach and Warner Perkins Beach, Charles Forbes Goddard and T. Lothrop Stoddard, Constance D'Arcy Mackay and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Hamilton Fish and Lillian Gish — in fact that whole brilliant and distinguished group of authors, editors, and critics who had always stood for the most liberal — nay, the most *advanced!* — developments in modern literature, but whose judgment was also tempered by a sane balance, a sane adherence to standards of good taste, craftsmanship and form, and to an unwavering belief in the fundamental wholesomeness, purity, and good sense of American life, which the writing of some of these younger writers was prone to forget — what, considering his intimate association with all these distinguished people, did he, Edward Rivers, the Dean of American Letters, think of the work of these Younger Writers?

Well, now — Mr. Rivers squirmed a little at questions such as these. He foresaw complications, disagreements, arguments, and Mr. Rivers did not like complications, disagreements, arguments. He believed in Tact. Well, now — the Dean of American Letters saw stormy weather: he must trim his canvas and sail close. If he came out with whole-hearted and enthusiastic endorsement of the Young Writers, all of their methods, words, and works, he knew that he must be prepared for a vigorous chorus of protest from certain worthwhile people of his distinguished and extensive acquaintance: — letters from venerable dowagers at whose dinner parties he was a frequent guest (Mr. Rivers was a constant diner-out; he had spent a large part of his life in dining out; he dined out every night; his difficulty was not to *get* invitations, but tactfully to choose between invitations, so that he might not only retain the affection — and future invitations — of those he refused, but could also assure himself of the best dinner, the best liquor, the finest champagne, and the most distinguished and worthwhile gathering among those he accepted) — letters then from venerable old dowagers, from venerable old Vanderbilts, Astors, Morgans, Rhinelanders, Goeleys, and Schermerhorns (Mr. Rivers knew *all* the venerable old Vanderbilts, Astors, Morgans, Rhinelanders, and Schermerhorns), letters from distinguished old ladies

who wrote or had written essays for *Rodney's*, letters from all the distinguished old widows of all the ambassadors, governors, senators, financiers, college presidents, and presidents of the nation he had known, letters from all the lady writers with three names — the Irene McGoody Titsworths, the Winona Roberta Snoddys, the Elizabeth Pipgras Wigginses, and so on — each letter written in the writer's own inimitable and distinguished vein, of course, but all showing a certain unity of purpose and opinion — viz: — *Could* the Dean of American Letters have been quoted correctly? *Could* they believe their eyes? Could it be possible that the statements attributed to Mr. Rivers in this morning's edition of the *Times* accurately represented the considered judgment of that distinguished editor? Could it be true that the celebrated critic who had for fifty years been not only the wise and temperate appraiser, but the arbiter of what was highest, noblest, purest in the world of letters, who had been, for so long and such an honorable career of service, the guardian of the torch, the defender of the "eternal values" — could such a man as *this* have so forgotten all his standards, have so forsaken all that he had ever stood for, as to uphold, praise, and give the support of his authority to iniquitous filth that posed as "literature" (God save the mark), to defend the use of language which one might expect to find among the low dives of the Bowery, but never within the pages of *Rodney's Magazine*, and to praise the relentless "realism" (realism, if you please), the "talent" (talent, the Lord help us), the depraved, imbecilic, brutal, vulgar, and ill-written maunderings of people whose obscenity might conceivably be of interest to the specialist in abnormal psychology, the professional criminologist, the pathologist interested in various states of manic-depressivism, but of serious interest to one of the most distinguished critics living — good heavens! *What* had happened to him anyway?

3

WELL, now — it was a hard question to decide. It certainly was! A fellow never knew just what to say: if he praised the works, the words, the talents of these Younger Writers, he would let himself in for all this kind of thing from people he knew, some of them his best friends. And if he *dispraised* the works, the words, the talents of these Younger Writers, then he might expect another flood of letters from the children and the grandchildren of the very people he had sought to please. And these letters from the irreverent young would ask him bluntly who the hell he thought he was, and suggest that he go immediately and reserve accommodations for himself at the Old Woman's Home. They would tell him further that the serialization of Mr. Bulsavage's work was the only useful act that *Rodney's Magazine* had performed in twenty years, that the magazine was moribund, a museum piece, and under Mr. Rivers' direction had become a repository for essays on bee-culture written by the aged widows of former ambassadors to Peru. They would finally suggest that Mr. Rivers close his trap and con-

tinue to print the works of Mr. Bulsavage and a few other young people, who were doing the only work worth doing nowadays, or else deposit the decayed remains of *Rodney's* in the nearest garbage can, and go jump in the river.

By George, what was a fellow going to do? If you pleased one crowd you'd make the other mad. There had been a time when young people had let their elders tell them what to read and what to think, but that was gone. Nowadays you never knew which way to turn. Well, the only way, the Dean decided, was the Middle Way. That was the way he'd always taken, it had always been the right way for him. So when the *Times* man asked him what he thought about the Younger Writers, and whether he approved, Mr. Rivers squirmed a little, looked uncomfortable, then took the Middle Way.

Well, now, that was a hard question to answer — by George it was. He didn't approve of everything they did — not by a jugful. He might be old-fashioned, and all that, but he still believed that there were certain Standards — Standards of — of — style, and form, and craftsmanship, and — and — good taste, by George he did! If these things should perish, then the world would be the loser, but he didn't believe for a moment that they would. In the long run, the eternal values would win out. He didn't believe for a moment that the whole picture of American life, the whole truth of it, its fundamental wholesomeness, and sweetness, and — and — sanity, was being dealt with by these younger writers. He thought that they were too prone to deal with abnormal states of psychology, to present distorted pictures, to go in too much for — for scenes of violence and cruelty — and — and — abnormal and distorted points of view. The War was probably responsible for this condition, the Dean thought. But just as the pendulum had swung too far in one direction, it would probably swing back in the other. As for the Younger Writers, although he didn't approve of everything they did, he thought their vitality, their freshness, the originality of their point of view, was just splendid! He thought the future of American writing showed great promise. We were undoubtedly going through one of the most interesting and hopeful periods of literary production we had known in a long time. Some of the Younger Writers were people of undoubted talent, and when they had grown a little older, and acquired a more mature point of view, by George, he expected great things from them, (Headlines for tomorrow: "Dean Sees Golden Future For Young Writers," or "Dean Raps Smut But Praises Promise").

And so it went the whole way down the line. Old Man Rivers' opinions on the moving pictures, the radio, the automobile, the machine age, politics, Mr. Roosevelt, the New Deal — in short, on anything that might come within the range of general interest, or a reporter's inquiry, held firmly to this course of "Middle Way"-ism. If he disapproved, his disapproval was such as to cause no general offense. If he approved, his approval was such as the world in general could agree to. There were few things so bad that they might not be worse, almost

everything showed promise of betterment. The seeds of hope were in misfortune, the promise of perfection in error.

4

OLD MAN RIVERS, in fact, like that Celebrated Stream which was so much like his own name and which "must know somep'n, but don't say nuthin'," just kept rollin', he kept on rollin' along. The process had been profitable: with no more literary talent than would fit comfortably in the bottom of a thimble, with no more critical ability than the village school-marm possesses, and with no opinions about anything more startling than those usually held by the average filing clerk, he had risen to a position in the nation's life where his literary talent was taken for granted, his critical ability was esteemed as a very rare and penetrating faculty, and his opinions were largely sought after, and printed with pious completeness in the pages of the *New York Times*.

Mr. Rivers had, in short, "arrived"; he had arrived solidly, and with both feet; he had arrived substantially and materially through the possession of no other faculties than a genuine capacity for warm and loyal friendship, a tremendous capacity for saying nothing with the air of saying a great deal, a remarkable talent for being all things to all people, and for pleasing everybody, quite a distinguished, mandarin-like, and somewhat goaty (the ladies preferred to call it faun-like) personal appearance, and a very imposing and exceptional — stuffed shirt.

And yet the old man felt sad and lonely nowadays when he woke up in the morning. Why? Mr. Rivers had never been a man who looked too directly at unpleasant facts; the instinctive tendency of his amiable and agreeing nature was to avoid unpleasant facts: to skip over them, or get around them if he could. Yet there had been times in recent years when he had felt, sadly and obscurely, but unmistakably, that something had gone grievously wrong in his own life. There had been times when doubt and sorrow had penetrated the thick hide of his own genial self-satisfaction — when he had wondered if the imposing front was anything but just a — front.

He was old, he was tired, he was sad, he was lonely. He had never married, his life for forty years had been the life of the assiduous diner-out, the "prominent club-man." Now he wondered if the game was worth it. He had always told himself — and other people, too — that he would know when to quit when the time came. He had celebrated the virtues of the pastoral life, and affirmed his own devotion to the country, time and again, in word and print. Moreover he had used his money, and a small inheritance, thriftily; no one would ever have to look after Old Man Rivers, he was well-fixed. Part of his funds for many years had been invested in a large and very splendid farm in Pennsylvania. Beautifully stocked with sheep and blooded cattle and good horses, it had been the place to which he was going to retire "in his old age." He had celebrated his country home in conversation and in writing; he had even written a little book about it, called *My Sabine Farm*.

Well, what detained him now? His old age was here, the quitting time had come. The quitting time, Old Man Rivers occasionally and sorrowfully suspected, had come several years before, when he had been deposed as editor of *Rodney's Magazine*. There had been more than a grain of truth in the derisory jibes of young people that *Rodney's* had become a museum piece, a repository for essays on bee-culture written by the aged widows of ex-ambassadors. The Magazine, itself a languishing reminder of a by-gone and more leisurely age, had lapsed finally into such musty decrepitude that surgical measures had been necessary if it was going to be saved from utter extinction: Mr. Rivers had been removed as editor, and a young man appointed in his place.

Mr. Rivers had always told himself that he would be prepared for such an event. He had told himself that he would never let it happen. He had told himself that "when the time came" he would know the time had come, that he would cheerfully "step out" and give "some of the young fellows a chance." No, he'd be prepared for it, he'd know himself before the others did, the Sabine Farm in Pennsylvania was waiting to receive him.

Comforting fable! Fond delusion! The "time" had come and Old Man Rivers had not known it. He had not stepped out, not known when to quit. Instead, — he had been tapped upon the shoulder and told that he had worn out his welcome, it was time to go.

5

WHEN the time came, Old Man Rivers couldn't face it. In a painful scene at a directors' meeting — before old James, Pounders, Fox, and Prince, and Dick — the old man had broken down and wept. He had been told he could be retired upon half pay, that his security would be protected in every way. It was no use. He did not need the money, he was well-off, and they knew it, but he lied, he begged; he said he had dependents, onerous responsibilities, heavy and expensive burdens — that he couldn't live upon the pension, that he needed the money.

It was a wretched business for everyone. They had put it off for years, they had finally compelled his resignation only when no other course was possible if the Magazine was to survive. The upshot of it was, they let him stay. They made it plain to him that his connection with the Magazine was finished, that in the future he would have no control in its affairs whatever. Then they let him stay on at full pay, called him an "Advisory Editor," gave him a little office where he would be out of people's way, where he could piddle around with worthless manuscripts that never got published, receive old cronies, widows of ambassadors, and venerable dowagers of his acquaintance.

It was a hard blow to his pride, a bitter come-down, but it was better than nothing. Mr. Rivers was not such a fool that he didn't realize a good part of his social popularity came from his position as editor of one of the most distinguished and eminent magazines in America. In recent years, as the fortunes and influence of the Magazine had declined, Mr. Rivers had observed a corresponding decline in his own social prominence. He

was no longer in such demand as he had been twenty years before. And now? Well, it was going to be tough sledding from now on. "Advisory Editor"? That didn't go down so well. It was all very fine to joke about it, to say in his genial, high, foggy tone that he had decided it was time "for some of us old fogies to step aside and give some of the young fellows a chance. So I decided to resign. But they prevailed on me to stay on as — Advisory Editor." It wasn't completely convincing, and he knew it, but — it was better than nothing, he could not give up.

Yes, Old Man Rivers had worn out his welcome. And the Sabine Farm? Those final years of a long life spent far from the city's whirling noise, in the wise and pastoral meditations of retirement — oh, where now? Faced with the actuality, he couldn't meet it. To give up all the city's life, his clubs, his bars, his dinner parties and his after-dinner speeches, his dowagers, his rich and fashionable acquaintanceships, for the bucolic tedium of a Pennsylvania farm — he couldn't do it.

And yet, even the pleasures of *this* life had staled on him. A large part of his life had been spent in clubs. He was forever telling someone, with a trace of pride: "I live at the University Club — lived there for twenty years — wouldn't *think* of living anywhere else. Most comfortable life in the world; you don't have to fool with apartments, leases, servants, electricity, cooking — it's all done *for* you: — you've got everything you need right there — good food, a good library and, of course" — here he would wink slyly — "a good bar! I tell you what, *that's* mighty important. You just come up with me sometime — I'll get Tom to fix you one of his famous Old Fashioneds: — Oh, he knows how to fix 'em, too — you just come up and try a few — you know," here Mr. Rivers would wink slyly again — "they *give* 'em to me; I don't have to pay for a *thing*; all I have to do is *sign* for it —"

Well, even this business of living in clubs and dining out at night had begun to pall on him. He was bored with it, bored with the club faces, bored with the club food, bored with his room. But when he tried to give the whole thing up he couldn't. He'd been around too long.

There had been a time when "any old room" had been good enough for Mr. Rivers. "I'm on the go all the time, anyway," he used to say. "All I need is a bed to sleep in and a place to hang my hat." Well, he had *that*, certainly, and it was no longer good enough. He had never felt the lack before but now he wanted — he wanted — by George, he didn't know just what, but he wanted "a room of his own." This morning the old man felt lonely, bored, as he looked around his room. He wanted to get out of it! And yet it was a pleasant enough room: large enough, sunny enough, quiet enough — it looked right out on Fifty-fourth Street at the tall and imposing residences of Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his son. It was well furnished and yet, Mr. Rivers reflected, probably every other room in the club was furnished in the identical fashion of his own room. And if he moved out today, someone else would move in tomorrow morning without ever knowing he had been

there; there was nothing about the place to show it was his own. The thought somehow made Mr. Rivers uncomfortable, he shivered a little as he looked about the room, picked up his hat, and got out.

6

ONCE in the corridor, outside his door, his whole demeanor changed. Mr. Rivers was now about to go before the world again, it was up to him, he felt, to put on a good show. His manner became more jaunty, jovial, half-jesting; he walked down the corridor towards the elevator at a springy step, he pressed the elevator button, and as he waited, composed his face into his customary morning expression of jesting raillery.

The elevator came up, the doors opened, Mr. Rivers stepped briskly in, and the bald-headed Irishman who had taken Mr. Rivers up and down for twenty years greeted him with a grin that was really more than casual, a grin that showed a genuine affection and warmth of feeling for his passenger.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Rivers," the man said. "It's a nice fine day, isn't it?"

"Yes, Tim," said Mr. Rivers, "it's going to be a beautiful day. By George, it's a pity that a couple of young fellows like you and me have got to be cooped up on a day like this. Let the *old* fellows go to work, you and I ought to take the day off — go on a picnic somewhere — take our girl for a ride — by George, we ought!"

"Shure, an' ye're right, Mr. Rivers," Tim agreed. "This is no day for two young bucks like you an' me to work. There ought to be a law against it."

"Well, now, that's right," said Mr. Rivers, and wagged his head vigorously. They had reached the bottom and the elevator door had opened — "They ought to make the old fellows like Jim here do all the work," he said, indicating a smiling youth in bell-hop's uniform who was coming along the corridor. "Isn't that right, Jim?"

"You're right, Mr. Rivers," the boy agreed with a friendly smile, and passed by.

Mr. Rivers' next move was to cross the lobby of the tremendous building and inquire for mail at the cashier's office.

"Have you got any more bills — or duns — or advertising matter — or any of those love-letters that the girls keep writing me?" — his florid face was decidedly goat-like now, he leered knowingly at the mail clerk, and winked, speaking in a high, foggy, somewhat wheezy voice that was the perfect vehicle for his brand of humor.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Rivers," the mail clerk smiled — "It looks as if the girls had written you quite a stack of them this morning. Here you are, sir."

"Well now, that's good," wheezed Mr. Rivers, shuffling through his mail. "We young fellows have to make hay while the sun shines, don't we? Tempus fidgets, as the fellow says, and if we don't make the most of our opportunities when we have them, it may be too late before we know it."

The mail clerk smilingly agreed, and Mr. Rivers, still

opening and running through his mail, crossed the lobby to the newsstand.

"Say, young fellow," he wheezed, "I wonder if you have a copy of a rare old publication known as the New York *Times*?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Rivers," grinned the news clerk. "I've been saving one for you. Here you are, sir."

"Now," said Mr. Rivers warningly, as he picked up the paper and fumbled for a coin — "I don't want it unless it's a genuine First Edition. You know, we collectors have got to be very careful about that sort of thing. Our professional reputation is at stake. If it got around that I'd gone and bought a second, or a third, or fourth edition of the *Times*, thinking that I had a *first* — why, I'd be ruined. So if you think there's any doubt about it, I want you to say so, and we'll call it off."

The news-dealer smiling assured Mr. Rivers that he thought his professional reputation would be safe, and Mr. Rivers, shaking his head vigorously, wheezed, "Well now, that's good" — and walked away.

7

ON HIS way to the huge club breakfast room, his high foggy voice could be heard all over the place, either uttering greetings or responding to them. He knew everyone, and everyone knew him, his remarks to everyone were couched in the same tone of pseudo-serious jocosity. In response to an inquiry concerning the state of his health, he was heard to remark that if he felt any better it would hurt him. And in response to someone's comment about feeling "under the weather," Mr. Rivers was heard to say that there was nothing like a good stiff shot of rye to help a fellow get "on top of the weather."

Over breakfast (grapefruit, soft-boiled eggs, dry toast, and strong black coffee) he had time for a more thorough inspection of his mail. It was an average crop. A bill for dues from one of his clubs — Mr. Rivers belonged to eight and was always receiving bills for dues, and always scolding, as he did now, that he was going to "give up" most of them. "It's all foolishness," he muttered angrily, as he read the bill and crumpled it away into his pocket — "I don't go to most of 'em twice a year, and every time I turn around, it seems I get a bill for something." A letter from a colleague inviting Mr. Rivers to join a new club — to be called the Editors and Authors — which was just being organized, which would meet on the first Tuesday of every month for dinner, and for "general discussion," and in which Mr. Rivers could enjoy the privileges of Charter Membership for only twenty-five dollars a year ("We're all eager to have you, Ned: everyone feels that we can't really call ourselves the Editors and Authors Club unless *you're* a member — do say you'll join —" — Mr. Rivers swore vigorously under his breath — Damn it all, just when a fellow was trying to get *out* of some of the clubs he did belong to, here comes someone trying to get him *into* another one — No, sir! He was through! No more clubs for him! Nevertheless, his weary old eyes had a rather *appeased* look in them as he read the flattering words of the

invitation; he read it a second time, and put it away in his inside coat-pocket. He'd think it over, but damned if he was going to join any more of 'em!).

There was a note from the venerable Mrs. Cornelius Van Allen Hacker reminding him that she was expecting his attendance Saturday night at the Costume Ball to be given at the Waldorf by the Friends of Finnish Freedom: Costume Period, Louis Quinze. This reminded Mr. Rivers profanely that he had not yet been to the Costumer's to attend to the agony of getting rigged up in his monkey-suit, knee-breeches and drawer ruffles for his stringy shanks, flowered waistcoat, and a powdered wig. A letter from the Friends of Finland Society informing Mr. Rivers that they were sure he would be delighted to subscribe to the valuable work the Society was doing, when they told him what it was (more muttered profanity from the recipient: Damn it, he didn't *want* to know what they were doing, they were doing what everyone else was doing — trying to do *him!*). A note from the widow of the late manufacturer of roofing materials and member of the United States Senate, Mrs. W. Spenser Drake, inviting him to a dinner given for the Irish playwright, Seamus O'Burke, Saturday at eight (Confound it! How the hell *could* he when he was going to this Friends of Finland thing; did she expect him to come rigged up in his monkey-suit?). An advertisement by a syndicate of hair-restoring quacks, beginning companionably, as follows: "Dear Friend: Your name has been given to us as one of that great and constantly growing group of American business men who are threatened with approaching baldness" — (*Threatened! Threatened, hell! Threatened as the Red Coats threaten Philadelphia, as Washington is being threatened by Jubal Early's raiders — threatened forty years too late, when threats are useless!*) — "Your condition, while serious, is by no means hopeless. So many men when they reach your age" — (when they reach *my* age! Who the hell do they think they're talking to: A God-damn school-boy!) "— are prone to think" (— prone to think! Bah!) "— that baldness is incurable! We assure you this is not the case, if you will only act promptly! Act NOW! Even six months' delay at this stage *may be fatal!* The Roberts System offers to you an easy, agreeable, and scientific way of recovering your lost hair" — (Offers! Offers, nothing! Offers you an easy and agreeable way of getting your God-damn throat cut at no expense to anyone except yourself! Offers to you an easy, agreeable, and scientific method of being swindled, fleeced, and robbed by a crowd of quacks and thieves and cut-throats who ought to be in jail! *Offers! — Bah!*)

Muttering angrily, Old Man Rivers crumpled the offending letter into a wadded ball and threw it on the floor. It was all the same nowadays! There was some sort of trick to everything! Everywhere you turned, someone was out to do you! — Even — even Society — dining out — going to parties — had turned into a kind of — a kind of *Racket!* There weren't even any real friendships any more; everyone was trying to see what he could get out of you! Even when you got

invited out, you had to subscribe to something, give money to some damn fool organization, serve on committees, dance attendance on some visiting Irish popinjay, fill in at the last moment to make a *fourteenth* at dinner, be introduced as "Mr. Edward Rivers, the former editor of *Rodney's Magazine*." By George, he was getting good and sick of it! For — for two cents, he'd chuck the whole business, and go down to live on his farm in Pennsylvania! Most sensible life on earth, anyway! And the people down there in the country were *real* people — they had none of your fancy city ways, but they weren't all out to do you! You knew where you stood with them — by George you did!

8

THE old man picked up the *Times* with an impatient rattle. There was very little in those crisp soberly packed columns to console him. Strikes — strikes — strikes; picketing and riots; hunger lines; and sixteen millions out of work! Confound it, what were we coming to anyway? Banks closing everywhere, banks being closed forever, banks being partially reopened, thousands of depositors losing all their savings, the President and his counselors pleading with the people for calmness, steadiness, faith, and prophets of gloom direly predicting even worse times to come — total collapse — revolution perhaps — communism; armies, armaments, and marching men, threats of war everywhere; the whole world a snarl of passion, hate, and error — confusion everywhere, bewilderment, a new time, a new age, with nothing fixed or certain — nothing he could understand; the Stock Market in a state of bankruptcy — (Mr. Rivers surveyed the shattered columns of the stock reports, and groaned; another three point drop in a stock which he had bought at 87, and which was now 12 and a fraction) — nothing but trouble, ruin, and damnation everywhere —

"Oh, Ned! Ned!" — At the sound of the sly voice at his shoulder, Mr. Rivers looked up sharply, startled and bewildered: —

"Hey? . . . What? . . . Oh, hello, Joe. I didn't see you."

Joe Paget bent a little lower over Old Man Rivers' shoulder, and before he spoke looked slyly round with eyes blood-shot, injected from the liquefactions of the night before: —

"Ned," he whispered and nudged the old man with a slyly prodding thumb — "Did you see it? Did you read it?"

"Hey?" said Mr. Rivers, still bewildered. "What's that, Joe? Read what?"

Joe Paget looked slyly round again before he answered. This was a sensual old man's face, high colored, with a thin, corrupted mouth, a face touched always by a sly and obscene humor, the whispering and impotent lecheries of an old worn-out rake.

"Did you read the story about Parsons?" Joe Paget asked in a low tone.

"Who? What? — *Parsons*? No — what about him?" Mr. Rivers said, in a startled tone.

Joe Paget glanced furtively around again; his red face suffused to purple, his red eyes blurred, low laughter struggled in his throat, his shoulders heaved: —

"He's being sued for breach of promise," said Joe Paget — by an actress: she claims they've been sharing the same apartment since October — has all the letters to prove it. She's suing for a hundred thousand."

"No!" wheezed Mr. Rivers, frankly stupefied. "You don't mean it!" After a moment, however, he wagged his head with energetic decision, and said: "Well, now, we mustn't be too hasty! We mustn't make up our minds too fast! I'm going to wait until I hear what Parsons has to say before I make up mine. That kind of woman will try anything. The woods are full of 'em nowadays: — they're just out to fleece anyone they can — they won't stop at blackmail, slander, lies, or anything! By George, if I were a judge, I'd be inclined to treat 'em pretty rough! — For all we know, the woman may be some kind of — of — adventuress, who met Parsons somewhere and — and — why, the whole thing may be nothing but a frame-up! That's just what I think it *is*!"

"Well," said Joe Paget in a low voice, looking slyly around again, before he spoke — "maybe. I don't know — only the papers say she's got a great stack of his letters and — " the lecherous old rake glanced carefully around again, lowered his voice to a confiding whisper, and slyly nudged Old Man Rivers as he spoke — "You know, he's not been round the club much for the past six months — none of the fellows have seen much of him and — " Joe Paget again glanced slyly round, and dropped his voice — "during the past week he hasn't been here at all —"

"No!" said Mr. Rivers, astounded.

"Yes," Joe Paget whispered, and glanced round again — "and for the last three days he hasn't even showed up at the office. No one knows where he is. So, you see —"

His voice trailed off, he glanced craftily around again, but the suggestion of lecherous and smothered glee in his lewd old face and thin corrupted mouth was now unmistakable.

"Well, now — " began Old Man Rivers uncertainly, and cleared his throat — "We musn't be too —"

"I know," Joe Paget said in a low tone and looked around — "but still, Ned —"

Mr. Rivers fingered his goatly whiskers reflectively, and in a moment looked slyly around at Joe Paget. And Joe Paget looked slyly back at Old Man Rivers. For a moment their sly glances met and crossed and spoke — the old lecher and the aged goat — they looked quickly away again, then back, with sly communication at each other. A faint sly grin was now faintly printed round the mouth of Old Man Rivers, something low and guttural rattled in Joe Paget's throat, his florid face suffused to purple, he looked around him carefully, and then bent lower, shaking with repressed but obscene mirth: —

"But, Christ!" he chortled — "I have to laugh when I think of the look on J.T.'s face when he sees it!" He looked slyly round again, then with suffusing face:

"And Parsons! What do you suppose he feels like! — coming into the office every day to finish up that work he's been doing on the Acts of the Apostles — " Joe Paget gasped.

" — And tearing off a little now and then Between the Acts — " wheezed Mr. Rivers.

"You'd better say, Between the Actress, hadn't you?" Joe Paget choked, and nudged his copesmate with lewd fingers.

"God!" wheezed Mr. Rivers, in a high choked gasp and put his napkin to his streaming eyes.

" — But that's a good one, 'y God, it is!"

"Writing those little Sunday school books of his about Faith, Hope, and Charity — "

"And finding out, by God, there's damned little charity," gasped Mr. Rivers.

"He got out one," Joe Paget choked, "called 'All Is Not Gold That Glitters'" —

"Whew!" wheezed Mr. Rivers, wiping at his streaming eyes, and "Whee!" moaned Joseph Paget softly, and glanced about him with injected and lewd-crafty eyes.

So did these two old men, the lecher and the goat, wheeze and chortle with lewd ruminations in the shining morning of young May. Old bald gray heads of other dotards turned towards them be-puzzled, frowned. Behind the cover of respectful fingers waiters smiled.

9

PROMPTLY at nine-twenty, as had been his custom on every working day for twenty years, Mr. Rivers departed briskly from the Club, turned round the corner into Fifth Avenue, and directed his morning footsteps towards the office of James Rodney & Co.

As usual, he had some genial wheeze of greeting for everyone: the door-man, and the call-boys; club members; the policeman directing traffic at the corner, the elevator men at Rodney's, the office boy on the fifth floor, where he got out, and where he had his office, Miss Dorgan, the stenographer, Fox, Pounders, old James, Tom T. Toms — anyone who came within the range of his amiable and wheezing observation. All went well — or almost all — this morning along that well-known and often-traveled route; the old man received and bestowed greetings everywhere — in the course of twenty years his eccentrically distinguished person had become familiar to a great many people, even in the thronging traffic of the city's life. At an intersection, however, something occurred to break the genial tenor of his morning's journey: just as the old man had started to cross over to the other side of the street, where Rodney's was situated, a taxi, swiftly driven, shot around to turn the corner, and almost clipped him. Mr. Rivers halted with a startled yell, the taxi halted with wheels sharply cut, and screaming brakes. For a moment, the genial appearance of the old man's temper was swallowed utterly in the swelling distemper of an old man's rage — blind, swift, sudden, frightened, and malevolent: one clenched and knotted old fist shot out, he shook it menacingly in the taxi-

driver's face, and yelled out in a voice that could be heard a block: —

"You God-damn scoundrel, you! I'll have you put in jail, that's what I'll do."

To which the taxi-driver, young, hard, swarthy, and unmoved, made answer: "O.K., Toots. Whatever you say!"

Mr. Rivers then went his way muttering; before he reached the other side, however, he turned again, and yelled a final denunciation: "You're a menace to the public safety, that's what you are! They've got no business giving fellows like you a license!"

He was still muttering angrily about it when he entered the elevator at Rodney's; he responded curtly to the greeting of the elevator man, got out at the fifth floor and entered his office without speaking to anyone.

By ten o'clock, however, he had forgotten it. The usual assortment of morning letters absorbed his attention — the useless letters from useless old people who knew him, or who knew useless old people who knew him. Some were letters of introduction from useless old people introducing other useless old people who had a useless old manuscript that they wanted to get published. Others were just letters from useless old people sending along the useless old manuscripts which they themselves had written.

The business of reading these letters, of answering them, of examining all the useless old manuscripts gave Old Man Rivers a glow of pleasure, an agreeable feeling of importance. It was somehow very satisfying to be so eagerly sought and solicited by so many well-placed and important people; to have his opinion eagerly solicited by the widow of a defunct ambassador for the manuscript, "Memoirs of An Ambassador's Wife" — By George, that ought to get published! People were getting tired of all this stuff about gangsters, and prize-fighters, and bull-fighters, and street-fighters, and booze-fighters — they were getting tired of all this sex and profanity, and vulgarity, and filth — they'd like to read about Nice People for a change. Well, here it was, then, the very thing, all about the court-life and the diplomatic life of Vienna in the days before the War, all kinds of interesting anecdotes about famous people — Franz Joseph, the Empress, their children, the great statesmen, the foreign ambassadors — and written by a woman who knows what she's talking about, related to the Stuyvesant family, and more at home in Europe than she is in America, by George! . . . Why wouldn't people want to read a book like that? — written by a *real* lady, and with nothing in it that's likely to offend the feelings of other people of good taste and breeding.

Or, here now: — here was something that looked promising. This manuscript that came in just this morning, highly recommended too by Mrs. William Poindexter Van Loan: — says the author is her brother-in-law, been all over the world, has been a sportsman, yachtsman, big-game hunter, had a racing stable, was a member of the diplomatic service, and is the eldest son of the late Henry C. Gipp, the oil man. "Adventures of an Amateur Explorer" by Henry C. Gipp, Jr., — by

George, it sounded as if there might be something in the thing; it looked Promising, and he was going to look into it right away.

Mr. Rivers' method of "looking into" something which he considered Promising was simple and direct. He had followed it for twenty years or more while he was Editor of *Rodney's Magazine*, and he was faithful to it yet. First of all, when he had received a manuscript which sounded Promising, which came to him with the warmest recommendations of people of undoubted standing, and the highest Social Position, Mr. Rivers immediately looked up the author of the manuscript in the *Social Register*. If the author of the manuscript was in the *Social Register*, Mr. Rivers was very considerably impressed. Nay, it would be more accurate to say that Mr. Rivers was now weighed down by a feeling of grave and solemn responsibility; the light of serious and concerned reflection would deepen in his eyes, it was evident that a matter of some moment had presented itself, and that all his most mature and serious powers of critical appraisal would be called into use, if he was to arrive at a fair judgment.

10

THE second step of Mr. Rivers' critical technique was marked by the same clarity of purpose, the same cold and surgical directness. Having looked up the author of the Promising manuscript in the *Social Register* and found, just as he had suspected all the time, that he was *there*, — Mr. Rivers then turned his eagle-eyed pursuit to an investigation of the bulkier, but no less enlightening, pages of *Who's Who*. And if he found him here, name, birth, age, parentage, denomination, university, degrees, honors, offices, publications, clubs, all padded out to very imposing proportions (Mr. Rivers always *measured* when he used *Who's Who*), then, by George, that just about clinched the matter as far as *he* was concerned: his vote was *for* it.

Well, then — "Adventures of An Amateur Explorer," by Henry C. Gipp, Jr. — Mr. Rivers thumbed rapidly, and with a practiced thumb, through the chaste pages of the *Social Register*: — Yes, sir! just as he thought, — of course, anyone who was the brother-in-law of Mrs. William Poindexter Van Loan, would be *in* — together with his wife — his first *three* wives, that is (M. 1st (1905) Ellen Aster De Kaye (see also Mrs. Charles Lamson Turner, Mrs. H. Tracy Spencer); m. 2nd (1913) Margaret Ferris Stokes (see also Mrs. F. Mortimer Payne, Mrs. H. Tracy Spencer (1st), the Princess Pinchabelli; and 3rd (1922) Mabel Dodson Sprague (see also the Princess Pinchabelli (2nd), together with all his children by all three marriages — no, wait a minute; his third wife's children by her second marriage, his first wife's children by her third marriage; his second wife's children by her — well, anyway, here it was, a little confusing, perhaps, but all there, a whole page of them! —

— And — almost with trembling haste, with darkling apprehension, Mr. Rivers now approached and rapidly thumbed through the bulky pages of *Who's Who* — Now,

let him see: Gibbs — Gibson — Gifford — Gilchrist — Gilroy — Gimble — Gipp! — Ah, *there* he was — and, by George, a good stick, too (Mr. Rivers measured with an expert finger) — three good inches at the least! . . . Yes, sir! — let's see now . . . son of the late Henry C. and Ethel Pratt. . . . St. Paul's and Harvard — hm! . . . Knickerbocker, Union, Racquet, New York Yacht, and Essex County Hunt (better and better). . . . And, yes, an author, too: "Adventures of An Amateur Angler" (1908); "Adventures of An Amateur Mountaineer" (1911); "Adventures of An Amateur Yachtsman" (1913); "Further Adventures of An Amateur Yachtsman" (1924); "Adventures of An Amateur Geologist" (1927).

By George! This looked like something! Breathing heavily, Mr. Rivers got up, picked up the manuscript with trembling fingers, and started down the long aisle that led from his own office at the back of the building to the office of Fox, in the front.

"Now, Edwards," Mr. Rivers began without preliminary in his high foggy voice as he entered Foxhall Edwards' office, "it looks to me we've got something here worth looking into — fellow comes to me with the highest recommendations, brother-in-law of Mrs. William Poindexter Van Loan, son of the late Henry Gipp, the big oil man — and all that — looked him up in the *Social Register* myself," wheezed Mr. Rivers — "and yes! — been all over the world she says — big-game hunter, yachtsman, mountain climber, used to row on the crew at Harvard — "

Fox, who had been standing at the window, hat jammed down about his ears, and hands hanging to his coat lapels, as he looked down with sea-pale, lonely, and abstracted eyes at the swirling tides of life and traffic in Fifth Avenue, five floors below, now turned slowly, stared at Old Man Rivers with a bewildered expression, and finally, in a low, deaf, puzzled tone, said slowly: —

"Wha-a-t?" Seeing the manuscript in Old Man Rivers' hand, Fox said slowly, in a tone of quiet resignation: "Oh-h!" — then turned back sadly to his lonely, sea-pale contemplation of the street again.

"Yes," wheezed Mr. Rivers foggily, in a tone indicative of considerable excitement — " — says he's been everywhere, all over the world, done everything, says he's really a very remarkable kind of fellow — "

"Wha-a-t?" says Fox, turning slowly, in a slow, deaf, bewildered tone again — "Who-o-o?"

"Why — this — this — this Gipp fellow, Mrs. Van Loan, I mean — no! Her brother-in-law — the one who wrote this thing here," Mr. Rivers wheezed excitedly (Confound that fellow, Mr. Rivers thought impatiently, you never know how to talk to him. You tell him all about something — something important like this — and his mind's a thousand miles away from you all the time. He just looks out the window and doesn't hear a word you say) — "but I've gone into the whole matter carefully," wheezed Mr. Rivers, " — and the way it looks to me, Edwards, we've got something here that we ought to consider very carefully. I've looked up his whole record — he's written a half-dozen books — Adventures, you know, in one thing or another and," Mr.

Rivers wheezed triumphantly, "— *he's got that much in Who's Who!*" — as he uttered these words, Mr. Rivers made a descriptive gesture with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, to indicate that "that much" meant at least three or four inches.

For a moment Fox looked at him with an expression of blank astonishment. Still hanging to his coat lapels, he bent, craned his neck, and peered at Mr. Rivers' thumb and forefinger with a look of utter stupefaction.

"I say," screamed Mr. Rivers, at the foggy apex of his voice — "*he's — got — that — much — in — Who's Who!*" (God-damn it, he thought, what's wrong with the fellow anyway? Can't he understand a word you say to him?)

"Oh-h," said Fox slowly. Slowly, and with an effort, his soul swam upwards from sea-sunken depths. "All right, I'll look at it," he said.

"Well, now," Mr. Rivers wheezed, a little mollified, and shaking his head with vigorous emphasis — "that's what I think, now! I think we've got something here we ought to look into."

11

WITH these words Mr. Rivers departed, going down the aisle past clicking typewriters, past Fred Busch busy with his telephone, past the two partitioned libraries, past the little reception vestibule where the office boy, a stenographer, and several hopeful-hoping authors were waiting to see Fox, Dick, Fred Busch, George Hauser, or someone else about their manuscripts, and so back into his own little dark, partitioned cubby-hole of an office. As he went, Old Man Rivers wagged his whiskers vigorously and muttered to himself. By George, now, he hoped they'd wake up around this place, and take advantage of their opportunities! They'd turned down everything else he'd ever brought them, but he hoped they'd wake up and *do* something this time, before they lost this fellow, too. That fellow Edwards, now, might be all right in a *literary sort of way*, but he didn't seem to have any enterprise — to — to — to show any practical judgment. Here he'd brought him people time and again — well-known people with long write-ups in *Who's Who* and he'd just let them slip right through his fingers. What was the good of calling yourself an editor, anyway, if you were just going to look out the window all day long and let someone else snap up all the good people you could have had yourself. Sometimes it looked as if some of these young fellows nowadays were fifty years behind the times. It almost looked as if it took the old war-horse to show 'em!

Old Man Rivers had got back to his office by this time. He went in, sat down at his desk, tilted back in his swivel chair for a moment, and with his veinous old hands resting on the armrests, stared reflectively for a moment at his desk. He felt tired, exhausted by his effort, by the excitement of his latest discovery, by his efforts to persuade and impress Edwards. Also he felt a little lonely. He looked at his watch. It was only eleven-thirty in the morning — still too early to go to lunch — and

he had finished all he had to do. He had answered all the letters that he had to answer: the neatly typed replies lay in a clean sheaf before him. All he had to do was sign them, and Miss Dorgan would do the rest. So what to do? — how to kill the time? — how to look busy between now and lunch? And after lunch? He could spend three hours comfortably at lunch — from twelve to three with some of his cronies at the University Club: a good meal, good drinks, brandy, and a good cigar. But, then, the rest of the afternoon, from three to five, stretched out before him. He ought to come back to his office if only for the sake of keeping up appearances, but what was there to do? To sit there in that office staring at the fresh green blotter on his tidy desk — the prospect left him desolate.

He straightened with a jerk, dropped pen in ink-well, and began to sign the letters. When he had finished he wheezed out: "Oh, Miss Dorgan."

"Yes, Mr. Rivers?" — she came at once, a pleasant, red-cheeked, friendly looking girl, who had her typist's desk outside his office.

"Now, these letters here," he wheezed and waved toward them — "they're all signed and ready to be mailed. So you can take them when you're ready."

"Yes, Mr. Rivers. And will that be all?"

"Well, now," he wheezed "— was that all the mail there was?"

"Yes, that was all, Mr. Rivers."

"Well, then," he said, "I guess that's all, then, for the present. . . . There's no one waiting out there to see me?" he demanded, with a flare of hope.

"No, Mr. Rivers. There's been no one today."

"Well, then," he mumbled, "I guess that's all then for the present. . . . Oh, I don't suppose there was any more mail?" — hopefully.

"I don't *think* so, Mr. Rivers. If you'll just wait a moment I'll see if anything came in the second delivery."

"Well, now," the old man mumbled, "maybe you'd better do that."

She left him, and in a moment returned with a single letter. Mr. Rivers snatched it almost greedily.

"This just came, Mr. Rivers." She hesitated a little, "Do you think it's anything that needs to be tended to right away? It — it looks as if it might be an advertising folder."

"Well now, I don't know," said Mr. Rivers, and shook his head dubiously. "You can't tell about these things — you never know what's in 'em. For all I know, it might be something important, something I ought to attend to right away —"

Meanwhile, he was examining the envelope with palsied hands: suddenly the inscription *Who's Who In America* caught his weary eyes, and fixed them with the sudden spark of interest —

"By George, yes," Mr. Rivers wheezed, and began to run a trembling finger underneath the flap — "Just as I thought — this looks as if it might be something that I ought to attend to right away."

"Then you'll call me if you need me?" said Miss Dorgan.

Mr. Rivers wagged his goatish head with solemn affirmation:—

"You go right on out there and sit down," he kindly wheezed — "If it's something that we've got to do, why — " solemnly he wagged his goatish head again — "I'll let you know."

12

LEFT alone, Mr. Rivers opened the letter and observed the contents. A brief note informed him that a proof of his biography, as recorded in the last edition of *Who's Who*, was enclosed, and requested him to make any necessary changes or additions, and return the proof for the forthcoming edition as soon as possible.

This *was* something! It just went to show that a fellow never could be too careful — something important that ought to be attended to right away, might turn up at any moment! Well, he'd just look into this right now, and see what needed to be done.

Mr. Rivers adjusted his spectacles and began to read the proof of his biography — two-thirds of a column of fine dense type. As he went on, the last traces of weariness, boredom, and dejection vanished. The old man's eyes began to sparkle, his cheeks flushed with a glow of ruddy color, he had begun to read with an air of editorial alertness, but this shortly vanished, was supplanted almost instantly by a look of growing fascination, the rapt absorption of the artist enchanted by the contemplation of his own creation.

By George, this *was* something now! When a fellow was feeling blue or depressed, all he had to do was take a look at *this*! There he *was*, in black and white, the sum of him, the record of him, the dense chronicle of his accomplishment! And if he did say so himself, it was pretty good! Pretty good for the son of a country doctor! Why (Old Man Rivers thumbed rapidly through the pages of *Who's Who* before him on the desk —) — there weren't over a half-dozen fellows in the whole book who had as *much* as he had (Barr — Barrett — Burroughs — Butler) — Nick Butler, now, *he* had more, of course, all of those learned societies and honors he had received abroad, and things he belonged to in France and England, they ran the score up, but there weren't many like that. And having satisfied himself that this was true, Mr. Rivers returned to a contemplation of his *own* score, which ran as follows:—

Rivers, Edward Schroeder; Publicist and Editor. B. Hamburg Falls, Pa., May 2, 1857, s. of the late Dr. Joseph C. and Augusta (Schroeder) R. Ed. at public schools and at the Lawrenceville Academy, A.B. Princeton University, 1879; Student at Heidelberg and the University of Berlin, 1879–1880. Associated with publishing house of James Rodney & Co. since 1881. Unmarried. Presbyt'n. Associate Editor Rodney's Magazine 1886–1902; Editor-in-Chief Rodney's Magazine, 1902–1930; Advisory Editor James Rodney & Co. since 1930.

Member following societies, organizations, honorary fellowships and institutions: Sons of The American Revolution;

Sons and Daughters of the Tribe of Pocahontas; National Affiliation of Colonial Families (Regional Sec. 1919–1924); Children of William Penn; and President Hamburg Falls Historical Ass'n (since 1894).

Also, Friends of The Pilgrim Fathers; International Union of the Society of Hands Across the Sea; the English Speaking Union; National Association of Descendants of the Early Huguenots; National Association of the Friends of Lafayette; The Steuben Society; National Preparedness Guild; American League Against War and Fascism; Society of The Friends of The American Constitution; also Friends of the Russian People; Friends of Poland; Friends of Norway; Spanish-American Fellowship for the Promotion of Friendly Relations Between the Republics of the North and South American Continents; American Liberty League; Civic Liberties Union; and Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Also, Member International Writers Guild For The Promotion of An International Point of View Among the Writers of All Nations (Founder, and Honorary President since 1913); the International Society For the Dissemination of Good Manners and Standards of Culture; the League for Social Democracy; the League of National Magazine Editors (Affiliated with the International League of Magazine Editors); the League For the Promotion of Friendlier Relations Between Publishers and Authors; the League For the Control of a Wise and Wholesome Censorship; the National League for the Protection of National Ideals, Morals, and Standards of Purity; and the P.E.N. Club.

Also, author of the following books of verse, fiction, essays, travel, biography, autobiography, and criticism: A Yankee Pilgrim On the Rhine (1881); Eternal Values (1884); Literature and Morals (1885); Leadership and Letters (1888); Literature and The Good Life (1891); Rondels For Rita (1894); Maypoles For Margaret (1896); When Prue And I Were Young, Maggie (1897); A Sheaf of Sonnets (1898); A Bouquet of Ballads (1899); Lyrics For Louise (1900); Jed Stone's Conversion (1902); The Ordeal of Abner Ames (1904); Enid's Enigma (1905); Their Golden Wedding (1907); Mrs. Coke's Confession (1909); An Editor's Edifications (1910); Confessions of An Incomplete Angler (1911); My Sabine Farm (1913); Kinsmen Once and Brothers Yet (1914); France and Freedom (1915); Shall England Perish? (1916); The Hun and Hatred (1918); Friendship's Folly (1920); Ted and Tom: A Memoir (1922); and A Greybeard's Garland (1926).

Clubs: The Ivy, University, Princeton, Century, Players, Lotos, Coffee House, Dutch Treat, Collectors, Scriveners, Rod and Gun, Cuff and Link, Hound and Horn, and The Hamburg Falls (Pa.) Country.

Address: The University Club, New York City.

By George, now! This *was* something! Mr. Rivers leaned back in his swivel chair, and rocked gently back and forth for a moment, staring at the column of dense print before him with an air of profound and contemplative satisfaction. The weary, sad, dejected old man of a few minutes ago had been transformed. Gone was his dejection, vanished his boredom, flown away on wings of hope the last vestiges of self-doubt, loneliness, and

depression. When a fellow was feeling low — when he had doubts — when he wondered if the whole thing had been worth all the trouble, let him look at *that*! And let the others look at it, too. There he was, there was the whole story down in black and white, if they wanted to know who *he* was, what *he* had done, just let them look at that.

For a moment longer he rocked back and forth reflectively. Then clearing his throat, and raising his head, he wheezed out in a high and foggy tone: —

“Miss Dorgan.”

“Yes, Mr. Rivers.” Smiling, the girl appeared at once.

“Now,” Mr. Rivers wheezed, clearing his throat again — “ — Hem!” he wheezed, and rocked back and forth reflectively a moment “ — Well, now — ” he fumbled at the inside pocket of his coat with shaking fingers, took out the letter he had put there that morning, and again inspected it — “Well, now, Miss Dorgan,” Mr. Rivers said, “ — down there where it says ‘Clubs’ — do you see where I mean?” —

“Yes, Mr. Rivers.”

“Well, put in down there, member of the Editors and Authors Club — put down, ‘Charter Member’” —

“Yes, Mr. Rivers. But are you a member yet?”

“Well, now,” said Mr. Rivers, a trifle testily, “ — no! Not exactly! But I’m *going* to be — ” In response to the faintly amused question in the girl’s eyes, the old man wagged his head defensively, and said: “ — Well, now, I know I said I wasn’t going to join any more — and I’m

not — only this is something I’ve *got* to do! They said they wouldn’t feel right calling it an Editors and Authors Club unless they had me in there. — But that’s the last one: I’m through after this. But you put that in there, where it says ‘Clubs.’”

“Yes, Mr. Rivers, Member of the Editors and Authors Club.”

“ — Hem! Yes. . . . *Charter* member: don’t forget to put that in.”

“Yes, Mr. Rivers. Will that be all?”

“ — Hem! Yes, I think so! . . . Now, you’d better get that right off as soon as you can, Miss Dorgan,” he wheezed admonishingly. “They say the time is short, and for all we know we may hold up the whole edition if we’re late.”

“Yes, Mr. Rivers. I’ll mail it right away.”

When she had gone, the old man rocked back and forth a moment longer. There was a little smile of pleased reflection round his mouth. It was funny what a thing like that could do. It made him feel good, set him right up! Here he’d been down in the dumps just half an hour ago, with no interest in anything — and now! — Mr. Rivers looked at his watch and jumped up briskly. It was twelve o’clock. He’d go to the Club, get Tom to fix him an Old Fashioned, and order a whacking good lunch. He felt in the mood for it, by George he did!

The Old Man picked up his hat and left the office. A moment later he was in the street, walking briskly along among the thronging crowds, in the direction of the Club.

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS AT PEACE

by JOHN PUDNEY

For this much spared:
For hands and hearts and eyes
Whose whole accord is shared
In homely ties:

For this much spent
In loving and in giving:
For innocent content
With innocent living:

Let us attend
The heart’s shrine, holy manger:
In gratitude extend
Love to a stranger.

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

"Everything is quite perfect," I said to the waitress, "but this coffee does seem to me weak." We were breakfasting on a terrace outside the rambling white lodge, or main building, just above the high-water mark on a Florida beach. The December sunshine was genial and so was the little waitress in her gay flowered uniform and starched cap.

"I am sorry you did not speak of it before," the waitress said. "We always have three kinds of coffee. I'll bring you the strong coffee after this."

It was at that point, our second breakfast, that I realized suddenly the good fortune which had brought us, on the casual advice of a friend, to this particular place. It took the whole two weeks of our stay to acquaint me with how good the place really was and why it was so.

For a Northerner who wants to follow the sun, a short winter vacation is something of a gamble. The travel itself uses up time and money. Every day must be made to count. There is no margin for correction or experiment. The main investment is in weather, and cold or rain will spoil that. Prices, with fair allowance for seasonal values, must be decent; better to stay home than find every charge a battle for your pocketbook and your self-respect as well. Finally, the traveler needs assurance that he will have privacy or pleasant company when he wants it, and not be lodged next door to an all-night radio or a champagne party.

To schedule a Florida trip for the Christmas holidays instead of later on at the peak of the season is a wise choice, I believe, in point of weather and prices. To hit upon the right place is chancier. I ought not to name the place where we stayed, for it is undoubtedly full up for this year and next — a semi-private club, accommodating about 150, hidden away on a long, otherwise vacant beach about midway between Miami and Palm Beach.

The pastimes at the Dalesboro Club — call it that — are conventional: game fishing in the Gulf

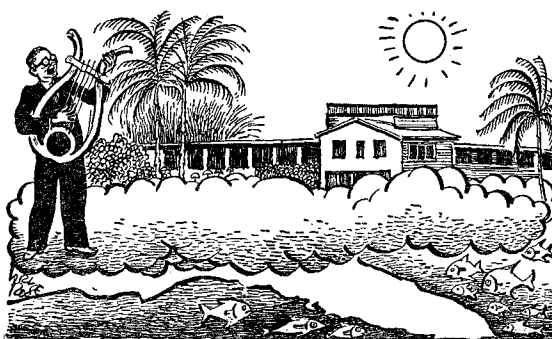
Stream about three miles offshore; an easygoing beach life (water about 75 degrees); incredibly fine tennis courts (usable a half hour after the one thunderstorm of our fortnight); movies at night, but most of us turned in early. These are commonplace attractions, certainly, and one could match them elsewhere. But I have never seen at home or abroad anything to equal the hospitality, the good feeling, and the managerial skill and subtlety with which the Dalesboro Club was run.

I cannot help mentioning a few of the fine points of hotelkeeping which we enjoyed there. I shall not report the prices we paid, since, like the price of everything else, they must have gone up. The basic charge for two rooms and a bath, American plan, was less than even second-category hotels were charging for rooms European plan. The food was

perfection, the service on every occasion incredibly quick and agreeable. None of us ever signed a chit for anything, and there were no "mistakes," no surprises on the bills.

The Club had no bar, served no liquor. "We can get you anything you want in town," the desk clerk explained. "We send down every hour. Of course we serve fruit juice or setups if you wish to have drinks in your rooms. Is there anything you would like from town?" I ordered some magazines, bourbon, and an evening paper, and I found them all on my table an hour later. No bar equals no hard drinking equals no hubbub.

The next morning, I inquired about the fishing. The cost of a boat for a half day was precisely half the charge for a full day — by no means the normal Florida rate. "I suggest that you try it out for a half day," said the clerk. "If the fishing is good, you can get all you want in three or four hours. If the fish aren't there, you probably won't do any better by staying out all day." If I wished to split the cost with another guest, that could be arranged, the clerk told me. Result: excellent company,



negligible costs for the best game fishing on the Atlantic coast — an immaculate thirty-foot cruiser, captain and mate, everything supplied. The guests simply announced when they wanted to fish; a car was waiting to take them up to the inlet; the boat was ready to cast off the moment they got there.

There were a dozen or two children at Dalesboro, and our small daughter was offered games, beach parties, and early evening dances under the guidance of a wonderfully adept hostess. "It's like summer camp, only more fun," was her finding.

I had always counted picnics as a laborious and uncomfortable way of taking a meal and I was saddened to hear that Dalesboro served its Thursday night dinner as a beach picnic. I should have realized by that time that Dalesboro knew better than I how to make me happy. The "picnic" was set up as a circle of comfortable chairs surrounding a vast bed of glowing charcoal. It began with a lavish cold buffet — hors d'oeuvres, towering rib roasts of beef, legs of lamb, ham, turkey, and various salads. At the bed of coals, a chef was turning at intervals a grille about three feet square. He kept looking at something in his hand and I asked him about it.

"Just a stop watch," he answered. "Thirty seconds on each side and then a minute on each side."

All the bread at Dalesboro was baked daily in its kitchens, and the homemade buns looked very attractive indeed. I informed my family that fine hamburgers were coming. Wrong again. The "hamburgers" were thick slices of beef tenderloin. I accounted for three, as did even the most elderly of the "picnic" guests. "Those sandwiches cost me 95 cents each," the proprietor told me later, "but they are so much better than people expect them to be that I enjoy serving them."

The "club" aspect of Dalesboro involves a ten-dollar membership fee, a legal device by which the proprietor can refuse or eject the obstreperous. He had just turned away an expensive caravan, the clerk told me, when it began to unload hampers of wine to be served in the dining room. The visitors finally offered to forgo it, but the proprietor, for his part, decided to forgo them.

I tried to express to him, when we left, what I thought of the place. All I could say was, "If you charged three times as much, and if I could afford it, I should count it a bargain." C. W. M.

Author and naturalist, ALAN DEVOE has contributed to the *Atlantic* and other magazines.

THE SPEAKABLE CAD

by ALAN DEVOE

MY STORY began to take shape about a week ago. It has been my haunting companion ever since. I am beginning to wonder whether I shall ever be able to get rid of the thing while I continue my profession of writing; or whether it will be necessary for me to switch jobs for a while and take some sort of hearty open-air work, like laying railway ties.

It all started when I saw a newspaper reference to the construction in Russia, or the Balkans, or somewhere, of an "impregnable fortress." I suppose I have been seeing the words "impregnable fortress" at least once a week ever since I can remember. But this time it suddenly crossed my mind that it would be a great and glorious day for journalism if only some day, somewhere, some writer would make a reference to a *pregnable* fortress.

That did it. In the eye of the mind, I could see the pregnable fortress rising before me. I went about with the vision of it all day, pictur-

ing now this pregnable detail and now that one. By evening, I had decided what kind of roof a pregnable fortress would have. The roof, of course, would be pervious.

You begin to see the deadly fascination of the thing? Our English language contains a great horde of words which exist (or at least exist popularly) only in negative form. In that fatal moment when the vision of the pregnable fortress swam into my skull — that fortress with a roof not only pervious but also undoubtedly maculate — I was a lost man.

Every time I used a negative word in a serious manuscript, I instantly now saw it with its prefix gone, and there was created a new detail for the idiotic story of the Pregnable Fortress.

How well — how horribly, horribly well! — I have come to know my story's *mise-en-scène*. The grounds of the pregnable fortress, though large, cannot properly be called immense. They are mense. And the owner of the fortress has not suffered his place to become unkempt. These mense grounds of his, as I see them, are kempt. His servants keep them that way by attending to them terminably.

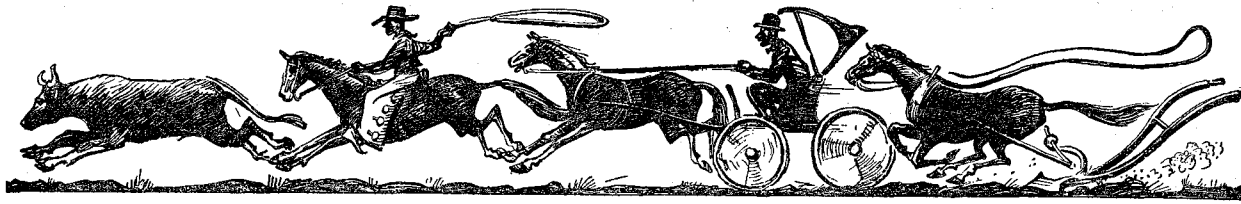
In the pregnable fortress lives an unpleasant man. Other authors



by DAVID BROCK

Will have worse things above it than below!

The distinction does not confer social acceptance,



by the Thoroughbreds, for instance. That is some distance away, probably more than a quarter of a mile. For one thing, the bounder has no bottom upon which all Thoroughbred virtue rests. Some look upon him as an inferior Thoroughbred, bearing the bar sinister, the result of promiscuity with the lower cases. They are polite about it but at times one may hear distinctly the word "bastard." This is apart from those who hint that the quarter horse is so called because he is one quarter horse. England is even more sensitive to *mésalliances*, and because of a doubtful female in his line, the great Thoroughbred Man o' War is regarded as a half-bred and excluded from the *British General Stud Book*.

The quarter horse comes into high society with a strong peasant quality: a bulging jaw, heavily muscled forequarters, short, thick legs, and a posterior broad and heavy. Bob Denhardt, co-author with Helen Michaelis of *The Quarter Horse*, says, and he speaks as a friend: "His neck often comes out on too straight an angle and it tends to be too thick and short. His head is often a trifle coarse. His stance, particularly on his hind legs, is not all that could be desired, and often the shape and length of his pasterns could be improved. There is also a tendency toward mutton withers and a back that slopes to the front." It should not have taken so long to recognize him. Buckskin Joe, a prince of the blood, for whom Morris S. Clark of Sheridan, Wyoming, paid \$25,000, is dun-colored with black mane and tail, zebra stripes around his legs, and a stripe down his back. The thing that decided Mr. Clark was that Buckskin Joe, like John (the Old Judge) Lowell, is prepotent and transmits his characteristics to his get. Eventually, this should facilitate general recognition.

Nevertheless, our subject prospers on the short track, in the rodeo, and on the range. He has instant speed from a flat-footed start, made possible by powerful hindquarters and a low center of gravity. In competition with the conventional horse, the quick start is worth up to one second or 60 feet. Jockey Johnny Orosco first rode the quarter horse, then the Thoroughbred, returned to the short horse for a season and had to learn over. Said Johnny, "My first horse jumped out from under me." In working with cattle, the quarter horse stops and turns as he starts, and an inattentive rider may leave any time for points east, north, west, or south.

Quarter horse Bob Wade ran the quarter in 21½ seconds at Butte, Montana, August 20, 1890. The new American Quarter Racing Association (Mel-

ville H. Haskell, president, Tucson, Arizona) throws this out, on the ground that the horse had an open or flying start. The Association record is 22.3 seconds by Hepler Brothers' Shue Fly, carrying 124 pounds, and by the King ranch Woven Web (TB mare), carrying 111 pounds. Woven Web defeated Shue Fly this year at Del Rio, Texas, both carrying the same weight, but quarter horse ranks were not dismayed. Shue Fly was ten years old and Woven Web, they say, is an exception with good quarter horse conformation and performance.

In a big 350-yard race late in the summer of 1947 won by Mae West, the fourth and last was Woven Web. Further, the association has what amounts to a hall of fame, to enter which a horse must accomplish one or more of the following: 220 yards, 12.5 seconds; 300 yards, 16.3 seconds; 330 yards, 17.6 seconds; 350 yards, 18.6 seconds; 440 yards, 22.9 seconds on a fast track. One hundred and three horses have qualified, of whom the Thoroughbreds number seven. Forty-four horses have qualified for the quarter mile and the Thoroughbreds, after Woven Web, stand eleventh, twenty-ninth, thirty-third, thirty-fifth, and one not ranked but who qualified in 22.8 seconds.

The most recent quarter horse-Thoroughbred argument was at Hollywood Park track, near Los Angeles, California, August 4, 1947. In a quarter-mile standing-start race, for \$100,000, Barbara B., quarter horse owned by Roy Gill, defeated Fair Truckle, Thoroughbred from a stable of Charles S. Howard, owner of the late Seabiscuit. Her time was 22.5 seconds, which is .1 second slower than her record.

For sport, the quarter horse comes high. Racing animals have sold lately at \$15,000. Rodeo horses start at \$750 and the late Clyde Burke paid \$2500 to Ike Rude for Baldy. Bob Crosby had a pair for which he refused \$10,000 though neither is as good as Mac, the bay on which Crosby won the world's bulldogging and steer and calf roping championships. A useful ranch horse brings \$100 to \$200 from cowboys who once paid \$40 for a mustang. It is here that the quarter horse has beaten the machine age itself, one utility horse who finds his place expanding. If a steer is to be headed off, the rancher does not want to run him half a mile. His business is putting on beef, not reducing exercises. Moreover, the quarter horse does not buck, and contrary to some notions, this docility is desirable. Another thing: he operates on low-grade forage, can work on grass alone.

No transplant is the quarter horse, but 100 per cent American who has come up the hard way. The Virginia settlers conducted sprint races using ponies that had come from Spaniards in Florida. They imported Arabian stallions from England, crossed them with the Spanish ponies, and originated the quarter horse. This animal would plow the fields on weekdays and race on Sunday, and became known as the poor man's race horse. He was bred many years before the Thoroughbred and there were big quarter-mile races in Kentucky long before the Derby. He went west and southwest. Texas was especially hospitable.



A Methodist minister found his buggy horse could run. From then on he drove him to church on a Sunday morning and raced him in the afternoon. This horse was Methodist Bull. A butcher took a horse from his delivery wagon, put him on the track, and cleaned up Texas and Mexico. Bob Wade came from a cart horse dam. A search began for quarter horse blood that was like digging for gold. An honest cart horse never knew when he would be interrupted in his toil and whisked away to the track.

Hazel Oatman Bowman in *The Quarter Horse* tells how Bill Moss found a sister of the famous Kingfisher in Austin, Texas, drawing the cart of a washerwoman. Mr. Moss followed the cart horse all over Austin but the owner would not sell or trade despite a large bonus. Where would she find another horse that would stand so quietly while she delivered the laundry?

In the days of unregulated racing, there was some dirty work at the crossroads. Mrs. Michaelis tells this story of Little Joe. A Mexican bought him for \$2000, bet all he had against him, and gave him poison just before a big race in Mexico City. There wasn't much time but Little Joe didn't need much. He won the race, broke the owner, and died.

The American Quarter Horse Association (Raymond Hollingsworth, secretary, Amarillo, Texas) was organized seven years ago to take over and do something for the animal which had done right well for itself under natural laws of selection. It is democratic, admits half-Thoroughbreds, and one per cent of its registration of 9700 has come in on performance, without pedigree. It is choosy about color and Old Paint; albinos and glass eyes never will join Buckskin Joe and his zebra markings.

The day of the prospector is not over. Though his family goes all the way back, Buckskin Joe himself was a discovery, a woolly colt full of wood ticks when Ramon Wood and Roy Brown of Wichita Falls, Texas, found him on Bus Whiteside's ranch at Sipe Springs and bought him for \$75. He was six years old when sold to Mr. Clark in 1945. Up to that time he had miscellaneous unions. Mr. Clark has bought such doubtful male colts as he can find, gelding them to protect the family. In his new environment, Joe

associates only with mares of the highest standing. Mr. Clark has learned that the buckskin forebear of his stallion came from somewhere in New Mexico and cost \$51.25 — the freight bill. He was owned by a Mexican who was said to have a considerable band of dun-colored Spanish horses. At the first opportunity, Mr. Clark is going there to look around.

HOLLYWOOD

GORDON KAHN is a frequent contributor, from Hollywood, to the *Atlantic*.

GREEN THUMB IN YOUR EYE

by GORDON KAHN

AFTER five years of banishment the Japanese gardeners have come back to California. Sprinkler jets again flash miniature rainbows in daily hydro-technic displays, healing scabrous patches of lawn to viridian and emerald. And throughout the Greater Los Angeles Co-prosperity Sphere there is afoot what our Mr. Furusaki calls a great "pranting" of "violets, phrox, and rirries."

The reoccident Mr. Furusaki comes three times a week — Monday, Wednesday, and Friday — just in time to nail me, soaped and silly in the shower without an ounce of pressure in the water pipes. He coasts up in a trim new one-ton truck freighted with the most modern gardening tackle and fathoms of plastic hose that is as limber as a shoelace.

Both man and equipment are a remarkable change from Mr. Kikimoto, who chuffed up in a spavined Model T, or Banzai cart as it was known, to scabble among the sneeze-weed of my compound before the war. I had always suspected that Kikimoto was playing a double game — that he was planning to add California to the shogunate whilst doodling with the saxifrage on my little savanna. On the last day of his service, I was certain of it. . . . I came to the screen door at his knock.

"I hope," he began, "you are not seriously alarmed. Your family is safe. You may berieve Mr. Upton Crose."

"This time I'll berieve Mr. von Kartenborn," I answered. "And there'll be no





more bottles of beer at this house for you, *Admiral Kikimoto!*"

Some of the bushido went out of him. He backed away three paces, bowing; then advanced three paces to collect his check. I saw him last taking off, wide open and under full flaps in the Model T, later designated as the Land Zero, the first

Japanese secret weapon. In this machine a simple maneuver, failing to signal a left turn, accounted for a staggering toll of civilian motor equipment.

The only memento I had of him was a decrepit rubber hose with tourniquets every few feet and not enough pressure to put out the fire on a crepe suzette. Later, in trying to coil it for the scrap collection it gave me no more trouble than a basket of cobras de capello.

In the arid years between Kikimoto and Furusaki, I would have been content to let plant life fight it out for survival just as the human family was doing. It was fascinating to watch the first tendrils of Johnson grass lance out at the delicate and doomed lucerne. Then, one evening, a month after Kikimoto's departure, I brought a mournful bulletin to my wife. "La Flamme," I said, "those posies of yours have shed their chlorophyll in the War to End Wars."

"You mean my Whispering Bells are dead?" She caught on quick.

"Yes. And your Farewell to Spring, Cream Cups, Baby Blue Eyes, and Miner's Lettuce have given up their whimsical little ghosts. You will receive a gold star from the Department of Agriculture."

It didn't end there. The women of my household had picked up some phrase about the "encroaching jungle" and drove me out to look for a gardener.

In five years, out of an estimated hundred that I had buttonholed, nine consented to accept employment at, naturally, unconscionable subsidies. They remained on the job anywhere from a week to three months. Altogether, the work they did could have been duplicated by an intelligent orang-outang with a water pistol and an oyster fork.

However princely Kikimoto's remittances were from the Yokohama Specie Bank, he seemed glad to accept \$9.25 every first and fifteenth of the month. The salary demanded by his successor, a Welshman, was \$40 a month, which broke down to \$5 for each of his eight monthly visits. Taffy's specialty was watering. He would fit a hose nozzle on a tripod, aim it anywhere, and for the balance of his visit sit in the shade with a Racing Form. In a few weeks he had turned the place into a scale model of the Everglades.

Leroy and Milton, two Negro botanists who came

next, worked as a team and let me off easy for \$45. They didn't hold with too much water. They held with no water at all. Instead they worked with a power spray and some chemical which smelled like cleaning fluid which they said was sure death to the red spider. I had never seen a red spider and inquired if their atomizer was effective also against the Black Widow.

"Black Widow," said Milton, "that's a bad bug."

"A biter," Leroy agreed solemnly. "The best way to deal with him —"

"Her, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Yes, sir," Leroy continued. "Got to crush him out."

Neither Milton nor Leroy could charge any offense against the red spider on whom they conducted gas warfare, except that he was always spinnin', spinnin', and spinnin'.

In the summer of 1944 the tribute for part-time gardeners went up to \$60 a month and there it remained for more than a year. Anybody with a minimum of equipment and not too muscle-bound to prod at some furze could net \$5 an hour or \$240 for a 48-hour week. This bonanza was evidently not juicy enough. When they were getting a mere \$40 a month per client they would turn down anybody whose garden was situated on a hillside. But at the peak period they were as haughty as black-market butchers.

While the householder was still on his knees they would snap at him, "How much are you willing to pay?"

"I can't go higher than a hundred and seventy-five a month," I told one of them to see how he would react. He twitched with avarice, yet he cocked his head and drawled, "Well — if your place ain't too far —"

"It's just around the corner. But I guess you're too busy." And off I drove.

Sometimes in the mind's ear I recall how he belled, "Hey, mister, wait! I'll take it!"

Of the nine wartime gardeners, Number Six happened to be on the job when I had the tree trouble. I'll never know what kind of tree it was, but if anybody then had told me it was a hemlock, I would have brewed an infusion of its bark and drunk deeply.

It started when a policeman, for lack of anything better to do, I am sure, hove up and pointed to the tree. "That'll have to go," he said.

"Why? Is it bothering anybody?"

"For the present, just me," he said. "Later on it'll bother people in cars by blocking off visibility on this curve."



"All right, I'm sold," I told him. "Have it chopped down any time you like."

"That's your job, mister. And I'm giving you a week to do it in."

I informed my gardener that we were harboring an illegal conifer and would he please bring an axe on his next visit so that we could make the fir fly.

"Brother," he said. "I ain't licensed for that kind of work. I'll bring the axe, but you'll swing it."

He was right in the matter of licensing. Not just anybody, not even the owner has the right to hack down a tree. The first certified woodsman I called said he would send a man around to check on the job and give me an estimate. The man came, measured the height and girth of the tree, and allowed as how this was one of the most firmly rooted junipers he'd ever seen. Yup, getting this baby out of the ground would come to a little expense.

"You'll make a pretty penny selling the wood. It could be worked up into useful and artistic objects of furniture," I said. "I'd only want a few stove lengths for whittling."

"You can have it all," he told me. "Every sliver. And the best price I can make you is a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"I'll take it," I said eagerly, whereupon he informed me with great clarity that I would have to pay him, and not the other way around.

The second expert called my tree an acacia and wanted \$120. The third and lowest bid, in writing, was \$95 for "removeing and hauling from premasiss one (1) cyprus."

In the fall of 1945 there was a rebellion under my own roof. The ultimatum was that unless I sold Tanglewild and moved somewhere else, I could spend the rest of my days there alone. There was more talk about the "encroaching jungle" and that it was impossible to move around in the yard for the cactus.

"The cactus," I explained, "is the philosopher of plants. It is important in the economy of our southern neighbor, Mexico. Entire regions subsist on its deciduous flesh, clothe themselves in its fibers, and it may be distilled into a potable beverage alcohol."

"All we need now is a cactus-whiskey still," they scolded. "You hear that howling? The gophers are tormenting the cat again."

Ten days later I acquired another *estancia*. Its former owner had been taking care of the herbage on it himself after a fashion. He had spent most of his gardening hours on the hedge which bordered the property and grew to a height of seven feet. It was a ragged and blooming ten feet when I found Julio, pronounced Hoolio, a sterling Mexican. He



consented to give me Tuesdays and Fridays and declined to discuss reparations until the day he brought up his rig to begin work. His fee was moderate and he seemed to enjoy himself. I kept the windows open so that on Tuesdays and Fridays he could enjoy a *matinata* of Mexican selections on the phonograph. Julio himself sang well, but as a gardener he was considerably less than efficient. I bought a step-ladder as a hint that he ought to cut the hedge, but he explained that climbing it made him dizzy and offered to hold it for me. He knew of only two flowers, the aster and the marigold.



Then, one day, Julio left us to return to his old job as section hand on the Southern Pacific. So, now we have the fine Mr. Kenjiro Furusaki, who is making two blades of timothy grow where only a stinkbush flourished. He has resurrected the night-blooming jasmine so that it reeks again like an explosion at the perfume counter of a dime store. There are Michaelmas daisies and two varieties of roses, the Mrs. Herbert Stevens and the Frau Karl Druschki, and flowers which require aspirin tablets after they are cut.

Mr. Furusaki suspects that I am not much interested in flowers. Had Tojo been as accurate, our children would now be wearing bangs and calling us Papa-san and Mama-san.

As for me, all I know about botany is that a mandrake is supposed to scream when you pull it out of the ground, unless, of course, you're wearing a fox-glove. And I'd still rather have a salami hanging in the pantry than a liverwort on the garden wall.

THE RHINOCEROS

by R. P. LISTER

I LOVE to wallow in the mud
That borders on the stream;
I love to lie and cool my blood
And meditate and dream.

Wrinkled and horny is my flesh,
Angry my eye and wild,
And yet my soul is smooth and fresh
Like that of any child.

Man looks upon me with a frown
And holds me as a foe;
And yet I only knock him down
Because I love him so.

Many a human I have hurled
To earth, and trampled flat;
And is there, friends, in all the world
A purer love than that?

FOOD

A former executive in the automobile industry in Detroit, LEE ANDERSON organized his own advertising agency in 1928 and retired in 1941 to divide his time between Nantucket Island and Woodstock, Vermont.

THE BUSTED STAFF OF LIFE

by LEE ANDERSON

NOT all dietitians are in agreement with that estimate of our forefathers which made bread the staff of life. But none will deny that it is still a desirable part of every complete meal; though in these days when the nation is striving to send wheat to starving Europe, few will insist on toast or sweet rolls with breakfast; rolls, Vienna slices, biscuits, or loaf bread for luncheon; sliced bread, ice-box rolls, or sandwiches for tea or between-meals snacks; bread bases for most of the hors d'oeuvres with cocktails; bread, rolls, or one of several varieties of biscuits for dinner.

In view of the wide public acceptance of commercial breads which have the airy consistency of cotton, and all the tastelessness of shredded newsprint (indeed, those addicted to paper chewing are found generally to prefer newsprint to the modern loaf, for flavor if not for vitamin content), the wonder is that we continue to make bread so important an adjunct to our meals.

The lessened importance of bread as an edible is not so much the fault of bread itself — that is, good bread — as it is of the impaired taste of the hurried and harried eater who allows himself to be fed the mass-production ersatz breads which are today the rule, rather than the exception.

What our larger bakers seem to have done is to sublimate the old-time Vienna bread, adding some vitamins and calling it homemade, until it has the airiness of a tasteless gas surrounded by a crust of less crustiness than the waxed paper in which most bread is now wrapped.

There is no intention here to quarrel with the food (and medicinal) properties of modern bread. It may well be more digestible than the bread our mothers and grandmothers used to bake each week-end, more nourishing, more scientifically pure, more enriched with those essential substances which make hair grow, eyes see better, bones get harder, and which we all absorb daily — so the advertisements assure us — through all the laboratory-prepared foods that grace our tables.

But Grandma's bread was bread — light enough to rest easily on Grandpa's weak stomach, solid enough to satisfy the appetite of a thresher. And if Grandpa had to wear "specs" at sixty-five, and lost all his teeth at eighty because his diet was deficient

in vitamins, no one ever complained that the bread was at fault.

Gone, too, with these luscious homemade loaves are other substantial and tasty favorites: "salt rising" bread which almost no one under fifty has ever tasted; rolled oats and wheat flour bread, wonderful with new maple syrup, or honey; the baked in ashes rye loaf, with its salty, almost sour, flavor; creamy rich French loaves, three feet long and almost all crust; flat, round loaves of German bread (gray, indeed, but supreme with a thick slab of cheese in place of butter); sweet hickory nut bread; moist, yellow corn loaves (not to be confused with johnnycake) with a tobacco-brown crust, crumbly and nearly an



inch thick; sweet graham bread made with molasses and raisins.

Once in a blue moon, some of these epicurean loaves can still be found: on farms sufficiently remote from commercial bread delivery for the tradition of home breadmaking to have survived, now and then in foreign settlements in our big towns, or rarely in some little bakery in which the old craft still persists.

If one is fortunate enough these days to find a cook at all, just try to get her to bake the family bread. Breadmaking, except in great factories, is a dying art. And like any art which is run off the production line, the factory product is a chromo.

I know of one large bakery (in Connecticut) which still produces bread that is a satisfactory facsimile of the bread that Mother used to bake; and for four years I have had its white and whole-wheat loaves shipped weekly across half a dozen states. I have gained thereby a wide reputation for the performance of a minor miracle, in addition to the satisfaction that comes from my family's enjoyment of bread that is bread.

One suspects that the fluffy, paper-crustured, "enriched with vitamins," and "homemade" labeled breads become insipid to the tastes even of those who have never eaten the more substantial and flavorful breads. How else can one account for the great number of "mixes" which have enjoyed a growing success during the past ten years? Either the mine run of commercial breads pall with continued eating, or the "mixes" owe their success to our

national fever for short cuts and quick methods. Some of the biscuit, corn bread, and gingerbread mixes are very palatable substitutes; and for those unskilled in cookery, they greatly minimize the chances of baking failure.

But not even the best mixture can fully replace the true "drop," "spoon," or "baking powder" biscuit. Nor do they save any time in the making of at least the first two. Home-made drop biscuits — rich brown, nutty, and irregularly shaped as newly solidified lava — are, with a tart jelly and good coffee, worthy of the table of Lucullus himself. And a good cook can whip up a batch between the salad and the coffee.

As for the corn bread mixes, good johnnycake or the corn loaf calls for genuine stone-ground corn meal. Piping hot, with plenty of butter and a jug of light and mild maple syrup, real johnnycake is all one needs for a feast.

Finally, in the general decadence of bread, there is that modern abomination, the "ready sliced" loaf. Of all the insults to a once honored food, pre-sliced bread — limply resembling an honest loaf only because it is weakly jointed by a waxed paper envelope — must be the most humiliating.

Nothing so marks the regimentation of the public taste in bread at the nadir of mediocrity as the universality of factory-sliced loaves. No longer, if one depends for the staff of life on the great bread factories, may one choose the delicate eighth-inch slice with tea. A generation is growing up which will never know the appetizing delight of toast a quarter-inch thin.

French toast, if you have a cook or a wife who knows how to mix the dip and fry the slices to the exact golden nut-brown turn, becomes a gluey offense when made with pre-sliced bread.

Even in the shops where whole loaves are sliced to the buyer's order, the pre-slicing operation serves only to promote staleness: and if one is able to get the slices thin, who ever heard of uniform slices for every bread purpose, or for every member of a family?

Good bread in the whole loaf, treated with respect and sliced as it is eaten, and as one desires it, above all other foods is good to the final crumb.

If we cannot get back to the close-grained, substantial deliciousness of the bread of our fathers, let us at least rise in our democratic might and demand the freedom to slice our own bread, as thick or as thin as we like it, and when we like it.



RADIO

GILES PLAYFAIR is a former London barrister now living in New Canaan, Connecticut. He is the author of a biography of Edmund Kean and *Singapore Goes Off the Air*, an account of his war experiences as Productions Director of the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation.

IT'S DELICIOUS— YUM! YUM! YUM! by GILES PLAYFAIR

IT WAS contrary to all I had been led to expect as an Englishman nurtured in the traditions of the BBC, but from the moment I began to listen to the American radio I found the transcribed singing commercials enchanting. They were more entertaining and more cheerful by far than the recorded popular songs. The latter seemed to be suffering from an attack of the doldrums from which, so far as I can make out, they have not recovered.

And yet to my shame it soon became apparent that the carefully chosen words of the copy writers made no more correct impression on my memory than the haphazard effusions of the popular lyricists. For example, one morning not long ago I was singing lustily in my bath:—

I like Chickwith's candy-coated chewing gum.
I am going out right now to buy me some.
They're as snappy as can be.
Teedee-woo, teedee-wee

when my wife interrupted rather impatiently, admonishing me to shut up, on the ground that to her certain knowledge there was no such chewing gum as Chickwith's.

This particular ditty was shortly afterwards replaced in my affection by another of the same genre which on sunny mornings I represented as:—

Benzine! Benzine!
Sing the Benzine way!
It's delicious, you will say!
Benzine chewing gum!
Benzine chewing gum!
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

In this instance I reached the conclusion, without prompting, that I was at fault, for it seemed most unlikely that there could really be a chewing gum called Benzine. The name, though not unrespected, gave a somewhat unappetizing impression. And yet I could swear that I had often heard them singing about Benzine chewing gum on the air.



I came soon to realize that singing commercials have a more profound purpose than to provide a means of expression for early morning exuberance. I happened to attend a radio executives' luncheon and learned there that it is the duty of us listeners, if we want bigger and better programs, to encourage the advertisers by purchasing the wares they extol. I was quite ready to do my bit. Regrettably, though, results up to now have not been satisfactory.

After a prolonged course of really intent listening, which has often included putting my ear bang up to the receiver, I have concluded that commercials deal with products falling into two categories: (a) those which are either non-appealing or repugnant, and (b) those which I might be tempted to buy if I could be certain of name and/or nature.



In the first category I include all such non-utilitarian goods, from the male point of view, as household cleaners and rinses, and goods which are ruled out by established habit, like brands of cigarettes which one has not already been smoking for years. I also include in this group products which one could not buy without confessing an affliction or without insult — such products as those which allegedly “clean your breath while they clean your teeth.”

The second category has caused me a number of keen disappointments. I recall being awakened one morning by a particularly pretty ditty about ladies' shoes. I gathered that the shoes had the triple virtue of being long-wearing, inexpensive, and fashionable; and as it was near Christmas and I am a shopper of small imagination, I thought it would be an admirable idea to buy a pair for my wife. I got up especially early next morning to listen as attentively as possible, but alas! though the general purport was clear enough, the essential word escaped me. In my ears the ditty sounded: —

So be like the ladies on Fifth Avenoo.
Buy A. S. Uhhhn — your favorite shoe.

I did not think I could go into a store, without serious risk of embarrassment, and ask for a pair of A. S. Uhhhn shoes. But though I listened several times afterwards in a near-frantic effort to arrive at a more plausible interpretation of the trade name — A. S. Uhhhn it absolutely remained.

I should add, perhaps, that I have heard a number of even less revealing commercials. I can only describe these as surrealist, for while I have been able to make no sense out of them at all, they have given me a certain amount of aesthetic pleasure. One of my favorites, spoken not sung, goes (or used to go, for I think it is now withdrawn) something like this: —

FEMALE VOICE (*seductive*): Lye?

MALE VOICE (*authoritative*): Right. That's extra at no extra cost!

FEMALE VOICE: Rye?

MALE VOICE: Right. That's extra at no extra cost!

FEMALE VOICE: Fye?

MALE VOICE: Right. That's extra at no extra cost!
Three extras at no extra cost!

FEMALE VOICE: Oooh!

But on the whole I think this surrealist type is less tantalizing than the kind whose general meaning is clear but whose all-important climax is lost on me. For example, I have long been tempted by a beer of Broadway fame of which they sing: —

It's delicious — yum! yum! yum!
It's delightful — order some!
Nasty Bandit
That's the name!
Feels like beer of Broadway fame.

It would take a lot to persuade me that such an obviously distinguished beverage is really called Nasty Bandit. Indeed the appellation seems entirely inappropriate to beer of any kind — even one whose fame does not transcend rural limits. The adjective “nasty” when used to qualify so virile a noun as “bandit” produces an uncomfortably effeminate effect — and who would care to deny that beer is a manly drink? Certainly not I. *Brutal* Bandit would be more plausible, although it is difficult to believe that any libation thus called could “feel like beer of Broadway fame.” However, that is by the way, for I do not hear *Brutal* Bandit. What I hear, despite a continuing effort over a lengthy period to hear differently, is still — inexorably — Nasty Bandit.

As I write, a singing commercial which is new to me is exciting my interest. Admittedly my ears are not yet attuned to it, but at the moment the words seem to be: —

Tee va tee see la la.
Tee see tee tra rip rip.
The finest buy
That money can buy
Is all-purpose drip.

Of course “drip” must be wrong. My school-age daughter tells me that a drip is a person of no great commendability. An all-purpose drip, I take it, would be quite outside the pale.



Books and Men



H. M. TOMLINSON was born close to the London Docks with shipping in his blood. But when he went to sea, it was not before the mast but as a writer. *The Sea and the Jungle*, which resulted from his maiden voyage to South America, ranks among the finest prose of our time. It was followed by *Old Junk* (papers of seafaring and of his work as a war correspondent in France), by *London River*, *Gallions Reach*, and by essays which are unrivaled for their Elizabethan beauty and the power of indignation they impart to the reader.

THE POWER OF BOOKS

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

THE common reader, who is of paramount commercial importance, is asking today for something more exciting than wisdom. Gross appetite, sprawling haste, and gaudy ostentation require stimulation that wisdom cannot give. Life is more hurried than ever, but has lost its sense of direction and forgotten its traditional values, excepting the certitude of what, without irony, we call progress. I have heard very belatedly of the death of John Livingston Lowes. I saw Lowes on Egdon Heath one fine summer's day, long ago. He was there to speak at the unveiling of a memorial to Thomas Hardy; an American tribute, and close to the poet's birthplace on the verge of the heather and pines. That little Harvard professor, so mild and gentle, and a stranger, diminished to insignificance by sky and horizon, had a crowd of local people about him. They did not know who he was; and they are jealous folk; it is not safe to speak confidently of Dorset when they are about; they have been there a long time.

I had expected to see there also a sprinkling of British writers, but I noticed only Llewelyn Powys, who lived near. This surprised me because, apart from an occasion in Hardy's honor, courtesy was suggested for a distinguished guest. Lowes to me, anyhow, was one of America's wisest men of letters. I had met him at Harvard before that day, and soon felt respect and deference. That it surprised me to find only local folk present on an unusually worthy occasion was because, all that time ago, I was still liable to resentment when notable

knowledge, understanding, and kindness did not arouse the attention of those we call leaders of public opinion; today I should be surprised to see those leaders present when life and letters were being celebrated.

As Lowes stood by that obelisk I was glad the job was his, and not mine. What, talk on Egdon of the author of *The Dynasts*, to listeners who had known the heath all their lives, and had conversed with the old poet at a Dorchester street corner on market day, while wary lest passing red cattle shouldered too near? But I have never heard an address at once so easy, full, and modest. He was aware of more in Hardy than some of us knew was there; and as to Wessex, that could have been his own place. Wessex was of all the world. Lowes was quite at home. No English critic could have accomplished the matter so well, except Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. If the shade of Hardy was at the back of that gathering, eyes bent sadly to the turf while listening, he must have been satisfied that his fellow men were less unaware and forgetful than he had supposed.

Lowes died while the uproar of peace following that of the bombs took attention from the passing of a gentleman and scholar. The loss of a civilizing influence will not be felt while we are preoccupied with the charming violence of atomic disruption. It seems that even his neighbors were so little affected that not one of them thought of informing London. I heard that he had gone only because I chanced to meet his London publisher, and asked

about him. The fact that he had disappeared without remark made that London street even dingier than it was, and the more so since Siegfried Sassoon, who was with me, had been lamenting just before to the same publisher that so gallant a poet as George Meredith had been lost in the obscurity which men at times prefer to day. All I could do was to go home, and restore a measure of confidence with some of Lowes's good work. He was a delightful essayist, and his words kindled. He was also one of the little group of American scholars to which an Englishman must turn when a better light is wanted on Chaucer.

For what are the agreements that bind my country to America? Who trusts to the sealing wax used by negotiators to hold together the difference in opposing national ideas, and in warlike commerce? Our two communities, during these high debates, look on, and say nothing, though there is a bare hope that common sense warns us that we are being beguiled once more by the deep and solemn sounds of fiddle-faddle. The right bonds are unsubstantial, and would not be more authentic with the seal of an officer of state. They are permanent. Such an officer is usually too busy, for other motives drive him, to be aware that what is common between Massachusetts and Middlesex is the like interest of men, wherever on earth they are, when the implications of such a book as Tolstoi's *War and Peace* are accepted.

Wherever men are, they respond to their own sort. That is our chief security. Chehov and Whitman would have agreed with each other, however divergent the material interests of Washington and Moscow. There are Britishers who will never spend a week on the Concord and Merrimack rivers, but they can go there, at will, afloat on a current not dependent on the seasons. These are the universal bonds of men of good will. They are as old as thought. Rightness is exempt from the difficulties of intrigue; the trouble with it is that it is not always as easy to quote as a rate of exchange. Though we have been assured that in the beginning was the creative word, even now its value is as baffling to exact description as the innocent appeal of a child, or as faith in a moral order. How shall we define the use of literature? What, after all, is the use of books?

2

I SUPPOSE that in the ordinary sense of use, an application to a purpose, they are of no use. In that they have the distinction of the Beatitudes; we can get along without them. There are books for use, dictionaries, directories, account books, textbooks, and scientific manuals, and so on, all as necessary as the morning milk and the automobile. But we can manage without Shakespeare. Hours given to the masterpieces will not get a reader

nearer one good breakfast; Homer is not in the same class as books for technical colleges, which lead to success proper; students in those colleges are not expected to have heard of John Livingston Lowes.

There are more than a few practical people, who know what's what and how to get it — and as a rule do get it — who declare that time given to poetry is time spoiled; though it is appallingly evident that the practical fellows, the specialists who have studied reality, and are sure they know how to manage it, have made so unholy a tangle of our affairs that we must wonder, in desperate moments, whether it is possible to invent a new creative word to put order into chaos. Shall we ever get out of this muddle, if for salvation we use only the ideas and the instruments which brought it about? Can our daily scene ever be better than the people in it? It must remain what it is, and that means it must grow worse, until prevailing ideals fade before the incoming of a better light.

We have to remember, for instance, that art and letters, once of first consequence in a civilized community, have sunk to the level of intricate plays for intellectual circles. We might have expected that lapse. When religion goes, out goes art. When there is no faith except in material power, how raise a joyous song about it? Once it was Athens and Bethlehem; today it is the machine shop. Our dire need is for grace to save us from a general preoccupation with mechanics, with immense speedy things, with marvelous enormities, with nuclear fission and its dismaying purport; this latest desire of mankind to rise nearer the moon, and even to attain complete lunacy.

We have heard, till we are weary of hearing it, that this is the Age of Science. Yes, it is. We know it. Air-raid shelters and gas masks for infants did not come like the flowers in spring; they developed as the thoughts of man progressed. This scientific age began, we may say roughly, when, with the Industrial Revolution and the inventions that mechanized human effort, reason advised us, at the same time, on all the new evidence at its disposal, that the universe itself is a mechanistic affair; a series of cosmic accidents chanced to bring about things as they are, and that means, of course, we are under no obligation to any superior authority, save the State. All we have to do is to survive, as the fittest to survive; and if not thus qualified so much the worse for us. The only imperative necessity men need acknowledge is circumstance. If they want to get along nicely, then make the most of circumstance, while taking precautions to keep out of the way of the police.

Now, that is the prevailing anarchy we should repel, for it is horrible, but it has easy and neighborly acceptance; statesmen, if with a sigh, regard it as the only way of life that may be followed profitably. I myself admit that the mystery of existence is impenetrable; still, if selected evidence, by reason

and sound logic, only guide me to vacuity and drop me into the bottomless blue, then give me fairy tales instead. The old fables are no more fabulous than much else that science orders us to accept. As a shameless romantic I prefer the legend of the star, the shepherds and the wise men — for at least it is a beautiful story — to the blind movements of futility that afford no joy, and are unlit by glory, except that of high explosives.

I need not say I am not decrying science; certainly it would not matter if I were. I myself have had training in science, and relished it, and I still read more of it than of fiction. What people mean by science, as a rule, is manipulation, pulling things about to find how they are made, and to what use they can be put. The modern mind is concerned merely with tools and instruments, with ways and means, not with ends; as if, having attained terrifying power and speed, we need not pause to choose a destination, nor worry over the fact that the heedless engine may have perversity in it, and project us down a steep place and thus finish our avid curiosity and ingenious experiments.

Choice of purpose is paramount; we should find the means after we have decided where we had better go. The physicists themselves were distressed to learn that the outcome of their clever and aimless probing into the nature of matter was not only the obliteration of several populous cities at a blow, but was also a threat to man's continued existence in ordered communities. So to what end now is directed our cunning manipulation of matter? Are our statesmen, with opportunism as their only code of manners, to be trusted with powers of destruction that would have frightened Lucifer? The technicians who predict that soon they will be flying to the moon do not explain that they trust to see there, with an eye more satisfied than it would be on earth, the will of God. It seems to me that if the conclusion to a perfectly rational argument be misery and death, then, however wonderful the discoveries in the laboratories, increase of knowledge means only the spread of a repulsive disease in the mind. It is better to be ignorant than to put knowledge to an obscene use.

3

THE question for good readers is one with which scientific research has no concern. Experimental physics is without a moral imperative; and in other human affairs, despite the decline in church membership, it is not entirely forgotten that wrong is not right. Or you can say, if you like, there is a preference, still not rare, for comeliness, seemliness, the Golden Rule; for something not ourselves that makes for rightness, though that have no better warrant than the long experience of mankind in tribulation.

Books may have no use, but they have good in

them. There is no use in the happiness of a child, but we like it. By books I mean the words that quicken with the sense that we are of the family, of fellowship under the remote and apparently alien stars. There is a common weal. For my part, I think as readers we should be loyal, and should affirm, against the logic of material power, and undismayed by the mystery of the universe: In the beginning was the Word; beyond the infinite and awful show of things, that. This mystery can be brought a trifle within the bounds of experience, for do we not know there is no end to the surprises the alphabet will bring to pass, if mixed with discretion and read with delight? The spirit of man is of first importance to men, for it conjures up the world we must live in; and we know that words can change that spirit, to give it a new direction. We have witnessed this. Words can bring Pandemonium about us, a not infrequent phenomenon, but they can also lift into life and loveliness. Something is to be said for immortality, when words uttered ages ago by a nameless poet in exile can bring about a stirring in the valley of dry bones. Keats spoke for every man when, on first looking into Chapman's Homer, he said he felt like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken. The reader of a book may further the creation of its writer. Whatever fame may be a poet's, his part is to serve, out of a faith in a light that is not, but may come. Without his reader he would be in the dark. There is no light, it cannot be seen, unless it falls on an object. It takes two to make a book, the poet and whoever responds in a like way. The power of art, as of religion, is to bring communion of the spirit.

At times we drop a book, with emphasis, as though it were a dismal offense. Reading not only quickens, but it is much more than the fun of Sam Weller, Huck Finn, and Mr. Polly. It goes deeper than the awe felt when reading an astronomer on the incalculable remoteness in space of immeasurable suns. That last fact alone should reduce us to a point of no importance, yet it is curious that through all our reading an impression deepens of personal responsibility, and an imperative responsibility. Why? Nobody knows. Perhaps it arises merely in the combativeness and vanity of human nature. I have never seen a satisfactory answer to the riddle, but it is certain that a sense of duty is understood, and that in loneliness it will resist the police of the most unappeasable of dictators.

One must say that it is remarkable — comical if you like — that the trifling creature who looks up to the splendor of midnight, and is disturbed, but speechless, and cannot make it out, and never will, should be so certain of law over all that he is ready to give his life in its support; as if the heavens would fall if he fell. I cannot say that a purposive creation is in the least upset if he should fail it; yet truth and beauty, somehow involved in it all, depend to a de-

gree, without question, on his loyalty. To accept personal responsibility, ignoring the superstition of a meaningless concourse of atoms, seems to be the only way to make sense of life; otherwise we might as well hand it over to the Hitlers and have done with it. If we are to go on, we must have a satisfactory incentive.

Because of a feeling no more rational than that, if we fancy nihilism in a book, and frequently it is there, these days; or witty derision of those kindly relations which hold society together; or mockery of fellowship, which is atheism up to date; if on the printed page there is disfigurement of human dignity and worth, a sinister insistence on squalor and ugliness as most of the truth about men and women, then regard for a high tradition is outraged. As critics of letters we have learned enough to recognize, in gaiety, what goes into the dustbin. Quiller-Couch once said that if a reader had absorbed one great poem into his system then he could stand with the dons. And it has seemed to me that if a reader once ventured, say into *Arabia Deserta* with Doughty, became lost in that expanse of burning sand, climbed splintery volcanic rocks massed in Doughty's archaic prose; smelled goats and aromatic herbs and a tent's interior at sunset, fearing the while the sun-struck religious fanatics with whom he had to mix, while Doughty never mollified them with any abatement of his own implacable conviction, then when that reader reached the sea again, end of volume two — praise be to Allah — he had been through an experience, and gained a knowledge of the values words can convey, beyond what tuition at a seat of learning can ever accomplish.

4

IF WE cannot speak of the use of books, in application to the world as it is, we can of their virtue. The use of atomic energy is talked about wherever men meet, but with what we have learned of that energy, so far, the general discussion does nothing to lift our hearts with a promise of life more abundant. There, in that contrast, is the curse in our present attitude to life. We certainly have faith in the latest textbook that the power we rely upon can remove mountains, for we have seen it done; we see, therefore, no need to reflect that never before in history have men known so many facts about this mysterious universe as they know now, nor so little what to do with them; never such an unquestioned belief in science, nor so empty a care for the value of life and personality.

It is supposed that the power knowledge bestows is good in itself, but there is hardly the beginning of an idea in our populous streets that the use of knowledge implies penalties, to be ignored at the peril of society. There is more in the ancient fables of what happened to Prometheus and to Lucifer, as the outcome of venturous ambition and pride,

than in all the formulas in which our faith rests for the continuous turning of the wheels. Poetry, whatever its uselessness, has never caused a war, if it has never brought about a railway track. It has never brought down a city, caused a financial crash, raised the rent, nor the price of the loaf. But its irrelevant value has steadied the soul of many a young soldier when beset by the foulness brought about by calculated folly, and by the instruments of technology so hard to understand that few of us can make head or tail of it; we can but cower underground, as many of us have been doing, and trust this will soon pass. Yet the pride shown in the technical achievements that appear to be more than a statesman anywhere knows how to control is as haughty as Lucifer's before he lost his eminence.

That was very noticeable, when eminent physicists were explaining, after Hiroshima, how superior to all other employments was that of the high-priests of science; a superiority not to be found in Moses, Shakespeare, Titian, Handel, nor even in St. Paul, though the Apostle to the Gentiles was certainly a fairly magisterial person. The published article of one famous fellow of the Royal Society made a reader I know feel only half-witted, though he had not known it till his attention was drawn to it scientifically. It occurred to me, as I read it, that if a bishop had thus spoken to the humble, then he would have been marked as a self-righteous prig; but one must not entertain such a thought of a great scientist. One may mock as superstitious nonsense the humility men feel before the wonder of existence, but to laugh at the solemnity of the new mysticism of the laboratory — no, we have yet to reach that healthy skepticism. There is a long way to go yet.

I read recently in a volume of letters one in which the writer had seen "London's guilty towers quaking, the Monument shaking as with an ague fit." It seems this spectacle came of another invention, and the writer was anxious. Could anything be done? He thought not. "Alas," he exclaims, "can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat?"

Is that about recent happenings in England? Is Hitler at work? One might think so, but it was written by Charles Lamb to his friend Mr. Dyer in 1830. The agricultural laborers, offended by much, were burning farm buildings with the new phosphorous match, and one great fire was reflected in London.

If a bee is in my bonnet, it must be a long-lived little thing, for it bothered Lamb more than a century ago. Another authority had better speak; and he says: "The lessening of faith in institutional religion, which has accompanied the strides made in the technical sciences, has effected great changes in the condition of life. It has also enhanced the

prestige of the technologist out of all proportion to the intellectual effort expended on the acquisition of his skill. Moreover, the manifold applications of modern science have placed instruments of power in the hands of men who are not necessarily qualified by character to be entrusted with their use."

That appears to be the same tale as Lamb's; it has the same purport. It was taken from a recent Literary Supplement of the London *Times*. Our boys have learned to fly; not only a few farm buildings but a whole city with its people disappears when a youth presses a button. Nobody, however, has yet reported a cautionary word out of the blue; perhaps we are supposed to know the word, for it has already been given; but it seems we have forgotten it, in a new acceptance of doom as the human lot. Anyhow, no sense can be made of what is going on in the world. It is contrary to all the lore of mankind. It is knowledge and logic in a madhouse. Every community on earth is now wide open to the emissaries of the infernal. The polar regions can be visited in a brief flight. No place is so secreted that it is inviolable to the worst that men can do; the worst is possible everywhere. Our eyes now can see miles through fog, and our ears pick up echoes from the sea floor. Converse across the oceans is as ordinary as teatime; and so on. But there isn't enough to eat. Myriads of our fellows are starving; and fear governs us. All the resources of science and organization cannot cope with the want and misery that new knowledge has brought about. How very clever! But how like imbecility!

5

STILL, as Charles Lamb lamented, we cannot ring the bells backward; no drums can beat the retreat of knowledge; we shall have to wait for the last trump for that. So what is to be done, in the meantime? It is not the marvelous machines that are important, but men and women, and their content with sun and rain; and if the inventions to increase power, undirected by good manners, spoil for them the only earth they have, then power gained but adds to the thousand different ills which are the heritage of flesh. Our choice today is a straight one between Ariel and Caliban; and it is wasting more time to reason over that. Reason takes us but a short distance, and then leaves us in the air. The instrument which the intellect has developed for searching out the truth of things is perfect, in its way; yet, as we have witnessed in horror, it can arrive at perfectly logical conclusions that are simply disastrous nonsense, and a threat to homes and gardens everywhere.

We do not yet see, in our dismay at the prospect before us, that reality, the appearance of things, the

look of a city, is but the shadow of men's commonest thoughts. Why not change our minds, and change our world? It is not the continued progress and advantage of science and its engines that should give us the least hesitation, while we decide. In all the world, there is nothing more important than human relations. It is no good being rational about that. There is nothing rational in affection. There is knowledge more profound than the textbooks and manuals figure for our use, and the children know it when they read — let us have a simple instance — *The Wind in the Willows*, and call the book lovely. They have found the word for it. But the wisdom in their innocent exclamation of approval is intellectually invalid and irrational. It cannot be proved, except by comeliness in a way of living.

It belongs to those verities which Euclid overlooked. Its value is not in any recommended textbook. It cannot be reached by an extension of mathematics. Einstein's fiddle might get nearer to it than his arithmetic. It is like the lilies of the field, once pointed to for our observation; a triviality of the wayside disregarded in our admiration of conventional glory. Yet without it the churches could all shut, and we should have to take our world as past redemption, chaos still, never informed by a word to give it seemliness and purpose. We have read that it was once ordered, "Let there be light." If we cannot accept that, what shall we accept? Shall we say darkness is the primary principle, uncreate, eternal, and absolute? That truth and beauty are but consoling illusions?

Let us continue to doubt there is intention in existence, if we must, but at least let us regard the majesty of the Parthenon, and what that silently expresses, even in ruin; and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, all useless, proving only an exaltation of spirit, the sign of which remains, though the society from which the aspiration arose is dust; and Homer and the poets, and the quick and vivid abundance of Dickens; and the music which can free daily fret, and transfigure the day. We could regard human nature itself, that mark of the cynics, which we are assured will never change; but don't we remember, for it is not so long ago, that self-interest, said to be the prime motive of men, was clean forgotten? Were not personal ambition and the promise of the future abandoned? Life itself was surrendered, and for no more than the idea of service. All went without argument. It was not a matter for the head, that decision. Reason had decided this matter of a right relationship between man and man near the beginning of history, for the sake of peace; and the rest was instinct. There are books in nearly every house in America and England which have words in a few verses, a page or two, of more lasting value than is in all the reports that issue from the conferences of the great and important.



Books and Men



When W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

asked to select and edit the ten best

novels in world literature, he thought at once of Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi, and Dostoevski; then the choice became difficult. Finally he chose three novels from France, two from Russia, one American, and four from England, and for each book he wrote an introduction. Mr. Maugham spent much of his boyhood in France; he served as an intern in a London hospital; and since *Of Human Bondage* has scored repeated successes with his books and plays. His set of the *Ten Best Novels* will be published in 1948 by the John C. Winston Company.

THE TEN BEST NOVELS: TOM JONES

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

1

THE difficulty of writing about Henry Fielding, the man, is that very little is known about him. Arthur Murphy, who wrote a short life of him in 1762, only eight years after his death, as an introduction to an edition of his works, seems to have had no personal acquaintance with him and had so little material that, presumably in order to fill the eighty pages of his essay, he indulged in long and tedious digressions. The facts he tells are few and subsequent research has shown that they are inaccurate.

Later writers have been at pains to show that Fielding was far from the dissolute creature legend has decided he was, but unfortunately in making him more respectable they have also made him less engaging. They have been inclined to shake their heads over the obvious fact that he was a man of abundant vitality and impetuous appetites. But there is no reason to expect that a man whose books you admire shall be a model of propriety. His moral character makes his books neither better nor worse. Life is the subject matter of the writer of fiction and to write about it honestly he must partake of its vicissitudes to the full; he will not learn much by looking at it through a keyhole. But really there is no need to whitewash Fielding; his faults, such as they were, were very human and only a prudish, silly person can be seriously shocked at them.

Fielding was a gentleman born. His father, an officer in the Army who rose to be a general, was the third son of John Fielding, a Canon of Salisbury, and he in turn was the fifth son of the Earl of Desmond. The Desmonds were a younger branch of the family of Denbigh who flattered themselves that they were descended from the Habsburgs. Gibbon, the Gibbon of the *Decline and Fall*, wrote in his autobiography: "The successors of Charles the Fifth may disclaim their brethren of England;

but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the House of Austria." It is a fine phrase and a pity that the claim of these noble lords has been shown to have no foundation. They spelled their name Feilding and I have read somewhere that on one occasion the then Earl asked Henry Fielding how this came about, whereupon he answered: "I can only suppose it is because my branch of the family learned to spell before your lordship's."

Fielding's father married Sarah, the daughter of Sir Henry Gould, a judge of the King's Bench, and at his country seat our author was born in 1707. Three years later the Fieldings, who by this time had two daughters besides Henry, moved to East Stour in Dorsetshire and there two more girls and a boy were born. Mrs. Fielding died in 1718 and about this time Henry went to Eton. Here he made some valuable friends and if he did not leave, as Arthur Murphy states, "uncommonly versed in the Greek authors and an early master of the Latin classics," he had learned enough to be able later to pepper his writings with quotations. At the age of eighteen, by when he had presumably left school, he gave promise already of the sort of man he was going to be. He happened to be staying at Lyme Regis with a trusty servant ready to "beat, maim or kill" for his master, and there he fell in love with a Miss Sarah Andrew, whose considerable fortune added to the charm of her beauty, and he concocted a scheme to carry her off, by main force if necessary, and marry her. It was discovered and the young woman was hurried away and safely married off to a more eligible suitor.

This was in 1726. Fielding was of a comely presence; he was over six foot tall, strong and active, with deep-set, dark eyes, a Roman nose, a short upper lip with an ironical curl to it, and a strong,

prominent chin. He had an immense power of enjoyment and his constitution was such as to permit a great deal of excess. For all one knows to the contrary he spent the next two or three years in London indulging in the gaieties of the town as agreeably as a well-connected young man can do when he has good looks and charm of manner. In 1728 he brought out a play called *Love in Several Masques*. It was something of a success. One can guess, if one likes, that his father brought pressure to bear on him to prepare himself to earn his living less hazardously than by writing for the stage and he entered the University of Leiden as a student of law. But his father had married again and either would not or could not continue to pay him the allowance he had promised, so after about a year Fielding was obliged to return to England. He was in such straits that, as in his lighthearted way he put it himself, he had no choice but to be a hackney coachman or a hackney writer.

Austin Dobson, who wrote his life for the English Men of Letters series, says that his inclinations as well as his opportunities led him to the stage. He had the high spirits, the humor, the keen-witted observation of the contemporary scene which are needed by the playwright; and he seems to have had besides some ingenuity and a sense of construction. The "inclinations" of which Austin Dobson speaks may very well mean that he had the vicarious exhibitionism which is part of the playwright's make-up and that he looked upon writing plays as an easy way to make quick money; the "opportunities" may be a delicate way of saying that he was a handsome fellow of exuberant virility and had taken the fancy of a popular actress.

Between 1730 and 1736 he brought out two or three plays, comedies or farces, every year. The last two were attacks on the political corruption of the times, and the attacks were effective enough to cause the Ministry to pass a Licensing Act which obliged managers to obtain the Lord Chamberlain's license to produce a play. This act still obtains to torment British authors. After this Fielding wrote only rarely for the stage and presumably for no other reason than that he was more than usually hard up.

I will not pretend that I have read his plays, but I have flipped through the pages and the dialogue seems natural and sprightly. The most amusing bit I have come across is the description of a character which after the fashion of the day he gives in the list of *Dramatis Personae* in *Tom Thumb the Great*: "a woman entirely faultless, save that she is a little given to drink."

It is usual to dismiss Fielding's plays with something like contempt and doubtless they lacked the literary distinction that the critic reading them in his library two hundred years later would like them to have. But plays are written to be acted, not to be read; it is doubtless very well for them to have

literary distinction, but it is not that which makes them good plays; it may (and often does) make them less actable. Fielding's plays have by now lost what merit they had, for the drama depends very much on actuality and so is ephemeral, almost as ephemeral as a newspaper; but some merit they must have had, for neither a young man's wish to write plays nor pressure brought to bear by a favorite actress will induce managers to put on play after play unless they please the public. For in this matter the public is the final judge. Unless the manager can gauge their taste he will go bankrupt.

Fielding's plays had at least the merit that the public liked to go and see them. He had no illusions about their worth and himself said that he left off writing for the stage when he should have begun. He wrote for money and had no great respect for the understanding of an audience. "When he had contracted to bring on a play, or a farce," says Murphy, "it is well known, by many of his friends now living, that he would go home rather late from a tavern, and would, the next morning, deliver a scene to the players, written upon the papers which had wrapped the tobacco, in which he so much delighted."

Murphy has another anecdote which shows rather charmingly Fielding's attitude towards the public. During the rehearsals of a comedy called *The Wedding Day*, Garrick, who was playing in it, objected to a scene and asked Fielding to cut it.

"No, damn 'em," said Fielding, "if the scene isn't a good one let them find it out."

The scene was played, the audience noisily expressed their displeasure, and Garrick retired to the greenroom where his author was "indulging his genius, and solacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had by this time drunk pretty plentifully; and cocking his eye at the actor, with streams of tobacco trickling down from the corner of his mouth, 'What's the matter, Garrick,' says he, 'what are they hissing now?' 'Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench; I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself the whole night.' 'Oh, damn 'em,' replies the author, 'they *have* found it out, have they?'"

2

If I have dwelt on what was after all not much more than an episode in Fielding's career it is because I think it was important to his development as a novelist. Quite a number of eminent novelists have tried their hand at playwriting, but I cannot think of any that have succeeded. The fact is that the techniques are very different and to have learned how to write a novel is of no help when it comes to writing a play. The novelist has all the time he wants to develop his theme; he can describe his characters as minutely as he chooses and make their

behavior plain to the reader by relating their motives; if he is skillful he can give verisimilitude to improbabilities; if he has a gift for narrative he can gradually work up to a climax which a long preparation makes more striking; he does not have to show action but only to write about it; he can make the persons explain themselves in dialogue for as many pages as he likes.

But a play depends on action and by action of course I don't mean violent action like falling off a precipice or being blown up by a land mine; such an action as handing a person a glass of water may be of the highest dramatic intensity. The power of attention that an audience has is very limited and it must be held by a constant succession of incidents; something fresh must be doing all the time; the theme must be presented at once and its development must follow a definite line, without digression into irrelevant bypaths; the dialogue must be crisp and pointed and it must be so put that the listener can catch its meaning without having to stop and think; the characters must be all of a piece, easily grasped by the eye and the understanding; and however complex, their complexity must be plausible. A play cannot afford loose ends; however slight, its foundation must be secure and its structure solid.

When the playwright who has acquired the qualities which I have suggested are essential to writing a play that audiences will sit through with pleasure starts writing novels, he is at an advantage. He has learned to be brief, he has learned the value of rapid incident, he has learned not to linger on the way, but to stick to his point and get on with his story; he has learned to make his characters display themselves by their words and actions without the help of description; and so, when he comes to work on the larger canvas which the novel allows he profits not only by the advantages peculiar to the form of the novel, but his training as a playwright will enable him to make his novel lively, swift-moving, and dramatic. These are excellent qualities and some very good novelists, whatever their other merits, have not possessed them. I cannot look upon the years Fielding spent writing plays as wasted; I think on the contrary the experience he gained then was of value to him when he came to writing novels.

While he was still busy with the theater he married Charlotte Cradock. She was one of three sisters who lived at Salisbury, and nothing is known of her but that she was beautiful and charming. Fielding described her in *Sophia* and the reader of *Tom Jones* can therefore gain a very exact notion of what she looked like in the eyes of her lover and husband. As a husband he was tender and passionate, though since he was what he was, probably none too faithful. He doubtless regretted his infidelities, but that, it may be supposed, did not prevent him from falling for the next pretty woman who came his way.

With Charlotte Cradock he got £1500. One authority says it was by way of dowry, another that it was a legacy; anyhow, after the failure of a comedy, with this money he retired to his small estate at East Stour and according to Arthur Murphy there kept open house, had a pack of hounds and a large retinue of servants in "costly yellow liveries." Subsequent biographers have been at pains to show that this story is exaggerated, but the fact remains that by 1736, two years after his marriage, the money was spent and he returned to London to write more plays and to manage a theater in the Haymarket.

When the Licensing Act became law a year later and so put an end to these activities, he had a wife and child and precious little money to support them on. He had to find a means of livelihood. He entered the Middle Temple and though "it happened that the early taste he had taken of pleasures would occasionally return upon him; and conspire with his spirit and vivacity to carry him into the wild enjoyments of the town," he was in due course called to the bar. He practiced law with proper industry, but the dissipation of his early life had ruined his constitution and like everyone else at the time he suffered severely from the gout. He was thus able to follow his profession only by snatches. He took again to his pen. He wrote political tracts, a play or two, and articles for a paper called the *Champion*.

In 1742 he produced *Joseph Andrews*. This was his first novel to be published, though not, it is believed, the first he wrote, which was *Jonathan Wild*. Shortly after the publication of *Joseph Andrews* his beautiful wife died of fever in his arms and left him distracted with grief. For some years he produced nothing of importance.

He wrote for two papers, the *True Patriot* and the *Jacobite's Journal*, in support of the government and when they came to an end was granted a pension. But he was improvident and of a naturally extravagant temper and he continued to be in embarrassed circumstances. A story is told of him that is characteristic: in order to pay the tax collector he got his publisher, Andrew Miller, to give him an advance and while taking the money home met a friend who was in even worse case than he was; so he gave him the money and when the tax collector came sent him the message: "Friendship has called for the money and had it; let the collector call again."

3

FOUR years after his wife's death he married her maid, Mary Daniel. It shocked his friends, and his cousin Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the letter-writer, was haughtily scornful because he could "feel raptures with his cook-maid"; but though she had few personal charms, she was an excellent creature and he never spoke of her but with affection and respect. The second Mrs. Fielding was a very

decent woman, who looked after him well, and he wanted some looking after, a good wife and a good mother. She bore her husband two boys and a girl.

Among the friends Fielding had made at Eton, and whose friendship he had retained, was George Lyttelton, a member of a distinguished political family (distinguished to the present day) and a generous patron of literature. He was a Lord of the Treasury from 1744 to 1754 and in 1749 succeeded in getting Fielding made Justice of the Peace for Westminster. He was fitted for the post by his training as a lawyer, his knowledge of life, and his natural gifts. He appears to have performed his duties with efficiency. Shortly after his appointment he was chosen Chairman of Quarter Sessions and established himself in Bow Street. Fielding says that before his accession the job was worth £500 a year of dirty money, but that he made no more than £300 a year of clean.

In 1749 he published *Tom Jones*. He was paid £700 for it. Since I presume money at that period was worth from four to six times what it is worth now, this sum was the equivalent of something between £3000 and £4000. That would not be bad payment for a novel in England today.

But Fielding's health was by now very poor. His attacks of gout were frequent and he had often to go to Bath or to a cottage he had near London to recuperate. But he did not cease to write. He wrote pamphlets concerning his office; one, *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*, is said to have helped the famous Gin Act to be passed; and he wrote *Amelia*, the heroine of which was again drawn from his dear dead Charlotte. This appeared in December, 1751; and the following year, such was his energy, he formed a connection with a third newspaper, the *Covent-Garden Journal*, which lasted for nine months. His health grew worse and worse and in 1754, after breaking up "a gang of villains and cutthroats" who had become the terror of London, he resigned his office to his half brother John Fielding. It appeared that his only chance of life was to seek a better climate than that of England and so in June of that year, 1754, he left his native country on the *Queen of Portugal*, Richard Veal master, for Lisbon. He arrived in August and two months later died. He was buried in the English cemetery.

4

WHEN I consider his life, which from inadequate material I have briefly sketched, I am seized with a singular emotion. He was a man. He was fond of the bottle, he was something of a gambler, and he liked women. When people speak of virtue it is generally sex they have in mind, but chastity is only a small part of virtue and perhaps not the chief one. Fielding had strong passions and he had no hesitation in yielding to them. He was capable

of loving tenderly. Now love, not affection, which is a different thing, is rooted in sex, but there can be sexual desire without love. It is only hypocrisy or ignorance that denies it. Sexual desire is an animal instinct and there is nothing more shameful in it than in thirst or hunger and no more reason not to satisfy it.

If Fielding was dissolute because he enjoyed, somewhat promiscuously, the pleasures of sex, then he was at all events no worse than most men. Like most of us he regretted his sins, but when opportunity occurred, committed them again. He was hot-tempered, but kindhearted, generous, and in a corrupt age honest; an affectionate husband and father; courageous and truthful, a good friend to his friends, who till his death remained attached to him. Though tolerant of the faults of others, he hated brutality and double-dealing. He was not puffed up by success and with the help of a chicken and a bottle of champagne bore adversity with fortitude. He took life as it came, with high spirits and good humor, and enjoyed it to the full.

In fact he was very like his own *Tom Jones*. Now I should like to warn any new reader of Fielding's greatest novel that if he is of a squeamish habit he had better not start on it. It has been well said by Austin Dobson that "he made no pretence to produce models of perfection, but pictures of ordinary humanity, rather perhaps in the rough than in the polished, the natural than the artificial, his desire is to do this with absolute truthfulness, neither extenuating nor disguising defects and shortcomings." In fact he described, for the first time in English fiction, a real man.

Hannah More in her memoirs relates that she never saw Dr. Johnson angry with her but once and that was when she alluded to some witty passage in *Tom Jones*. "I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book," he said. "I am sorry to hear you have read it: a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I scarcely know a more corrupt work."

Now I should say that a modest lady before marriage would do very well to read the book. It will tell her pretty well all she needs to know of the facts of life and a lot about men which cannot fail to be useful to her before entering upon that difficult state. But no one ever has looked upon Dr. Johnson as free from prejudice. He would allow Fielding no literary merit and once even described him as a blockhead. When Boswell demurred, he said: "What I mean by his being a blockhead is that he was a barren rascal."

"Will you not allow, Sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life?" answered Boswell.

"Why, Sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler."

We are used to low life in fiction now and there is nothing in *Tom Jones* that the novelists of our own

day have not made us familiar with. Prudish critics have sought to explain away as due to the loose morality of the times the incident that has on the whole been looked upon as the most blameworthy in the career of Mr. Jones: Lady Bellaston fell in love with him and found him not unwilling to gratify her desire; he was pretty well penniless at the moment and she was wealthy. She very generously relieved his necessities.

Well, it is doubtless a discreditable thing for a man to accept money from a woman, and it is also an unprofitable one, because rich ladies in these circumstances demand a good deal more than their money's worth. Morally it is no more shocking than for a woman to accept money from a man and it is only foolishness on the part of common opinion to look upon it as such. Nor should it be forgotten that our own day has found it necessary to invent a term, gigolo, to describe the male who turns his personal attractiveness into a source of profit; so Tom's lack of delicacy, however reprehensible, can hardly be regarded as unique.

There is one interesting point in his amorous career that is perhaps worth pointing out. He was honestly, sincerely, and deeply in love with the charming Sophia and yet felt no qualms about indulging in the pleasures of the flesh with any woman who was good-looking and facile. He loved Sophia none the less for these episodes. Fielding was much too sensible to make his hero more continent than is the average sensual man. He knew that we should all be more virtuous if we were as wise at night as we are in the morning.

Tom Jones is well enough constructed and the various incidents follow one another with a happy invention. Fielding was as little concerned with probability as the picaresque novelists who were his predecessors in the genre, and the most unlikely events occur, the most outrageous coincidences bring people together; yet he bustles you along with such gusto that you have hardly time, and in any case little inclination, to protest. The characters are painted in primary colors with a slapdash bravura and if they somewhat lack subtlety they make up for it by being very much alive.

I'm afraid Mr. Allworthy is a little too good to be true, but here Fielding has failed as every novelist since has failed who has attempted to depict a perfectly virtuous man. Experience seems to show that it is impossible not to make him a trifle stupid. One is impatient with a character who is so good that he lets the most obvious fakes impose on him. Ralph Allen of Prior Park is said to have been the original of Allworthy and it is of him that Pope wrote:—

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

If this is so, and the portrait is accurate, it only shows that a character taken straight from life is never quite convincing in a piece of fiction.

Blifil on the other hand has been thought too bad to be true. Fielding hated deceit and hypocrisy and his detestation of Blifil was such that it may be he laid on his colors with too heavy a hand; but Blifil, a mean, sneaking, self-seeking, cold-blooded fish, is not an uncommon type. The fear of being found out is the only thing that restrains him from being a knave. But Blifil's main fault is that he lacks life, he is a dummy, and I have asked myself if this is not because of an instinctive feeling on his creator's part that if he had given him a more active and prominent role he would have made him so powerful and sinister a figure as to upset the balance of his story.

5

Tom Jones is written in a very agreeable fashion and the style is more easy and natural than that of Jane Austen, whose *Pride and Prejudice* was written fifty years later. The reason of this I take to be that Fielding modeled himself on Addison and Steele, whereas Jane Austen was influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the pomposity of Dr. Johnson, whom we know she read with admiration, and by the writers of her own day who had adopted something of his manner.

It has been said, I forget by whom, that a good style should resemble the conversation of a cultivated man. That is exactly what Fielding's style does. He is talking to the reader and telling him the story of *Tom Jones* as he might tell it over the dinner table with a bottle of wine to a number of friends. He does not mince his words any more than does a modern writer. The beautiful and virtuous Sophia was apparently quite used to hearing such words as whore, bastard, and strumpet and that which, for a reason hard to guess, Fielding writes b—ch. In fact there were moments when her father, Squire Western, applied them very freely to herself.

But the conversational method of writing a novel, the method by which the author takes you into his confidence, telling you what he feels about the characters and the situations in which they are, has its drawback. The author is always at your elbow and so hinders your immediate communication with the persons of his story. He is apt to irritate you sometimes by moralizing and once he starts to digress is apt to be tedious. You do not want to hear what he has to say about this, that, and the other; you want him to get on with the story.

Fielding's digressions are nearly always sensible or amusing and their only fault is that one could well do without them. They are brief and he has the grace to apologize for them. But he went further than that. He prefaced each of the books into which *Tom Jones* is divided by an essay. Some critics have greatly admired them and looked upon them as adding to the excellence of the book. I can only

MACMILLAN NOVELS



By the author of "Young'un"

Gramma Truttle, who romps through HERBERT BEST's latest novel, is one of the most unconventional heroines in recent fiction. You'll enjoy her scheming, match-making, and escapades, and will find her as delightful, in her own unique way, as Young'un was in hers. \$3.50

Whistle, Daughter, Whistle

A modern allegory

LETTICE COOPER's three stories present the three sides of Everyman. Together they form a subtle, intricately patterned allegory of the hidden evil of modern society. \$3.50

Black Bethlehem

Flow to the Leaf

By ELIZABETH ABELL

A novel about the proud, quarrelsome Olivers—the sister Kit who left home in disgrace, and young Anthony, who failed to meet life's first hard test. \$2.75

A sensitive novel about a young girl's intense emotional life, with all its strange ecstasies, poignant humiliations, and great hopes. It is the story of Jemmie Hand's child-



hood and youth in New England—staunch, passionately alive Jemmie, her loves and her ambitions. By ELEANOR ESTES. \$3.00

THE ECHOING GREEN

A marriage on the rocks

A frank, honest novel about the crack-up of a marriage and its mending. It will appeal to all women—married, single, or divorced—for it presents modern woman's dilemma. By LINDSAY HAYES. \$3.00

Take This Woman

A Foolish Wind

By FRANCIS ASKHAM

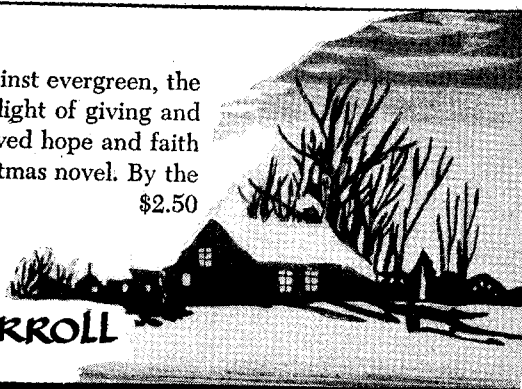
This story of an Englishman's strange quest in Central Europe has an extraordinary atmosphere of tension, leading to a thrilling, unexpected climax. \$3.00

while
the
angels
sing

All the magic of colored lights against evergreen, the melody of bells and carols, the delight of giving and receiving, and the ecstasy of renewed hope and faith are a part of this enchanting Christmas novel. By the author of *As the Earth Turns*. \$2.50

A NOVEL BY

gladys hasty CARROLL



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

suppose that is because they were not interested in the novel as a novel. An essayist takes a subject and discusses it. If his subject is new to you, he may tell you something that you didn't know before, but new subjects are hard to find and in general he expects to interest you by his own attitude and the characteristic way he regards things. That is to say, he expects to interest you in himself.

But that is the last thing you are prepared to do when you read a novel. You don't care a row of pins about the author; he is there to tell you a story and introduce to you a group of characters. Because it has been my business I have read the essays with which Fielding introduced his various books, but, although I would not deny their merit, I have read them with impatience. The reader of a novel should want to know what happens next to the characters in whom the author has interested him and if he doesn't there is no reason for him to read the novel at all. For the novel, I can never repeat too often, is not to be looked upon as a medium of instruction or edification, but as a source of intelligent entertainment.

On reading over these pages I find myself fearing that I have given the reader of this introduction the

impression that *Tom Jones* is a rough, coarse book, dealing with adventurers and loose women, and vulgar. That would be a very false impression. Fielding knew life too well to take people at their face value and his experience had shown him that it is not in human nature to be entirely disinterested. Complete unselfishness is beautiful, but it is not of this world and it is ingenuous to expect it. But in Sophia Western he has drawn a charming and tender portrait of as delightful a young woman as has ever enchanted a reader of fiction. She is simple but not silly, virtuous but no prude; she has character, determination, and courage; she has a loving heart and she is beautiful. It is touching to know that in creating her Fielding was remembering his own beloved (and I am afraid, long-suffering) wife.

I do not think I can end this introduction better than by quoting the words of that wise critic George Saintsbury:—

Tom Jones is an epic of life — not indeed of the highest, the rarest, the most impassioned of life's scenes and phases, but of the healthy average life of the average natural man; not faultless nor perfect by any means, but human and actual as no one else but Shakespeare has shown him in the mimic world.

(The next novel to be discussed by Mr. Maugham will be Balzac's Le Père Goriot.)

RETURN TO CHARTRES

by MAY SARTON

WE CAME to Chartres, riding the green plain,
The spear of hope, the incorruptible towers,
Stone upon stone, leaf upon leaf,
The great tree rooted in the heart of France
Blazing eternally with sacred flowers.
We came to Chartres, the house without a stain,
The mastery of passion by belief,
With all its aspiration held in balance,
We came to Chartres, the magic spear of grain,
The spear of wheat, forever nourishing,
The never-wasted stalk, the ever-blessing.

And there we meditated on our tragic age,
Split at the heart, flowering without a stem,
For we are barren men, haunted by rage
Who cannot find our hope here though we came,
Now all the hope we have is human love:
Passion without belief destroys our love.

AMERICA'S DESTINY

★ ★ ★
HERMAN FINER

Is America destined to save the world?

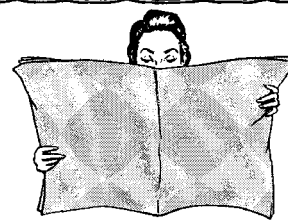
HERMAN FINER—who is intimately familiar with Great Britain and her rulers—says that it is America's destiny to assume the position in world politics that was formerly held by England. In defending his thesis, he draws upon an impressive knowledge of international law, nationalism and sovereignty, imperialism, civil society, and civil morality. This important book will contribute greatly to your understanding of our present-day dilemma.
Tent. \$3.50



The Comics

By COULTON WAUGH

A delightful and detailed history of comic strips and the artists who draw them—from the Katzenjammer Kids to the Sad Sack. Profusely illustrated.
Tent. \$5.00



Your Newspaper

By NINE NIEMAN FELLOWS

Nine working newspapermen and women let down their hair in a frank, lively discussion of what is wrong with the press, and what can be done to improve it.
\$2.75

Confessions of an Un-Common Attorney

REGINALD L. HINE's reminiscences about his life, legal oddities, and famous literary people he has known.
Tent. \$4.00

Skiing the Americas

By JOHN JAY. Ski trails on both continents, from Banff to Buenos Aires. 100 magnificent photographs.
Tent. \$4.95

The New Foundation of International Law

By JORGE AMERICANO. A timely prospectus for world organization, by a Latin American expert in international law.
Tent. \$3.00

The Rise of the Spanish American Empire

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. A history of the cultural forces that shaped Latin America.
Tent. \$5.00

Thomas Jefferson

American Humanist

By KARL LEHMANN



An important contribution to our growing portrait of a great American. This book traces the origins of Jefferson's opinions and ideas on many subjects to the classical writings of ancient Greece and Rome.
\$4.50

At all bookstores **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.**

Books and Men

In General Patton's account of his own campaigns, what is most signifi-

cant to the professional soldier? MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN MILES finds as high points: Patton's opposition to Montgomery and his warm regard for Bradley; his candor and acknowledgment of his own errors; his crossing of the Rhine; and his mastery of his chosen speciality — the bold, unexpected offense. General Miles served in the cavalry, the artillery, several times on the General Staff, and as military attaché in Europe.

PATTON PREFERRED

by SHERMAN MILES

I

War As I Knew It, by George S. Patton, Jr., is the first personal narrative of an Army Commander in the late war — the most picturesque and probably the most brilliant of them all. And for good measure, the Navy's counterpart, Admiral Halsey, simultaneously tells his story. Decades hence, historians will turn to such narratives in drawing the true picture of those who won our war. If their hard-earned victory finally results in a reasonably durable peace, we shall all the sooner come to a just appreciation of them. But the issue of peace is no longer in their hands. Secretary Marshall serves today as a statesman, not as a soldier. While time is with us we might do well to consider our past commanders, for at least they gave us a respite from war and made ultimate peace possible.

Of those leaders, none repays attention more than General Patton — “a man of parts,” as I once heard him describe a lesser figure. There was little in his full life, of mind or body, into which he did not wholeheartedly enter. Student, horseman, author, sportsman, sailor, and above all and at all times soldier, he was a man to mark. He writes on war — war as he “knew it.” He might well have said, war as he had both lived it and studied it, for it never ceased to absorb him, from childhood to death. In the short time allotted him after the Surrender, he felt compelled to record for his friends (he did not write for publication) not only his amazing campaigns but also the lessons which even the last of them had taught him. He recounts “episodes that stand out in my mind as occasions on which my personal intervention had some value.” Need one add that all those interventions were vigorous?

So the reader will find in Patton's book many pages of pure military tactics and the art of command, “tricks of the tool's true play,” which he may, if he likes, leave to the generations of soldiers who will study them. Patton believed so implicitly in the importance of his profession that his editors

are quite right in including his various military notes in the published volume.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is publishing a series of Patton letters. Their readers will welcome in his book some sixty pages of similar letters from Africa and Sicily. In both groups there is little on his campaigns, but they afford great insight into his powers of observation and the breadth of his mind. They are delightful travelogues written by a man who had both opportunity and discernment.

The meat of the book, though, is Patton's “brief account . . . hastily written” of his campaigns from the Invasion in Normandy to the Surrender. In its rapid jumps from subject to subject it reveals as its source the diary he kept throughout the war, and it presents some difficulties in following the course of military operations. But the interest never flags. Personal comments and humor enliven it.

There is little the sensation seekers will find in it. Patton opposed Montgomery throughout. Patton believed in the eastern line of attack, Montgomery in the more northern — a strategic question, dependent on many factors about which military minds will wrangle for generations. Patton was the embodiment of speed and audacity; Montgomery of caution and preponderant strength. But even concerning Montgomery he indulges in no violent or unrestrained criticism. At the most he condemns Montgomery's proposal for a general retreat, at the height of the Battle of the Bulge, as a “disgusting idea”!

Towards Eisenhower there is the impression of constant respect and no bitterness even when the Supreme Commander's orders killed his soaring plans. Bradley appears in the picture (except in one incident) as the sympathetic and sustaining chief. They thought alike — “Bradley, as usual, had been thinking the same thing. It was quite remarkable . . . how often the same idea struck both of us.” In character they complemented each

other to form an almost perfect team. One notes Patton's restraint (doubtless not in words but in action) towards his subordinates. The popular conception of his ruthlessness is not on this point sustained. For example, there is the incident of a division commander who ordered a withdrawal from a hill contrary to Patton's instructions. Patton intervened, insisted that a counterattack be made the following dawn, and left. He adds: "Once, in Sicily, I told a general, who was somewhat reluctant to attack, that I had perfect confidence in him and to show it, I was going home. I tried the same thing that day, and it worked." His only comment on that division commander was: "He is the quietest man under fire I have ever seen" — and he retained him throughout the war.

There are numerous instances in which Patton gives full credit to his subordinates. The first conception of the Palatinate campaign he attributes to his Chief of Staff. Of the air commands that supported his army he speaks frequently and with a deep sense of what his troops owed to them. To him, war was never two-dimensional. Here was "one of the best examples of armor and air co-operation I have ever seen." At another time his praise goes to the close air support that covered his advancing infantry.

He is also often quite frank about himself. Although he had foreseen the possibility, four days before it occurred, of the great German drive that resulted in the Bulge, yet the day after the enemy attacked he directed that his best armored division be engaged, to prevent its being "moved to the north by higher authority. The fact that I did this shows how little I appreciated the seriousness of the enemy attack on that date." Speaking of the disposition he made of an armored division in the Battle of the Bulge, he says: "From later observation I think this was a mistake . . . one never knows." And of a minor reverse during that battle he writes: "This was probably my fault. I remember being surprised at the time at how long it took me to learn war." He who had been hard at it for forty years!

The personal glimpses of the man show through in many pages. "I joined the column of the 90th Division . . . and walked in ranks with them for some hours. At that time the efficiency of this division was extremely dubious." — "I never recall getting into a plane with more reluctance, because I had been assured by all the Staff that if the Germans failed to shoot me from above, the Americans would get me from below as they were trigger-happy. . . . It was one of the few days, in fact, that I had a premonition of impending death. It failed to materialize." — "Perhaps some day I shall figure out the number of miles I drove and flew trying to direct the campaigns of the Third Army. I'll bet it was about a million." — (In France): "I always had a very funny feeling at such

times. The plans, when they came into my mind, seemed simple, but after I had issued the orders and everything was moving and I knew I had no reserve, I had a feeling of worry and, as usual, had to say to myself, 'Do not take counsel of your fears.' . . . When the race was on, my fear left me." — (In the Eifel): "All during the meeting [with Eisenhower] I kept thinking about Nelson the night before the attack on Calvi in Corsica, when he discovered the French were twice as numerous as he thought they were, but failed to report it to his chief for fear the attack would be called off."

2

PATTON's great idea was for a rapid advance of his army through Metz, the Siegfried Line, across the Rhine, and into the Frankfurt Gap. As of late August he says: "I felt at this time that the great chance of winning the war would be to let the Third Army move. . . . It was my belief then, and still is, that by doing this we could have crossed the German borders in ten days. . . . It was my opinion that [the rejection of his plan] was the momentous error of the war."

As the years go by, many will agree with him, and many disagree. But his fame will not stand or fall on that issue, for his was a most versatile mind in which many plans germinated. Before the invasion he writes: "It became quite evident that the Third Army would land on the Cherbourg Peninsula or else in the vicinity of Calais. Personally, I favored the latter place, because, while the landing would have been expensive, the subsequent price would probably have been less." And in late August he proposed his "Plan A," not for an eastern advance but for a turn to the north, through Beauvais, paralleling the Seine. Of this he says, "In the space of two days I had evolved two plans, wholly distinct, both of which were equally feasible. . . . One does not plan and then try to make circumstances fit those plans. One tries to make plans fit the circumstances. I think the difference between success and failure in high command depends upon the ability, or lack of it, to do just that."

Nor was he so absorbed in his eastern thrust that he neglected his rear. His flanks had often to look out for themselves, watched only by his air support ("It was love at first sight between the XIX Tactical Air Command and the Third Army"). But his rear was another matter. Patton, the embodiment of the offensive, nonetheless ordered the attack on Brest and Lorient as he began his first advance, and even at the height of his drive through France agreed that those none too successful operations should continue, though they cost him an army corps.

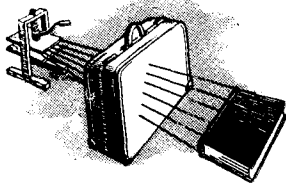
In the account of his first great feat of arms, the break-out from the Cotentin Peninsula, there are vivid glimpses of Patton's personal drive in forcing

AN ANTHOLOGY REVEALING THE SEARCH
FOR GOD IN OUR DAY

THE QUESTING SPIRIT

Edited by Halford E. Luccock
and Frances Brentano

A splendid volume of inspirational literature, selected from the writings of outstanding contemporary poets, novelists, dramatists, philosophers, preachers and scientists. Each selection, whether new or familiar, has been chosen not only as a significant statement of spiritual discovery, but also for its value as literature. Over 700 pages. \$5.00



knowledge can possibly know.

ANNOUNCING a unique new series of guides to the lands of North and South America for those who want to discover the intimate little things about a country which only those with inside

INVITATION TO TRAVEL

Under the direction of LOWELL BRENTANO
Ralph Hancock, Assistant Editor

3 Volumes of the Invitation to Travel
Series are now ready:

LANDS OF THE ANDES: Peru and Bolivia. By T. R. Ybarra. "A fascinating blend of the mystery and romance with advice on what to see, avoid, eat, drink, wear, etc."—Retail Bookseller. Envelope map. \$4.00

THE RAINBOW REPUBLICS: Central America. By Ralph Hancock. "Searching information heretofore unattempted in similar works... For the tourist or stay-at-home it's a gem."—Retail Bookseller. Maps. \$4.00

THE RIVER PLATE REPUBLICS: Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay. By Betty de Sherbinin. All the human interest from Buenos Aires to tribal villages. Maps. \$4.00

THE STORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES

THE FIRST CAPTAIN

By Gerald W. Johnson

Poet, philosopher, courtier, lover—John Paul Jones was also the first true professional among our naval officers.

FLETCHER PRATT says: "This is a hell of a fine book. I have never seen a naval biography, or that of any other man of action, done with so much wit, intelligence and attention to the larger issues." \$3.50

WHERE FLOWS THE KENNEBEC

By Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr.

Stories about "Dud Dean, the lovable Maine guide who combines a potent mixture of fishing, philosophy, and sharp Down East humor, with plenty of action."—Chicago Sun. Illustrated by Milton C. Weiler.

\$3.00

OCTAVE

A BOOK OF STORIES

BY HELEN HULL

Eight new stories and two novelettes of marriage, children, and human relations by the author of *Hawk's Flight* and other distinguished novels.

\$3.00

BRIGADOON

By Alan Jay Lerner

The 1947 Broadway hit in book form. In this story of a Scottish village which comes to life every hundred years, "all the arts of the theatre have been woven into a single pattern of excitement."—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.

\$2.50

ONCE IN THE YEAR

By Elizabeth Yates. The Christmas legends of the flowering forest and the animals' gift of speech at midnight are woven into a story of ageless appeal. Decorated pages and illustrations by Nora S. Unwin. \$2.00

At all bookstores

Coward-McCann, Inc.

the Sienne and Sélune rivers, in the "impossible" but successful passage of two army corps through Avranches, and in the great sweep that trapped the Germans in the Falaise pocket. He writes that his troops "could easily have entered Falaise and completely closed the gap, but we were ordered not to do this. . . . This halt was a great mistake."

From Falaise to the Bulge was the period of the war on which controversy will ever rage between the Bradley-Patton school and that of Montgomery. Patton, though never doubting that he was right, does not attempt to appraise in his book the many factors that induced the Supreme Commander to support Montgomery's northern advance, through the diversion of supplies necessary to sustain the Third Army's rapid thrust. "Monty had won again," is Patton's way of putting it. Yet, though lack of supplies and fall rains impeded the troops, nothing stopped them. Never was their great offensive spirit allowed to die. There, indeed, was supreme leadership.

It was during this period that Patton resorted to an official prayer for fair weather. ("Chaplain, are you teaching me theology or are you the Chaplain of the Third Army? I want a prayer!") And in a letter of instructions to his generals he interpreted his orders to "assume the defensive" as embracing operations rarely, if ever, associated with that detested phrase. With what he had, or could beg, borrow, or steal (he "officially" regretted the stealing), Patton forced the Moselle and took Metz by assault, a fortress that had not been so carried since A.D. 641. In the end, after hard fighting he was where he had conceived that his first great drive should have taken him, all set for a break-through to the Rhine.

But the Battle of the Bulge intervened. On the morning of the fourth day of that battle Eisenhower called Bradley and Patton into conference. Before leaving his headquarters for that meeting, Patton called in his staff and, in an hour and a quarter, "planned three possible lines of attack." As his army was then engaged on a front totally at variance with the direction of any of these lines and at a considerable distance away, it is almost incomprehensible that sound plans could have been made in so short a time. Yet on the basis of that rapid planning, Patton undertook to attack within three days ("it caused a ripple of excitement") and did it. He insisted on attacking with three divisions only, not the six that Eisenhower wanted him to have, because he believed it better to attack with three, and gain surprise, than wait "until some days later" for six, and lose surprise.

Bradley did not, during the series of battles that followed, "inject himself into the operations of the Third Army, as he might well have done, since that was the only unit he had to command. On the

other hand, I always informed him of what I was going to do, and profited by consultations with him and his Staff." In reading Patton's account of those three weeks of incessant struggle, first to relieve Bastogne, then to hold the corridor into it ("only 300 yards wide"), and finally to wipe out the entire Bulge, one realizes how serious was the situation and how desperate the fighting. Even Patton, in the midst of it, noted in his diary (the only time he ever made such a statement): "We can still lose this war." Yet in his narrative one looks in vain for any boasting.

When he comes to his Palatinate campaign his modesty is such that the reader feels a distinct disappointment. For it was, unquestionably, one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war. In ten days Patton's army cut through the rear of the Siegfried Line, surrounded or destroyed two German armies, captured 100,000 prisoners, and liberated 10,000 square miles of territory. Patton gives it only a few factual pages. But his pride in his army shines forth in his general order to the troops: "History records no greater achievement in so limited a time." And he quotes with relish a colleague's congratulations "on surrounding three armies, one of them American!"

Then followed his surprise crossing of the Rhine, without artillery or air preparation and "with a total loss of 28 men killed and wounded." Though he makes no point of it, Patton's feat must have given him great pleasure when compared with Montgomery's crossing, a little later, supported by air-borne divisions, naval contingents, and thousands of planes and guns.

I am told that Secretary Stimson was highly amused when Patton's Rhine crossing dispatch suddenly came in. The Secretary's operations officer reported to him, somewhat hesitantly, that, in spite of our having given everything we had to Montgomery to support his crossing, Patton had done the trick unaided!

So the Third Army swept on through Germany and into Czechoslovakia, with Patton even pushing his troops to the check lines laid down by the Supreme Command and wondering why the Germans kept up so senseless a struggle. Day by day the German prisoner list grew. The troops welcomed Allied prisoners they released, looked with amazement at the Germans' hoard of captured bullion and loot, and turned in horror from their torture camps. Patton and his men had in the end their triumphal march, in the springtime, through country largely untouched by their war.

Patton, the soldier, can best be summed up in one of his own sentences: "In war, the only sure defense is offense, and the efficiency of offense depends on the warlike souls of those conducting it."



Bill Mauldin's back home

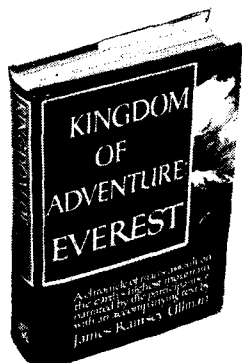
... and this forthright young citizen writes an eye-opener of a book. He puts into 200 pictures and 50,000 words what most Americans are merely thinking about pressure groups, religious bigots, crooked congressmen, highjacking landlords, and the general state of the world. \$3.50

BACK HOME

Text and illustrations by BILL MAULDIN

"A revelation and a delight..."

"Here are all of the best writings of those literate 'Everesters' who have attempted to scale the world's highest mountain... a new world of endless wonders for those who have missed the remarkable Everest literature."—N. Y. *Herald Tribune* \$4.75



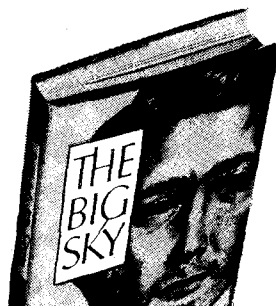
KINGDOM OF ADVENTURE: EVEREST

Narrated by the participants
and with an accompanying text by
JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

✂ "One of the three outstanding books of 1947."
—John Chamberlain

✂ "One of the four first-rate books by new writers."—Ernest Hemingway

✂ Don't miss *THE BIG SKY*. Ask anyone who's read it... \$3.50



THE BIG SKY

A novel by
A. B. GUTHRIE, Jr.

● The last and most beautiful of all the Pyle books... the one that Ernie himself liked best (and you will too). 472 pages, \$3.75

HOME COUNTRY

by ERNIE PYLE

● Here is proof that the mind can transcend space and time and even influence matter. In this book of latest findings, Dr. J. B. Rhine tells how science has explored and *proved* such controversial powers of the mind as telepathy, clairvoyance, and prophecy. \$3.50

THE REACH OF THE MIND

By J. B. RHINE

● A latter-day frontier saga... the story of the Fromms, the world's largest breeders of silver foxes, four backwoods pioneers who tapped an unsuspected natural resource and built a business worth millions. \$3.75

BRIGHT WITH SILVER

by KATHRENE PINKERTON

● "Devastating satire; humor, both simple and subtle; and a fantastic plot that might well have originated in the mind of Jules Verne, with a dash of Edward Bellamy thrown in."—N. Y. *Sun* \$3.50

GREENER THAN YOU THINK

A novel by WARD MOORE

● A book of short stories by Bessie Breuer, ranging from the well-known *Pigeons En Casserole*, through the *New Yorker* pieces, to several stories as yet unpublished. Without exception they bear the hallmark of Miss Breuer's very special talent. \$2.75

THE BRACELET OF WAVIA LEA

and other short stories
by BESSIE BREUER

● A novel of a modern woman's marriage. "An exquisitely wrought book. It will still be one of the six or seven outstanding novels of the year when 1947 has given us its hundreds."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. \$3.50

THE LEFT HAND IS THE DREAMER

by NANCY WILSON ROSS



At all bookstores, WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

BEACON HILL is a town within a town, and Charles Street is its main artery. Charles Street, whose western windows once looked out over the Charles River at high tide and the mud flats at low, is any American Main Street churning between two high walls of Georgian brick. The motor manners are no better here than what you endure elsewhere. Pedestrians poise at the intersections of the noisy stream until the irascible trucks and cars are momentarily becalmed by the red and yellow light; then they hurry between the bumpers, dragging behind them the intimidated Airedale who hoped he was going to grass.

Above the noise stand houses of rose well-weathered brick, houses still proud of their past and still very much alive. In one of them lived Mrs. Fields, whose husband once edited the *Atlantic*, and who entertained Dickens and Thackeray when Charles Street was the most congenial pause on their lecture tours. In another lived Governor Andrews, the sparky boss of the Commonwealth during the Civil War. The houses are still erect, still Georgian, still untouched in the upper stories, whose dormer windows reflect the sunset across the river. But the street level has been thrown open to commerce; the partitions separating the old reception rooms and the dining rooms have been torn down, and in the enlarged spaces are the shops which keep us alive and curious.

Charles Street has more Old Curiosity Shops per square foot than any other thoroughfare in North America. Since I am no collector of antiques, I can only place their value in what the Reverend Mr. Spooner would term "unsold tums." It is of the individuals who run them that I like to speak. Take Mr. F. — or rather let yourself be taken by him, for I doubt if he has ever been taken in a deal. Mr. F. and his good friend Mr. G. were viewing, not long since, the ruins of a magnificent highboy

which had come down over the road from Portsmouth. For reasons unknown, the barbarian who previously owned it had sawed off its four legs, so there sat the beautiful body on the floor of the shop. "Well," said Mr. F., "I hope the — — saw slipped and took off *his* legs too!"

Mr. F. will view with his quiet disdain the alleged antiques which are bestowed on young married couples. He knows so much more about woodwork and its falsification than you or I that there is no challenge to his authority when he remarks sadly, "I don't mind a reproduction but — — I hate a fake." In his standards Mr. F. is quite as authentic as Mrs. Jack Gardner ever was.

The spirit of Dickens lives on here and rubs elbows with the old world become young. Mr. and Mrs. De L. came to Charles Street twenty-five years ago and with the taste and energy of Italy they began to build up a fruit shop — fresh fruit from California, Florida, and Georgia, good groceries and good cheese for the Bohemians on the back side of the Hill, snacks at almost any time of the day and night sold cheerfully in a shop where in zero weather you could see your breath. Rumor had it that there was no furnace, nor would the owner install one, but Mrs. De L. with her black shawl over her shoulders was always there generating warmth and ready for any emergency. During the war one of our grand dames came clumping in with her stick to order barley flour and dried peas. "No barley flour and no dried peas," said Mrs. De L. "What," said the grand dame, "no barley flour and dried peas? What is the world coming to?"

When the De L. cat (for whom Mickey has a blustering respect) had kittens, my wife naturally asked how many there were. "Why, she's a society woman," said Mrs. De L., "she never has more than one at a time."

The De L.'s kept their loyalty and they kept their savings. A month ago they bought four of the brick buildings on Charles Street, including their own, for the lump sum of \$86,000. That is the kind of thing that makes us proud.

We have been proud of others but, this being New England, we are careful not to express our pride in anything but our eyes. We were very fond of old Mr. Gr. who cobbled our shoes for thirty years, educated two sons, sent a daughter to Radcliffe, and then folded up his leather apron and passed the shop on to his apprentice. We still recall his hand-illuminated sign beginning, "Your

Ruth McKenney THE LOUD RED PATRICK

The Loud Red Patrick was Ruth's grandfather, and of course, "my sister Eileen's." He had flaming red hair, red mustaches, a huge appetite, six daughters, a friend-of-his-bosom, a dog named Charlie, and many cousins. Most of all, the Loud Red Patrick had fun. So did his daughters, his friends, his cousins. So did Ruth and Eileen. So will you and so will everyone to whom you give his hilarious story. \$2.50

HUDSON STRODE Now in Mexico

This informal, over-all picture of Mexico today—from its remote and untouched regions to its show places and tourist haunts—combines an extraordinary learning, a fresh eye for the picturesque, and a style that has the flavor of a pleasant conversation. It makes Mexico a high adventure for those who can go there, a vivid, understandable land for those who cannot. *With 32 photographs.* \$5.00

GIFFORD PINCHOT Breaking New Ground

This is the autobiography of a great public servant and the story of a great popular movement—of Gifford Pinchot and the program for Conservation of Natural Resources for which he was largely responsible. It has the vigor and strenuousness of its author's life. It is lively with portraits of the men he knew. And most of all, it shines with the spirit of a man whose faith and lifetime practice it was to serve the public good. *Illustrated.* \$5.00

Kathryn Forbes TRANSFER POINT

For everyone who remembers *Mama* the author of *Mama's Bank Account* has created an unforgettable new heroine—Allie Barton, a little girl growing up in San Francisco with a tender heart, a quick mind, a fantastic memory, and the stubborn determination to turn dreams into fact. You will be glad to share Allie's growing up in this moving novel of an adult world seen through a child's eyes. \$2.75

Windwagon Smith and other yarns

By Wilbur Schramm

For everyone who enjoys tall tales well told, here are "Windwagon Smith," "The Horse Who Played Third Base for Brooklyn," and nine other priceless yarns. *Drawings by Joe Krush.* \$3.00

Miracle on 34th Street

By Valentine Davies

This warmly humorous book about a little man who claimed he was Santa Claus—and proved it—is the perfect gift for every Christmas package. \$1.75

At all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

pedal extremities will be well cared for in this store. . . .” We are proud of Michael, as broad as he is tall, who was half an inch too short to join the police force and who despite the proper backing declined a college education because of his devotion to the fish market. We are proud of Mr. McL., the pharmacist, our lighthouse in all weathers, a specialist in colds, our alleviator of insomnia and indigestion, and the discreet host of small boys with a sweet tooth.

We are immensely proud of our fighting Mrs. Fs., who came from France bringing to us the taste of Paris. She and her husband operate the most lovely florist shop east of San Francisco. She is spunky as a terrier, but when France fell she was disconsolate, and took to her bed and was eventually taken to the hospital. On the third day, so she told me, the doctor said to her, “So you won’t get up? But it isn’t going to change anything in France if you stay in bed all your life. It’s up to you.” Up she got and in three months was beginning to plan for the shipments of food and drugs which she sent over to those in the Resistance.

Mrs. Fs. has dancing black eyes and the best Gallic wit on the Street. Her flowers obey her. They are spick-and-span, heads up, and in full blaze. The doors of her shop are always open, the pots and flowering shrubs reaching toward the air, toward your eyes, toward your pocketbook. She was walking briskly along Charles Street one day with a friend of mine when she encountered Lady Bountiful. “Oh, Mrs. Fs.,” said the Lady, “that arrangement you made for me was so lovely — you know, it won Second Prize at the Show!” Mrs. Fs. thanked her and turned into her shop, my friend with her. “Did you also arrange the First Prize?” asked my friend. “Yes, of course,” said Mrs. Fs.

The flowing stream

I notice that our restaurants are more of a congregation in these days. Students, the white-collar girls, taxi drivers, booksellers, the milkman checking his account, old couples whose children have grown up, young families tired of washing dishes — we are coming together much more frequently in these cafés and kitchens where, under the bright lights and the shouted orders, the food comes hot, tasty, and inexpensive.

By day or by night Charles Street is the flowing current of Democracy. Our little square gem of a Meeting House has been taken over by the Armenians, who worship in it in the ritual of the Greek Orthodox. Our Chinese laundrymen are now too rushed to sew on buttons. It is a mystery to me how M., our beloved Jewish tailor, ever gets his head above the press of clothes.

Some years ago a poet we will call R.F. lived among us. He would pound the pavement late at night, as is the poet’s habit. One night — one morning rather, for it was after two — he was box-

ing the Esplanade, and as he walked along the Cambridge shore, his eyes on the dark mass of the Hill crowned by the illuminated golden dome, a car drew up behind him. “Greatsight, isn’t it,” said an Irish voice thick with John Jameson.

“Not bad, not bad,” said R.F. over his shoulder, the New England in him coming out.

The car rumbled along in low. “Greatsight hell,” said the driver. “Say, who the hell are you, the late George Apley? Get in here and I’ll drive you home.”

“You have been having a few, haven’t you?” said the poet, turning.

“Maybe I have. I’ve been to a rally,” said the driver. “Get in and I’ll take you home.” And as they drove toward the Hill he, the politician, continued his scolding. “That’s the trouble with you damn Bostonians. You don’t know what a good place you’ve got here,” he kept saying. “Now look at us Irish. You had the whole Hill a hundred years ago. Now we have got you half off it and in another fifty years you’ll all be gone!”

Of course the Irishman was wrong. The Hill won’t be his monopoly, nor will it be ours. It will be a blend.

To hear and see that blend, to shake its open hand, to feel its warmth and hospitality, to see the revealed beauty of the houses that went up between 1800 and 1812, one should be on Beacon Hill for Christmas Eve. Now the traffic has stopped and the streets are surging with groups arm in arm. Eggnog is in the punch bowl, and behind the candlelit windows old friends are blending. Outside, at a distance, one hears the bell ringers, and closer, on the stoops of Louisburg Square and Chestnut Street, the massed choirs stretch away into the darkness as once again rise the dear familiar words:

“O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie.”

Short slices of life

As a change from the capacious, many-peopled, sometimes windy novels which have been selling by the pound this autumn, it is refreshing to turn to a trio of short books.

The first I have edited, and can therefore speak of only as a partisan. *The Wedding Journey* by **Walter D. Edmonds** is a little idyl, a gay, serene, picturesque story of a honeymoon couple, in 1835, traveling at four miles an hour through the unspoiled beauty of the Erie Canal on their way from Schenectady to Buffalo and the inevitable Falls. It is a lighthearted narrative in which nothing spectacular happens to Roger and Bella. Their oblivion is momentarily threatened by gamblers, they are witnesses of the customary brawl at the Locks, and more than one man on the crowded little packet boat has an eye for Bella’s beauty. There is a virginal charm about this novelette out of Currier

Christmas giving made easy



*The Magnificent New
Illustrated Edition*

RABBLE IN ARMS

by KENNETH ROBERTS

Here is a beautiful new color-illustrated edition of one of Kenneth Roberts' best-loved stories of young America. *Esta Cosgrave*, well-known artist and illustrator, has contributed a completely original idea in book illustration for this new edition by painting full-color portraits of the principal characters in the styles of eight great artists who were their contemporaries. \$4.00

LYDIA BAILEY

by KENNETH ROBERTS

The breath-taking story of the adventures which befell young Albion Hamlin and the beautiful Lydia Bailey moves from the war-torn jungles of Haiti to the shores of Tripoli, in a novel of epic proportions. "Shows Kenneth Roberts' special power of bringing the past to full and unforgettable life. If 1947 produces a better novel, it will be a notable year for American fiction."—WALTER HAVIGHURST, *Chicago Tribune*. \$3

MOREAU DE ST. MÉRY'S

AMERICAN JOURNEY 1793-1798

Translated and Edited by
ANNA M. and KENNETH ROBERTS

This journal, filled with candid, intimate details of the day, is a first-hand account of the 1790's in America, written by a Frenchman who visited it and spared no feelings in telling what he thought. *Newsweek* calls it, "Colorful, racy and brilliant . . . delightful reading." With frontispiece painting in full color by James Russell Bingham. \$5.00

GOOD MAINE FOOD

by MARJORIE MOSSER

With an Introduction and Notes by
KENNETH ROBERTS

This completely revised, reset and enlarged edition of a unique recipe book has over 200 new recipes for ancient and modern food and drink which have made New England famous. Kenneth Roberts taste-tested these recipes on such epicureans as Ben Ames Williams, John Marquand, Hope Harding Davis and the Duchess of Windsor. VIRGINIA KIRKUS calls them "hundreds of dishes which will tempt the cook to experiment." \$3.00

Check your family and
friends against this list

☐ CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. One of the season's best-selling books. Fifteen short stories by the master story-teller. "Stories that would have had Scheherazade herself holding her tongue."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$2.75

☐ AN EXPLORER COMES HOME

by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS. The at-home adventures of the famous naturalist and explorer. "There's fun for everybody in this gay bantering narrative of life in the country."—*Chicago Tribune*. \$3.00

☐ THE GOD FROM THE WEST

by HALLETT ABEND. This biography of the incredible Frederick Townsend Ward is the long overdue story of the Salem soldier of fortune, honored in China but forgotten in America. \$3.50



☐ LIFE AND THE DREAM

MARY COLUM's memories of a literary life in Europe and America make "truly a wonderful book . . . every civilized reader will enjoy it."—*Atlantic Monthly*. \$3.50

☐ WHISTLING WINGS

by MARTIN BOVEY. The perfect gift for any sportsman—30 years of duck hunting by a nationally known sportsman-lecturer. Lavishly illustrated with 40 pages of photographs by the author and drawings by Francis Lee Jaques. \$7.50

☐ JESSAMY JOHN

by PHIL STONG. The story of a 15th-century gambler, who manipulated one of history's biggest frauds, the "Mississippi Bubble", while living one of history's greatest love stories. \$2.75

☐ THE VON HASSELL DIARIES, 1938-1944

The story of the forces against Hitler inside Germany, as recorded by AMBASSADOR ULRICH VON HASSELL, a leader of the movement. One of the most important and revealing documents of our time."—*N. Y. Times*. \$5.00

An Introduction to

☐ RUSSIAN LITERATURE

by HELEN MUCHNIC. "Full of clues to an understanding of what kind of people Russians are."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.00

☐ Favorite Poems of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A beautiful edition of the best of a beloved American poet, with 11 full color and 34 black and white illustrations by Edward A. Wilson and an introduction by Henry Seidel Canby. \$5.00



Buy
GIVE-A-BOOK
CERTIFICATES
Wherever You
See This Emblem

At your
bookseller's

DOUBLEDAY

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Ives, charged as it is with that electric current of two attractive young people who are beginning to find each other.

Jenny Villiers by J. B. Priestley is such a dexterous and touching novelette that I have read it twice before clearing my mind for its appraisal. It is a ghost story and, unless I miss my guess, has the makings of a successful curtain-raiser. The story begins in the Green Room of the Theater Royal, a rather famous old theater in the English provinces. To the Green Room Martin Cheveril has retired after a disillusioning rehearsal of his new London production; the playwright is weary and dismayed to the point of illness and, as he thinks, at the end of his rope. The local physician has given him some tablets for his low blood pressure and as he sits in the old paneled room, deep in his chair and overdosed with sedatives, his mind strays across the borderland of reality to meet the ghost of Jenny Villiers, the lovely young actress who played the juvenile leads, who rehearsed in this very Green Room a hundred years ago, and who died before she was twenty-five. Jenny and the little Repertory Company in which she starred return to play again within the soft radiance of the single light. We see Julian Napier, her leading man and her lover, Walter Kettle, her gaunt, jealous little stage manager, and the pompous Mr. Ludlow; and we see them as they saw Jenny, rehearsing and finally shining as Viola in *Twelfth Night*.

Mr. Priestley, with his love of the old and his unerring touch of the theater, has woven his narrative back and forth from past to present, from near-death to rejuvenation. Is Jenny the ghost escaped from the bonds of her years or an image from Cheveril's own deeper self? We never know for sure; nor did we know in Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jennie*, that other haunting novelette. But we do know that this deft story has in it the lifeblood of the stage, and we know the moral: that the theater has always been dying for the old hands, and that it is always being born again for the new.

To the short novel *John Steinbeck* brings simplicity, the power of suggestion, and naturalness, which convey a great deal within a limited space. To his fine trio, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Moon Is Down*, and *The White Pony*, we now add *The Pearl*, the story of Kino, a Mexican fisherman, his wife Juana, and their baby Coyotito; the story of how the baby was bitten by a scorpion and of how Kino — to pay the doctor's bill — dived for and brought to the surface a pearl beyond price. What happens thereafter is for you to read.

Within the lineaments of this Mexican folk tale and with silk-smooth, deceptive simplicity Mr. Steinbeck is doing what he most enjoys: laying bare the human nature of primitive people, showing us their capacity for endurance, their resistance to

domination (the supercilious doctor, and the pearl dealers who try to cheat); showing us the peasants' instinctive love and protectiveness, their wisdom (as in the old beggars), and the songs which best express their emotion. One can take this as a parable or as an active and limpid narrative whose depth, like that of the tropical waters which Steinbeck so beautifully describes, is far more than one would suspect.

LIPPMANN QUESTIONS MR. X

by JAMES H. POWERS

THE struggle toward a foreign policy for the United States is entering a new phase. At London, where the Big Four are attempting once more to frame a peace treaty for Germany and a settlement for Austria, it is already recognized that the results of this new endeavor will provide the go-ahead signal, for good or ill, on the issue of a divided Europe. Unless some unexpected progress is achieved through compromises the schism between East and West, or, more specifically, between the Soviet Union and the United States, will become fixed and confirmed. Simultaneously, at Washington a reluctant Congress finds itself coming to grips at last with the responsibilities of constructive leadership imposed upon the United States by victory.

At precisely this point, and with an excellent sense of timing, Walter Lippmann has come forward in *The Cold War* (Harper, \$1.00) with the first full-dress critical analysis of the Truman Doctrine, the diplomatic philosophy underlying it, and its relationship to the ideas set forth by Mr. Marshall in his famous address at Harvard on June 5.

The Cold War is, in effect, Mr. Lippmann's answer to the much-discussed essay written by the mysterious Mr. X and published last July in *Foreign Affairs*. In that revealing article Mr. X (who has been identified without denial as the present director of the State Department's Policy Planning Board, George Kennan) undertook to lay bare the basis, in diplomacy and political thinking, of the Truman Doctrine. He sought to analyze Russia's diplomatic behavior, to explain the policy devised to meet it, what procedures the policy seeks to follow, what goals its supporters hope to attain.

It is unfortunate that Mr. X's article on "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" is not included in this little volume together with Mr. Lippmann's analysis. This difficulty, however, need deter no reader from *The Cold War*. By copious quotation Mr. Lippmann sets forth fairly and in all its essentials the thesis championed by Mr. X, and presumably by the authors of the Truman Doctrine within the State Department and the military agencies of our government. Any reader with a clear recollection of the crisis of last March, when the Doctrine was un-

For the first time
An illustrated edition of
THOMAS WOLFE'S
immortal novel
LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL



LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL has achieved a permanent place in literature as one of the great American novels. It is a *living book*—still being re-read and re-discovered by thousands every year!

During the Christmas season this handsome volume, with its dramatic illustrations, will make a welcome gift for any book-lover.

With over one hundred illustrations by
DOUGLAS GORSLINE



at all bookstores \$5.00
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, N. Y.

FOR THE FORTUNATE ONES

Rebecca West

The author of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* gives us her first full-length book in seven years in these brilliant and penetrating pages. The story of England's modern traitors and the world they turned against becomes, through the amazing genius of Rebecca West, a wise and subtle study of legal justice and human loyalties in the complex and conflicting politics of today. \$3.50

The MEANING of TREASON

THE VIKING *Portable Library*

These beautiful little omnibus volumes are filled with the best and best-loved literature of the world, available nowhere else in such attractive form today. Browse through the thirty-five titles at your bookstore and see for yourself their handsome design, distinguished editorship and generous contents. "Viking has earned some sort of literary Oscar for its splendid venture in this Portable Library series. It is a masterpiece of publishing."

—WILL DAVIDSON, *Chicago Tribune*
Each volume is only \$2.00

A dramatic story of Palestine today,
in two forms, both by
MEYER LEVIN

The novel—"A quiet, poignant and important novel about modern Palestine . . . a warm, simple, lovingly-written, insistently touching story."
—JOHN WOODBURN, *Saturday Review* \$2.50

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

★
The picture-story book—Photographs from the current Palestine film, *My Father's House*, tell a moving human story and provide a vivid record of national achievement. \$3.50

IF I FORGET THEE

Ralph Roeder

In this great and inspiring historical portrait, the author of *The Man of the Renaissance* portrays one of the most colorful and dynamic figures in the struggle for human liberty on this continent. "One of the great stories of history. . . greatly told. The whole man is here at last."—BERTRAM D. WOLFE, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "A real and permanent contribution."—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, *N. Y. Times*. Illus. 2 volumes, boxed \$10.00

JUAREZ AND HIS MEXICO

At all booksellers

THIS IMPRINT



ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST

John Steinbeck

This short work of fiction, in Steinbeck's most popular mood, endows a tale of little people with all his perception and love. As he tells the simple, moving story of a family and the miracle that taught them humility, he fills it with the universal strength and wisdom of a folk legend. *With five original drawings by* JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO.

\$2.00

THE PEARL

Ludwig Bemelmans

His most popular novel is "the funniest, truest, craziest, sharpest satire on the motion-picture world to be presented to the other half since *Once in a Lifetime*."—RICHARD MEALAND, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*. \$2.75

DIRTY EDDIE

Arnold Zweig

The author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischka* writes "a novel in the best European tradition, the work of a mature story-teller and a wise and philosophical heart."—RICHARD PLANT, N. Y. *Times Book Review*. \$3.50

The AXE of WANDSBEK

The MIDDLE of the JOURNEY

"An uncommonly interesting novel of ideas."—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. \$3.00
by Lionel Trilling

★ ★ ★

AFTERMATH

A novel of the contrasts between American and European women in love. \$3.00
by Hans Habe

★ ★ ★

TORTILLA FLAT

A magnificent new edition with 17 oil paintings by Peggy Worthington. \$6.00
by John Steinbeck

Lion Feuchtwanger

The color, the drama, the rich substance of this great new historical novel are giving thousands an unforgettable reading experience. The story of Benjamin Franklin at the court of Marie Antoinette, plotting with the elegant Beaumarchais in the cause of American freedom, is "a magnificent historical novel."—FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*. "An achievement of the first literary rank."—CHARLES LEE, N. Y. *Times*.

Literary Guild Selection 640 pages \$3.50

PROUD DESTINY

MEANS GREAT READING

The Viking Press

folded by the President to a startled Congress, will have no difficulty in understanding the importance of this volume.

The Cold War is written in excellent temper. It is as lucidly argued as a problem in mathematics. The author succeeds in lifting his discussion far above the level of heated polemics. His aim is not simply to expose the fallacies, the inevitable frustrations, and the dangers implicit in a policy based upon optimistic guesswork. He undertakes to redefine the post-war problem of peacemaking. He finds that the heart of that problem is the continuing presence of armies of occupation — especially Russian armies — in Europe. He proposes that this fact should be dealt with by having recourse to one of the oldest and best-tested principles of both diplomacy and war — concentration of diplomatic effort at a point where possibilities of success are good and where success would produce the most far-reaching and ameliorative consequences.

Our diplomacy, says Mr. Lippmann, should be concerned with negotiations designed to induce withdrawal of all armies — including our own — from European states where they do not normally belong. Rejected, this proposal would at once clarify the issue. Attained, it would almost immediately re-establish an equilibrium among the powers, the absence of which is a primary cause of the world's post-war troubles. In furtherance of this purpose, the author suggests that we rid ourselves once and for all of wishful thinking about the Germans, refuse to enter into competition for their prospective favors, and recognize that a Europe evacuated by unwelcome alien military forces can and will be a Europe responsive to preferences for freedom over police regimes.

Ideological policies such as the Truman Doctrine seem to Mr. Lippmann to promise only a continuation of the trend toward a new war. Policies conceived in economic and political realities, and brought to proper focus, promise to end the international deadlock and open the way to settlements. In Secretary Marshall's initiative of last June, Mr. Lippmann sees American policy moving toward affirmatives. In the stubborn efforts of champions of the Truman Doctrine to merge it into the Marshall Plan and give it dominance, he sees grave threat of diplomatic disaster.

ONE CHILD AT A TIME

JANE COBB and HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

LAST year we wrote a sour little article in which we viewed the latest children's books with considerable dimness. We were taken to task for this by a number of people, among them an editor who complained that our attitude was lacking in the proper reverence. She affirmed her affection for that por-

tion of the human race which is frequently classified as "The Kiddies," and stated that she herself was moved to awe and humbleness by the spectacle of children reading.

This overemphatic, unselective attitude of dedication to children in the aggregate is far too prevalent among the authors and publishers of juvenile books. It is suspect because it is depersonalized and consequently sterile. Awe and humbleness are a first-rate barrier to seeing the child as he really is, and to any identification with him in writing or selecting his books. There is no element of awe or depersonalization in *Huckleberry Finn*, *Little Women*, or the *Just So Stories*. They are timeless examples of the personal, selfish, happy identification of the authors with the *child in themselves* which is the basis of all good juvenile writing.

We have received several collections of children's stories written and compiled by child study groups who have put a lot of thoughtful, honest effort into their work. We can't say exactly what is wrong with the stories — nothing, really, except that they don't go over very well. They are usually described in the introductions as having been okayed by groups of children, and perhaps the nursery school stimulation provides a vitality that our neighborhood children find lacking. We can only report on the basis of the acid test, and we are truly sorry when stories fail, for we admire and respect people who work to understand children, and we appreciate their contribution to society. The only possible explanation lies in the fact that while a children's author *must* identify himself with his audience, a psychologist who identified himself emotionally with children would be of little value in his job.

The books we are recommending here have several things in common. They are all well written, with lively, natural dialogue, expert characterization, and authentic background, and they have been read with enthusiasm by more than one child of our acquaintance, in the age group for which the books are intended. All this goes without saying, but they share another quality, more subtle, and manifest on every page: the men and women who wrote them forgot for a time that children are supposed to be taught — forgot the adult world and its problems, and went back down the years to share a story, an emotion, a hobby, or a joke. There is every reason to believe that, despite the headaches attendant on writing anything, the authors were having a pretty good time themselves.

FOR UNDER FIVE

Winter Noisy Book, by Margaret Wise Brown, is another story of Muffin, the little dog with the expanding consciousness, and like its predecessors it is original, beautiful, funny, and composed with every possible awareness of what a child would like said next. Margaret Wise Brown, who is, in our

All Good Reading- All Good Gifts

A magnificent new best seller

HILL OF THE HAWK

By **SCOTT O'DELL**

"A lavish costume piece with all the color and action the reader has a right to expect."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*.
"A first-rate story."—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post*. \$3.00

THE AMERICAN ILIAD

By **OTTO EISENSCHIML**
and **RALPH NEWMAN**

The one-volume battle story of the Civil War as narrated by eyewitnesses, Union and Confederate commanders and soldiers; newspapermen; onlookers. "As dramatic and colorful as it is authentic. This is a truly fascinating volume and an important addition to Civil War literature."—RALPH ADAMS BROWN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

With maps and halftones, \$5.00
Limited edition, \$15.00

LAST CHANCE IN CHINA

By **FREDA UTLEY**

On the basis of a broad personal knowledge of China and numberless interviews with representative Chinese, a famed *Reader's Digest* correspondent presents a hard-hitting, intensely convincing analysis and forecast of China's problems—and ours. Her book is both a cry of warning and a guide to safety. \$3.50

THIS FASCINATING ADVERTISING BUSINESS

By **HARRY LEWIS BIRD**

What advertising is: its history, achievements and techniques. A veteran advertising man covers the entire field in a book as stimulating as the business itself. *Illus.* \$4.00

Painter of Truth and
Prisoner of the King

VELÁZQUEZ

By **ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS**

The author of *Titian, the Magnificent* tells the story of Spain's greatest artist whose life has been one of the great riddles of history—a man uncompromisingly honest in his art, uncomplainingly docile in his life.

Illustrated. \$4.00

At all bookstores

BOBBS-MERRILL

The hilarious new book
by the author of
SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE

MORE INTERESTING PEOPLE

By **ROBERT
J. CASEY**

"This is pure Casey again, which is by way of saying that it is very good reading . . . The reader may expect a grin or a belly laugh on every page."—*Chicago Sun*.

With drawings by John Groth.

\$3.00

opinion, tops among writers for the very young, was once quoted as saying that she didn't like children. As it happens, we *do* like children, but when it comes to writing for them, Miss Brown can give them something that we can't. She has miraculously retained the perceptiveness which most of us lose in the second grade, and her flair for the instinctive rhythms of a child's attention is extraordinary. We endeavored, in a somewhat heavy-handed way, to analyze her methods — how she knew when to ask a question and when to answer; how she knew when to be stark and when to pile on the adjectives; when to appeal to her customers' tenderer emotions and when to set them rolling in the aisles. We gave it up. Miss Brown's talent is in a class by itself, and figuring it out would be like taking a master's degree in leprechauns.

John G. McCullough, the author of *Dark Is Dark*, is another writer who knows his way to the heart of the very young. His book says just the things about the night that children want to know and to hear reaffirmed. Both this book and Miss Brown's are illustrated by Charles G. Shaw, who can get a tremendous amount of suggestion into a few simple lines.

We were somewhat startled to receive a book called *Timothy's Angels*, by — of all people — **William Rose Benét**, and illustrated by — of all people — Alajálov. It turned out to be a warm, funny, simple little poem, completely unpretentious, and the pictures have just the touch of sophistication that no well-run nursery should be without.

A Lion for Patsy, by **Miriam E. Mason**, is a book for the four-year-olds and up, rather than for the very little, for the story is longish, and there is too much text with the pictures to hold the attention of the average nursery-schooler. It is, however, an inventive and charming story of a little girl who wanted a lion, and found herself able to compromise contentedly on an unusually marked caterpillar.

Curious George Takes a Job, by **H. A. Rey**, is also longish for a book in this age group, but it is acceptable to the very young, partly because of a more spread-out arrangement of text and pictures, and partly because George is a monkey, and his adventures are sensational and enormously comic.

The adventures of *The Three Little Chipmunks*, by **Marjorie Torrey**, are not so concise as those of *The Three Little Kittens*, but they are delightful, and as amusing as those of George — in a more tenderhearted way. The author's illustrations are exquisite.

Our exasperation with the poems of the child-serving lady at least answered one purpose — it pointed up the excellence of the *Golden Book of Poetry*, edited by **Jane Werner**. This wide-ranging, beautifully illustrated anthology is not just a collection of the old favorites. To be sure, it includes "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," but there are also

many poems by people like Rachel Field and Margaret Widdemer, not to mention Ogden Nash. We recommend it for any age — up to the time when they discover T. S. Eliot.

SIX TO TEN

And please remember that ages overlap, depending upon the individual child.

Treasure Was Their Quest, by **William Bunce**, is for nine-year-olds, and beyond. It is a delightful, highly humorous account of the treasure hunt of a pair of twelve-year-old boys in an upstate New York village. Willie and Ham believe in doing things the hard way, and their treasure divining rod, their battles with other boys, their secret hut, the Ghost-Face House, and their quest are all good straight boy stuff, as natural as a skinned knee but much more exciting.

The Trolley Car Family, by **Eleanor Clymer**, is a charming, happy story of a family who spent the summer in a trolley car. Girls will enjoy it, particularly if they are the domestic type, but you can't tell us that any tomboy won't love the idea of living in a trolley, and that means that boys will go for it, too. A warm, goofy book, delightfully written, as usual.

Gooseberry Jones, by **Will Gerber**, is the story of a small colored boy who has no dog. His mother is terrified of dogs — and a strict disciplinarian. It's a lovely book, tenderly and sympathetically written, and most unusual in plot and background. It will be a relief to colored parents to be able to put into their children's hands a book in which their race is not represented as idiotically childlike or unbearably oppressed, but lives normally and matter-of-factly.

In *Little Eddie*, **Carolyn Haywood** has created a fine figure of a seven-year-old — astonishing, unpredictable, and entirely recognizable. Eddie's adventures are always peculiar and always plausible, at least from his point of view, and they are told with the dead-pan attention to detail which is necessary to bring really funny stories to life.

The Story of Pamela, by **Mabel Jones Woodbury**, is told in the first person by a trained chimpanzee who has all of the graces — she dances superbly — and none of the virtues. She is inquisitive, destructive, vain, vindictive, and a prima donna of the most deplorable type. Her adventures add up to a fine, funny, never-a-dull-moment book.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN

Assorted Sisters, by **Florence Crannell Means**, has top honors as far as we are concerned. Mrs. Means has an exceptional gift for finding the least common denominator in girls. She never preaches, her dialogue is up-to-date and crisp, her characters are well rounded and colorful, and she writes with both humor and understanding. This story of four girls in a Denver high school — one American girl,

A Major Contribution to American Letters!

"Using Melville and Whitman as the central figures, Brooks ranges over the entire American literary and social scene of the later 19th century . . . Without doubt **THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN** will extend the boundaries of literary interest and awaken in the minds of many Americans a new pride in our national culture."

— John Dwight Kern, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

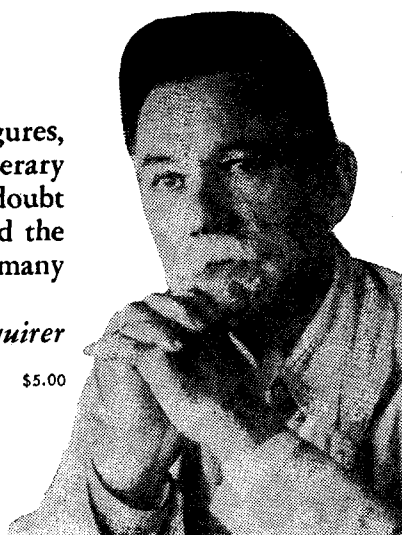
The Times of **MELVILLE** and **WHITMAN** Van Wyck Brooks

Pulitzer Prize Winner and author of

"The Flowering of New England,"

"New England: Indian Summer," "The World of Washington Irving," etc.

\$5.00





A Sparkling Life Story!

"A highly diverting, deliciously scandalous and irresistible autobiography . . . We offer W. E. Woodward, without reservation, as an exhibit of *Homo Americanus* at his best."

— William McFee, *N. Y. Sun*

"THE GIFT OF LIFE is so full of delicate humor, of real humanity, it is so wise about life that it will be no surprise if it becomes the big autobiography of the fall and takes its place in popularity beside such memoirs as 'The Story of San Michele' and 'Personal History'."

— John William Rogers, *Chicago Sun*

THE GIFT OF LIFE

an autobiography by
W. E. WOODWARD

author of "Tom Paine," "A New American History,"
"The Way Our People Lived," etc.

\$4.75



"Hilarious... Vivid... Intimate... Irreverent"

— Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*

"Smooth and witty . . . THE PROPER BOSTONIANS is written with impudence, accuracy, affection, and respect."

— *Atlantic Monthly*

"The best account of Boston to date . . . THE PROPER BOSTONIANS is a ribald and rib-tickling performance."

— William McFee, *New York Sun*

"Mr. Amory, in spite of his affection and even admiration for his caste, has told many of the most hilarious and fantastic anecdotes that ever got into print . . . Vivid, intimate and irreverent . . . It is lively and entertaining and impressively authoritative."

— Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*

\$4.50

The Proper BOSTONIANS

by **CLEVELAND AMORY**



E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., 300 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Everybody wants these
Harper Books

JAMES F.

Byrnes

SPEAKING FRANKLY

"Its disclosures of Big Three politics on the highest level make exciting reading."—N. Y. *Herald Tribune Book Review*.
\$3.50

AGNES

Rogers

and **FREDERICK LEWIS**

Allen

**I REMEMBER
DISTINCTLY**

A Family Album of the American People in the Years of Peace: 1918 to Pearl Harbor. 500 pictures, 37,000 words of sparkling text. \$5.00

LOUIS

Bromfield

COLORADO

America's favorite storyteller tells an absorbing tale of a brawling frontier town. \$2.75

LUCY and SIDNEY

Corbett

**POT SHOTS FROM A
GROSSE ILE KITCHEN**

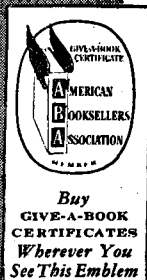
A heartwarming book of informal philosophy, fun, friendship and FOOD. Illustrated by WILLIAM THOMAS WOODWARD.
\$2.75

EVELYN

Eaton

**EVERY MONTH
WAS MAY**

A popular novelist's recollections of a life worth living in Europe between two wars. "It is enchanting . . . fun."—ROSE-MARY TAYLOR. Illus. by GARTH WILLIAMS. \$2.75



THE WORLD OF ALDOUS

Huxley

Edited by CHARLES J. ROLO.
The first important collection of Huxley's fiction and non-fiction of three decades. \$3.50

**FLORENCE PAGE and
FRANCIS LEE**

Jaques

CANADIAN SPRING

"A beautiful, wonderful book about the outdoors."—*Chicago Tribune*. By the authors of SNOWSHOE COUNTRY. Illus.
\$3.50

MARTHE DITH

Furnas

THE FAR COUNTRY

"A Western in the finest and truest sense . . . It is impossible to imagine a literate American who will not enjoy it."—N. Y. *Sun*. \$2.75

MARTIN

Flavin

THE ENCHANTED

"An enchanting book which casts its own engrossing spell."—*Boston Herald*. Drawings by CYRUS LEROY BALDRIDGE. \$3.00

SHEILA

Kaye-Smith

**THE LARDNERS AND
THE LAURELWOODS**

"A Victorian period piece, authentic, restrained and charming . . . superb craftsmanship."—*Boston Globe*. \$3.00

At all bookstores

Harper & Brothers

49 EAST 33rd STREET
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Everybody wants these
Harper Books

JOHN
Gunther

INSIDE U.S.A.

"A magnificent book . . . Nothing like it has ever been published before."—WILLIAM L. SHIRER. \$5.00

WALTER
Lippmann

THE COLD WAR

Hard-headed criticism of our policy toward Russia and the fallacies of the Truman Doctrine. \$1.00

THE JOURNALS OF
FRANCIS
Parkman

Edited by
MASON WADE

The complete journals of a great American historian. A superb book to give and own. Illustrated. 2 volumes, boxed. \$10.00

BERNARD IDDINGS
Bell

A MAN
CAN LIVE

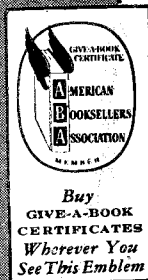
"A humane understanding of man's blundering and persistent groping for knowledge of God."—FRANCES PERKINS. \$1.50

RUTH NANDA
Anshen,

Editor

OUR EMERGENT
CIVILIZATION

Outstanding modern philosophers and thinkers explain the more unified civilization now emerging. \$4.50



Buy
GIVE-A-BOOK
CERTIFICATES
Wherever You
See This Emblem

RICHARD E.
Lauterbach

DANGER FROM
THE EAST

"Shows exactly how our experiment of trying to implant democracy in the East is working."—WINGS, *The Literary Guild Review*. \$3.75

LOUIS
Fischer

GANDHI AND STALIN

*Two Signs at the
World's Crossroads*

"A great book . . . free people everywhere owe it to themselves to read it."—*St. Louis Star Times*. \$2.50

DAVID B.
Greenberg,

Editor

THE COUNTRYMAN'S
COMPANION

A delightful sampler of the best literature, past and present, which underscores man's kinship with the earth. Introduction by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE. Illustrated. \$3.00

RUSSELL
Hill

STRUGGLE FOR
GERMANY

"The best account of our record in the occupation of Germany which has yet appeared."—DR. CALVIN B. HOOVER \$3.00

T. H. HUXLEY and
JULIAN

Huxley

TOUCHSTONE
FOR ETHICS

Two great modern thinkers explain their faith in humanity's moral progress through evolution. \$3.00

At all bookstores
Harper & Brothers

49 EAST 33rd STREET
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

one Chinese, one Spanish, and, later, one colored — is cheerful, dramatic, and fast-moving, and though not so unusual as *Great Day in the Morning*, it is unusual enough, and a book that any girl will love.

Adventure in Russia, by **Ruth Epperson Kennell**, is another unusual and beautifully written book — a story of inside Russia today, and of a boy orphaned by the war, who is afraid of horses, though his father was a Cossack officer, and of a girl who is Champion Rider of the High Plains. The book is exciting and interesting.

In *The Pigeoneers*, **Anne Molloy** has written another of her splendid books for children. This is the story of a group of boys in an orthopedic hospital, whose lives take on new meaning when they become interested in homing pigeons. The book has pathos, humor, tenderness, vitality, and charm, to say nothing of the fascinating material. We almost bought a pigeon on the strength of it.

Rocket Ship Galileo, by **Robert Heinlein**, describes the first space ship to land on the moon. It is so real that one feels that the idea may become an actuality at any moment. And the book is not too technical to be understood. For all ages up to one hundred.

Partners of Powder Hole, by **Robert Davis**, is an unusual tale of Cape Cod lobster fishermen — which in itself is enough to fascinate any child who has spent half a day at the beach. Furthermore, while it smells of the sea in every line, it is a pleasant, homey change from the conventional sea story of hardhearted skippers, crashing wrecks, cannibals, and what have you. This does not mean, however, that the book lacks excitement. It begins on page one, when a fifteen-year-old boy falls overboard off a scow while trying to fish his dog out of the water. Swimming side by side through the night, they finally wind up at Powder Hole, and enter an entirely new existence.

There are two books — for boys — which seem to us to be first-rate examples of a new trend in juveniles. *Rebel Halfback*, by **Joe Archibald**, is a football story, and *Window on the World*, by **Joseph Gollomb**, describes the adventures of a boy on a newspaper. These fast-moving, well-written stories illustrate a shift in the moral values purveyed for the young. In our day, the emphasis was on showing the superiority of honest poverty to corrupt riches, and it was always the poor boy who made the winning touchdown or outwitted the villain and brought the scoop to his paper.

Apparently this point has been made sufficiently clear, for nowadays the hero accepts his poverty casually. The important issue is the brotherhood of man, and it is the boy who likes Negroes and is all out for the United Nations who cops the honors. In these two books the issue is handled skillfully and admirably, without interfering with story or action. In lesser hands it could be as deadly as the worst of Horatio Alger.

BIOGRAPHIES

We have complained in the past that the authors of juvenile biographies tend to write as if they expected the families of their subject to leave them money. We do not make this complaint about *Woodrow Wilson*, by **Alden Hatch**, although he writes with an enthusiasm that might be more suitable in an admirer of Frank Sinatra. Mr. Hatch says on the blurb that he has never written about a man for whom he does not have sympathy and admiration, and this is apparent on every page. Nevertheless, his attitude gives the book a vitality it would lack if written with more detachment, and it is well documented, with both index and bibliography.

In the story of *Susan B. Anthony: Champion of Women's Rights*, **Florence Horn Bryan** has material that is considerably more dramatic, if less important, than the Wilson book, and she has a fascinating tale to tell. Susan B. Anthony's turbulent and successful life has all the elements necessary to a first-class biography. Mrs. Bryan has written well, and handled her drama skillfully, and certainly Miss Anthony was a superb woman, deserving every kind of admiration. Perhaps the book is a little flawed by Mrs. Bryan's playing up Women's Rights for a little more than they are worth. She doesn't quite say that women will end corruption at the polls, but her implication is clear that they will stop wars. This may startle realistic readers, but a surprise or two won't hurt them, and the book should attract the attention of boys as well as girls.

Victorian Cinderella, "The Story of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by **Phyllis Wynn Jackson**, is one of the brisker biographies we have read in some time, and one of the best balanced. It is neither underdone nor overdone, has no dull spots, doesn't gush, and presents both Mrs. Stowe and the period with a lively warmth and reality. It should be required reading on any school list.

NONFICTION

There comes a time in the life of every young person when he wants his facts straight, without fictional interference, and this goes for the eights and nines, as well as the teens. *Goldfish*, by **Herbert S. Zim**, is almost a necessity for any child who is interested in goldfish and able to look after them himself. For older readers Mr. Zim has a book starkly entitled *Plants*. He approaches his subject not as a biologist, but as someone to whom plants are a hobby, and in no time had us out in the woods collecting mosses for a terrarium.

Despite the fact that we enjoyed *The Insect World*, by **Hilda T. Harpster**, we are not going out to collect insects, but we might if we were in our teens, and even if we didn't we'd like the book.

Regardless of the appearance of occasional unappetizing throngs of bobby-soxers, girls in their early teens are, in general, more attractive today than

Whittlesey House BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Admiral Halsey's Story

By Fleet Admiral
WILLIAM F. HALSEY, USN
and Lt. Comdr. J. Bryan III, USNR

"Sheer fascination. It has just about every quality of sustained interest... a regular hoopla of fact, wit, extravaganza and seriousness."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. 24 pages of photographs and numerous illustrations. \$4.00

The Tamarack Tree

A new novel by **HOWARD BRESLIN**

"For those who love the tang of New England and the flavor of the 1840's, it will provide a memorably rich experience. I still find myself haunted by many of the characters and wish I could see more of them."—**SAMUEL SHELLABARGER**, author of *CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE*. \$3.00

Bar Nothing Ranch

By **ROSEMARY TAYLOR**

The author of the hilarious best-sellers *CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY* and *RIDIN' THE RAINBOW* puts on paper the grandest bunch of people you've run across in a long while—Mrs. Webb, hostess of a dude ranch extraordinary, and her guests. *Illustrated by Bernard Thompson*. \$2.75

At all bookstores

THE Concert Companion

A Comprehensive Guide to Symphonic Music by **ROBERT BAGAR** and **LOUIS BIANCOLLI** of the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Society

The year's most superb gift for music lovers. "Helpful and practical, stimulating and enlightening... Music lovers of all grades of experience will find here the things they would really like to know about the world's great musical compositions and the men who created them."—**SIGMUND SPAETH**. Over 500 compositions. 850 pages. Indexed. \$7.50

The World Within

Edited by **MARY LOUISE ASWELL**
With Introduction and Notes by
FREDERIC WERTHAM, M.D.

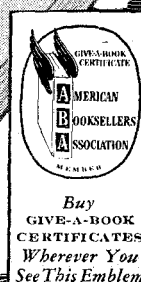
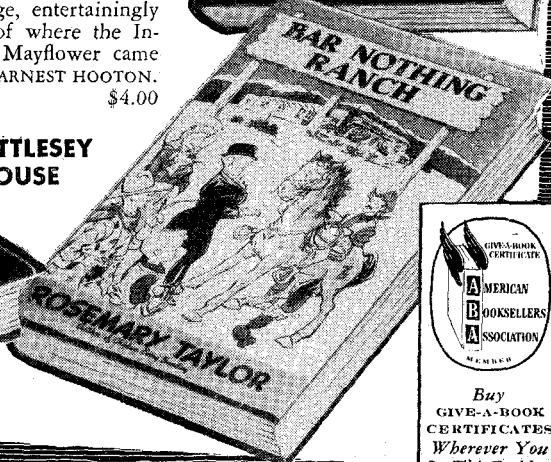
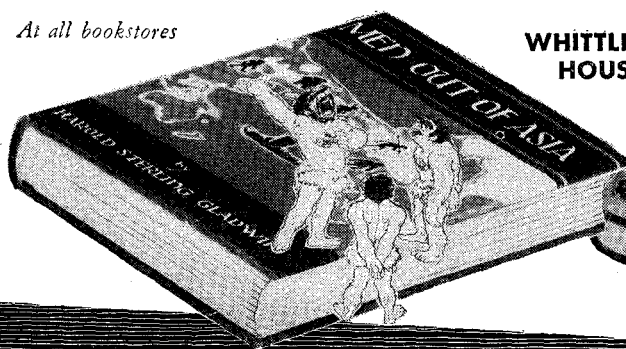
A prominent editor and a distinguished psychiatrist present an absorbing anthology of outstanding fiction dealing with the human mind, including selections by Dostoevski, Chekhov, Henry James, Proust, Franz Kafka, E. B. White, Conrad Aiken and William Faulkner. \$3.75

Men Out of Asia

By **HAROLD STERLING GLADWIN**
Illustrated by CAMPBELL GRANT

In this witty and iconoclastic book an anthropologist with a rare ability to impart his knowledge, entertainingly solves the mystery of where the Indians who met the Mayflower came from. Foreword by **EARNEST HOOTON**. \$4.00

WHITTLESEY
HOUSE



they were fifteen years ago. We feel that the credit for this goes to the women's magazines. When the fact was accepted that Susie was going to wear make-up no matter *what*, it was agreed that she had better be told that there is a right way and a wrong way, and while she was at it she might as well learn to keep her hair clean, her skin clear, and not to wear satin to school. As a result, the furtively smudged-on purple mouth is as rare as a shiny nose, and girls who ignore their appearance are no longer regarded by parents or teachers as prize examples of maidenly virtue. **Judith Unger Scott**, in *Lessons in Loveliness*, has compiled just about everything that a girl trying to make the best of herself would need to know, and the young lady who couldn't read it with interest and profit can hardly exist.

Nancy Keeps House, by **Helene Laird**, is a slightly fictionized book on housekeeping methods, from how to wash dishes to spring house-cleaning. Girls who like that sort of thing will profit by it. Those who hate housework but *have* to help Mother will be grateful for it.

Experiments in Science, by **Nelson F. Beeler and Franklyn M. Branley**, is for either boys or girls, and it's fascinating. Furthermore, parents needn't worry. Neither Johnny nor Ann will turn up with singed eyebrows or ruined clothes after trying to bake apples in snow, make their own telephone, bend light, or see through their hands. The accompanying illustrations are large and clear, and so simple that even the seven-year-olds can follow them easily.

C. J. Maginley's *Historic Models of Early America* is a splendid hobby book for not too advanced manual training students. It teaches you how to make anything, from a tobacco roller to a miniature one-horse shay. Young carpenters will hail it with delight.

How Much and How Many, "The Story of Weights and Measures," by **Jeanne Bendick**, explains itself. A good book for fifth- and sixth-graders. It's fun and it's interesting, and should prove a blessing in disguise to unmathematically-minded youngsters.

1 1 1

ADVERSARY IN THE HOUSE \$3.00
Irving Stone DOUBLEDAY

Adversary in the House is the novelized story of Eugene Debs. Irving Stone has spared no effort in searching out the details of inheritance and environment which combined to make Debs one of the great figures in the evolution of our country — a labor and political leader unique in our history. One cannot read this book without feeling that the author entered upon his task as a labor of love. Debs emerges from the biographical novel a paragon of so many virtues that he seems at times scarcely human. Even the scenes in which on rare occasions he sought to

assuage his despair, or his too intense jubilation, with whiskey do little to diminish the impression that the book is written by a worshiper of this extraordinary son of extraordinary parents.

Quite a number of the colloquies — notably some of those between Eugene and his younger brother, Theodore, and between Eugene and his German-derived wife, Kate Metzel — seem to this reviewer romanticized out of all reality. In fact, the picture Mr. Stone paints of the relationship between Debs and his wife from beginning to end strains one's credulity. It is as if Mr. Stone fashioned in his mind's eye his ideal of a liberal leader and his concept of a woman whose values were each and every one antipathetic to that leader's. He then placed them together in a relationship which he calls love in order to demonstrate the hollow destructiveness of the woman's standards and the triumphant creativeness of the labor leader's.

Mr. Stone is at his best when dealing with the struggles of Debs and his brother in establishing the Terre Haute local of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and in subsequently building the American Railway Union, the first industrial union in the country. He is vital and true in his characterizations of the labor movement pioneers — those spicy, generous, and courageous men and women who underwent so many hardships in helping to build our present industrial machine.

His description of the strike against George Pullman centering in Chicago and led by Debs — Debs compelled by deliberately incited provocation to abandon temporarily his faith in the Biblical injunction "Resist not evil" — is a fine piece of writing.

With deep and sympathetic understanding he has woven a rich tapestry of persons and action in an important epoch of our country, climaxed by Debs's imprisonment in Atlanta Penitentiary at the direction of Woodrow Wilson and his ironically paradoxical release by Warren G. Harding.

The stirring description of the railroad builder, James J. Hill, paralleled by an equally moving portrayal of Daniel De Leon, iron-willed leader of the Socialist-Labor Party, is Mr. Stone's symbolic way of posing the basic question of what type of leadership our nation and world are to have in the critical years ahead. Between Hill and De Leon the author places Debs, and, by inference, proclaims that only through leaders like Debs will democracy survive and prosper.

GARDNER JACKSON

1 1 1

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF T. S. ELIOT \$4.00
F. O. Matthiessen OXFORD

THE achievement of *The Achievement* (now as when the first edition appeared in 1935) is that Professor Matthiessen directs the reader firmly and intelligently to the only source for those who would "understand" Mr. Eliot's poetry: that is, to the poems of T. S. Eliot. If the primary function of literary criticism is this sort of direction (not the substitution of commentary for the fact),

The Trollope Reader

By ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN and
MARION E. DODD

A veritable feast for Trollope fans—extracts from Trollope's various novels so presented as to give the reader delightful glimpses of his Mid-Victorian world. \$3.75

Treasury of American Drawings

By CHARLES E. SLATKIN and
REGINA SHOOLMAN

The first book of the best drawings by America's old and modern masters, with special stress laid on American art as an indigenous development. Lavishly illustrated with 163 plates from the 17th Century to the present. \$7.50

Still-Life Painting in America

By WOLFGANG BORN. *Assistant Professor in the Fine Arts Department, Louisiana State University*

The history of still-life painting in America, set against the background of its original sources in Europe. 134 plates, 1 in color. \$7.50

Brahms

By KARL GEIRINGER. A revised and enlarged edition of the most important biography of Brahms ever published. Included are 40 additional letters, newly-discovered compositions, an up-to-date bibliography, and many rare original sketches for his compositions. 8 pages of halftones. \$5.00

The Quartets of Beethoven

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON, author of *Chamber Music of Brahms*.

A book designed to help both the lay and professional music-lover achieve a clearer understanding of the sixteen Quartets and the "Great Fugue". Frontispiece and 21 music examples. \$5.00

The Notebooks of Henry James

Edited with an introduction by
F. O. MATTHIESSEN and
KENNETH B. MURDOCK

These Notebooks record the progress of Henry James' work through more than thirty years. Also included are a commentary relating the notes to the finished work, and three related documents not found in the original Notebooks: *Notes for the K. B. Case* (an unwritten novel); additional notes for *The Sense of the Past*; and the "Scenario" for *The Ambassadors*. \$6.00

Read . . . and Give . . . the *lasting* Best-Seller

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE'S

A Study of History

Abridged by D. C. Somervell \$5.00

•
AGAIN AVAILABLE

Oxford English Dictionary

Complete in 13 Volumes, \$175.00

Wings in the Wilderness

By ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK. 125 superb pictures of North American birds, each with an extended caption. A book for bird lovers, camera enthusiasts, and everyone who prizes photographs of rare beauty. \$6.00



At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

HARRY HERVEY'S
greatest novel
**THE VEILED
FOUNTAIN**

The author of SHANGHAI EXPRESS, CONGAI, THE DAMNED DON'T CRY, SCHOOL FOR ETERNITY, and other book, stage and screen successes has written his finest novel—a deeply probing story of emotional and spiritual conflict. Against the backdrop of the India he knows so well, he tells the story of a young composer destined to reach the heights of his art, once he has mastered life's counterpoints—and love's. \$3.00

GEORGE CREEL'S
Recollections of Fifty Crowded Years
**REBEL
AT LARGE**

Writing with all his famous fire, one of America's crusading journalists tells of his many battles to make democracy work; Woman Suffrage and other early reforms; his work as head of the Committee on Public Information in World War I (with the inside story of the 14 Points and Wilson's break with House); and his active role in the New Deal. \$3.75

EMIL LUDWIG'S
brilliant variation
on a great theme
OTHELLO

The story of Othello and Desdemona offers a magnificent subject for a modern historical novel. Emil Ludwig sees it as a story of true love destroyed by racial and social discrimination. With a wealth of authentic background and brilliant psychological perception he recreates their rapture and their doom in a living panorama aglow with Venetian passion and pride. \$3.00

At all bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
2 W. 45th St., New York 19

then the estimations that Mr. Matthiessen has written "the authoritative introduction to Eliot" stand unchallenged.

The edition is "revised and enlarged." The revisions reveal no substantial change in the critic's evaluations; the enlargement consists of two essays on Eliot's "Plays" and "The Quartets." The lack of revision betrays no deafness by Mr. Matthiessen to recent condemnations and glorifications of Eliot's stature. He announces his "growing divergence from his [Eliot's] view of life," but the original six essays "are still meant to stand as a whole, as an estimate . . . of Eliot's poetic method."

The added chapters are probably the least admirable. Perhaps the "contemplative depth" of Eliot's recent works obscures the criticism. To anyone who has not been able to attain any great measure of understanding of "The Quartets," Mr. Matthiessen's contention that the new difficulty is one of thought rather than of form is barely instructive, and in a degree far inferior to the guidance which the 1935 edition offered to the earlier Eliot.

With the essays placed side by side, it might be suggested that here the excellence of the annotation varies conversely with the virtue of the subject matter. In any case, Mr. Matthiessen sends the reader to both the earlier and the more recent Eliot with the admonition to read him as a poet, for better or for worse, and only incidentally for politics or religion.

WALTER ELDER

A CERTAIN RICH MAN
Vincent Sheean

\$3.00

RANDOM HOUSE

A MILLIONAIRE in the throes of developing a social conscience is such an edifying subject for the novelist that it is sad to be obliged to report that, in the case of Landon Roebuck and Vincent Sheean, he is also a very dull one.

Roebuck is in his forties, amiable, not stupid, not intellectual, passably good-looking. He has returned from war service to find that he has lost the taste for the diversions proper to his social position. He hardly knows his children. His wife wants a divorce. Worst of all, the vast Roebuck estates, which he had conscientiously managed for years, managed themselves admirably during his absence. The poor fellow is bored, a state which Roebuck and his author construe as a spiritual groping toward better things.

Roebuck strikes up an acquaintance with a settlement house worker, a Miss Martha Winstead, who describes conditions in Harlem between discreet cocktails and platonic handclaps. Roebuck is impressed. He begins a housing project.

The project involves Roebuck in some peculiarly inept chicanery on the part of a group of Harlem landlords, gets him better acquainted with his daughter, and enables him to meet what he considers unusual people, although any fiction reader with a fairly retentive memory will recognize all of them as old friends.

The second step in Roebuck's reorientation is a love affair with a childhood friend. Arabella Vidgeon is an internationally notable nymphomaniac who finds in Roebuck the great love of her life.

After such incidental complications as divorce settlements, trips to Mexico, and a neurotic governess, Roe-



Meet

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Here is HOLMES of "Old Ironsides," and the "One Hoss Shay," HOLMES the doctor and teacher, HOLMES of *The Autocrat* and HOLMES of the psychological novels, which reveal that in the time of Victoria he was on the road to Freud.

"The most successful combination the world has even seen of physician and man of letters."—Sir William Osler

AMIAABLE AUTOCRAT

A definitive biography
by **ELEANOR
M. TILTON**

• DOROTHY CANFIELD says: "We meet here an enchanting American, of noble character and fine disciplined intelligence. . . . No more delightful reading can be found than this biography of the older Oliver Wendell Holmes, the enlightened doctor and brilliant man of letters." Illustrated. \$5.00

THE LIFE OF SCIENCE LIBRARY

Biographies of important scientific figures and developments in science; a new and vitally important series of readable and authoritative books on the history of science written for the layman. The distinguished editorial Advisory Board includes: LYMAN BRYSON, FRANK D. GRAHAM, HARLOW SHAPLEY, HENRY E. SINGER, CHARLES SINGER.

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Pathfinder in American Science
By John F. Fulton and Elizabeth H. Thomson

Coinciding with the centenary of the founding of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale come this important biography of its founder—America's outstanding scientist in the first half of the nineteenth century. "An excellent piece of work."

—KIRTLEY F. MATHER, *Professor of Geology, Harvard*
Illus. \$4.00 A Book-of-the-Month Club Recommendation

SUN, STAND THOU STILL, The Life and Work of Copernicus, the Astronomer

By Angus Armitage

The only biography of Copernicus, this book tells the moving personal story, and seeks to assess the deeper motives behind one of the greatest revolutions in the history of human thought. Illus. \$3.00 A Book-of-the-Month Club Recommendation

VICTORY OVER PAIN, A History of Anesthesia

By Victor Robinson

"This popular history of anesthesia will make absorbing reading. . . . Dr. Robinson is eminently fitted to detail one of medicine's most exciting chapters."

—*New York Times Book Review*. Illustrated, \$3.50

400 YEARS OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE

Edited by George Rosen and Beate Caspari-Rosen

What manner of man is the doctor? This composite autobiography of more than eighty doctors make a brilliant, human portrait of the physician—from 16th century Jerome Cardan to Harvey Cushing. A treasury of the best and most revealing passages of medical autobiography of our time; the book for patients who, for a change, would examine their doctors.

Illustrated, \$5.00

THE NAMING OF THE TELESCOPE

By Edward Rosen—with a foreword by Harlow Shapley

An astronomical detective story of the telescope from Renaissance Italy up to the present time which settles once and for all the hitherto baffling question of how the telescope got its name.

Illustrated, \$2.50

WHAT HAPPENED TO GERMANY'S ATOM BOMB?

ALSO

By **Samuel A. Goudsmit**

This is the hottest science story of the year, the story which *Life* has just featured, the first case history of science under the Nazi regime.

"The story of *Alsos* is often as thrilling as a mystery story, often humorous. . . . But the meat of the whole fascinating account is this: the German physicists were incredibly backward."—*Chicago Tribune*

Illustrated, \$3.50

At all bookstores



HENRY SCHUMAN, Inc. • 20 East 70th Street • New York 21



Meet one of the world's immortals SU TUNGPO

A universal genius who lived four hundred years before Leonardo Da Vinci, and seven hundred years before Ben Franklin, and who was amazingly comparable to them in versatility and achievement. Honored for 8 centuries as a painter, a poet, an engineer, a humanitarian, a political crusader, a yogi, a Confucian statesman, "a prowler by moonlight and a wag," he is introduced to American readers for the first time by

Lin Yutang

author of MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE
and THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING

THE GAY GENIUS

The Life and Times of SU TUNGPO

Illustrations, chronology, index, map,
bibliography. \$3.75

Gift Book Extraordinary TIME AND CHANCE

The autobiography of
CYRUS LeROY BALDRIDGE

To the tale of his travels throughout the world, Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige brings observant eyes, a liking for people, restless feet, and a warm felicity of phrase and pencil. The result is a unique combination of a brilliant picture album and an absorbing life story.

With 55 line drawings and 46 pages of halftones by the author.
\$7.50

At all bookstores

The John Day Company



buck loses both ladies but discovers that he can be reasonably content with his housing project.

It is an unhappy fact that the only good thing about this novel is Mr. Sheean's intention in writing it. His desire to paint an accurate picture of our society, and to find a decent formula for living in it, underlies every page. But his people are without character, his plot is predictable without being in the least realistic, and his prose, inoffensive at best, at worst inadvertently represents Roebuck's wife as nourishing her wrist watch with checks. Mr. Sheean has worked hard to give every point of view a mouthpiece, and every devil his due. The result, except for a couple of love scenes that would give the broadest-minded vice-president the horrors, resembles one of those radio morality plays where a flourish of trumpets introduces nameless voices, each of which spouts a different philosophy, none of them convincing.

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

LETTERS OF JAMES M. BARRIE \$3.50

Edited by Viola Meynell

SCRIBNER

BARRIE's letters add little to the picture one forms of him from his novels and plays. The picture is of a quiet, shy, lovable man, observant and canny, self-effacing, interested in persons rather than things, and living by affections more than by ideas. The letters are called by the editor "private," but apparently Barrie wrote nothing else. He avoided controversy, wrote protests to the papers only to tear them up, and was so artful in dodging publicity that, as Miss Meynell says, his letters of excuse "would in themselves fill a volume — called Please Excuse Me," while this volume might be entitled Please Use Me. But he wanted to be used only by his friends and worthy causes, and from them he never withheld time, money, or effort. For a man so famous to remain so inconspicuous was in itself an art that in our age of boom and blurb seems distinctly quaint.

A reader looking for information about Barrie the author will find little here, for beyond an occasional brief reference to one of his own works or an equally brief one to somebody else's (almost always complimentary), there is little that an official biographer could make use of, except perhaps to fix a date. Few of the letters are addressed to famous persons. Famous persons, except Hardy, impressed him hardly at all. He writes with simplicity and naturalness, with little of that whimsicality or pawkiness that distresses some readers of his novels and plays, and with still less of that journalistic smartness that Stevenson objected to at one time. He is at his easiest and happiest in letters to women, and women must have preserved them lovingly, if one is to judge by the great preponderance of such letters here.

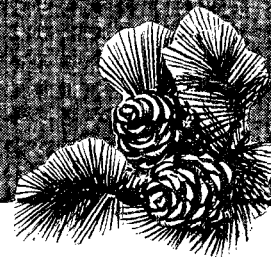
To tell the truth, one would have to be a very devout Barrie-lover indeed not to find the pages of homely detail occasionally tiring. One brightens a little in reading about his cricket team which included Conan Doyle, E. W. Hornung, Owen Seaman, A. E. W. Mason, and himself and which played a team of which Mary Anderson the actress was captain; and almost shouts for joy in coming upon this petite but most significant correspondence between Peter Pan and a Shropshire Lad:—

DEAR PROFESSOR HOUSEMAN

I am sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and

DODD, MEAD Books

Make Welcome Gifts



THE BEST PLAYS

OF 1946-1947

*And the Yearbook of the
Drama in America*

Edited by Burns Mantle

The ten best plays of last season in excerpt and summary. With a statistical summary of the season, lists of casts, length of run, plot digests and award and prize winners, etc.

With photographs. \$4.00

THE ANGRY DECADE

By Leo Gurko

The fabulous decade between the stock market crash and Pearl Harbor, as viewed through the books we read. "Stimulating." — *Chicago Tribune*. Winner of the first DODD, MEAD Faculty Fellowship. \$3.00

HOW TO DISAPPEAR FOR AN HOUR

By Geoffrey Hellman

Absurdly illustrated by STEINBERG

"Hellman is one of the funniest writers in the country," says the *Atlantic Monthly* of this collection of thirty-seven "musings" from the pen of a widely known *New Yorker* wit. \$3.00

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST

The \$10,000 Prize Novel

By Loula Grace Erdman

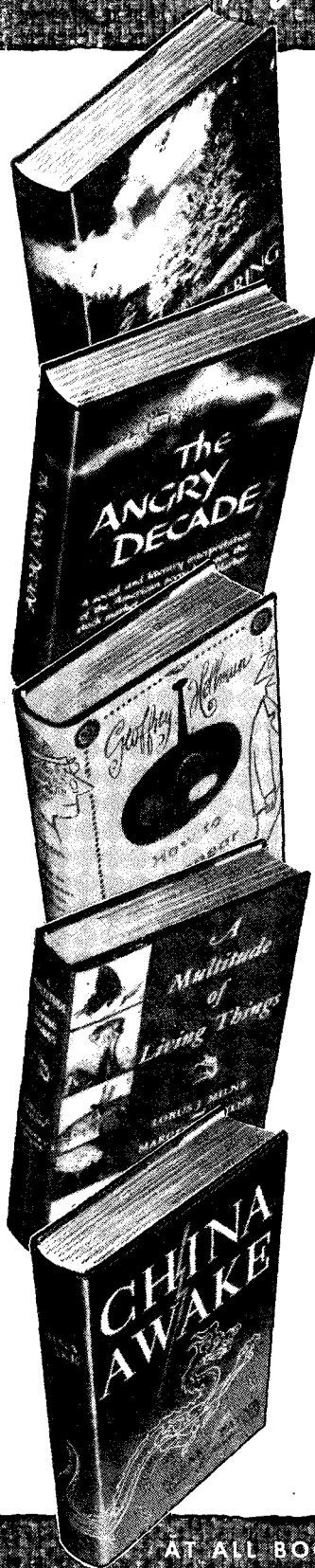
"A superb job . . . told with a warm and loving feeling for good and gentle people." — *San Francisco Chronicle*. "The kind of novel you will want to keep on your shelves and read again and again." — *Philadelphia Bulletin*. \$2.75

THE INDEFINITE RIVER

By Preston Schoyer

Author of THE FOREIGNERS

This new novel of an American in China is marvelously exciting as an adventure story, but even more remarkable as a study of a man of character, challenged by a vicious situation. \$3.00



OUR FLOWERING WORLD

*With 168 superb photographs,
38 in full color*

By Rutherford Platt

A new invitation to exploration and adventure by the naturalist-author of *This Green World*. The dramatic story of the coming of earth's green mantle—from the first appearance of mosses and lichens, to the magnificent forests and flowers of today. \$6.00

A MULTITUDE OF LIVING THINGS

*By Lorus J. Milne
and Margery J. Milne*

Intimate sketches of little-known creatures of field and shore. "Remarkably entertaining . . . The Milnes have packed a vast amount of information into their readable book." — *N. Y. World-Telegram*. *Illus.* \$4.00

COLONEL DEEDS INDUSTRIAL BUILDER

By Isaac F. Marcossan

The life story of a great American, from his humble farm-boy days to his international pre-eminence today, with an account of his many inventions and services and his friendship with great contemporaries. *Illus.* \$3.50

CHINA AWAKE

By Robert Payne

Author of FOREVER CHINA

"... brings to life a background not found in news dispatches . . . In these sensitive and eloquent pages we can glimpse the deeper springs of Chinese action . . . Every page is as clear as an etching . . . peopled with living humanity." — *N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$4.00

THE QUIET HOUR

Edited by William Oliver Stevens

Author of BEYOND THE SUNSET

A Book of Inspirational Readings, ranging from the sacred writings of India and our own Bible, to contemporaries like Kahlil Gibran and Mahatma Gandhi. \$3.00



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

432 Fourth Avenue, New York

MORROW

HARP of a THOUSAND STRINGS

The first novel in 12 years by the author of *HONEY IN THE HORN*, Pulitzer Prize Novel of 1935. A story that ranges from the Western prairies to Revolutionary France—prose rugged, cadenced—humor that is poker-faced, timeless, this is a new landmark in American fiction. \$3.00

H. L. DAVIS



Past and present meet in the house John Gould just built—in the kind of life he lives—in the mellow humor of his new book...

The HOUSE that JACOB BUILT

Humorist, author of *Farmer Takes a Wife*—John Gould writes and talks like a Yankee Will Rogers. This is the story of five generations of Goulds, of building a house in the old-fashioned way—of a way of life rooted deep in the past, independent, salty, good-natured. At bookstores. \$2.75

BY
JOHN
GOULD



A Novel by JOE DAVID BROWN

A MAN who will make you believe in miracles—"A RICH AND RARE BOOK that laughs with wit salty and wise and exhilarating... I've enjoyed nothing so much in this year of 1947."—*Harnett Kane, Chicago Sun.* \$2.75

STARS IN MY CROWN

MORROW

did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man: I am really a very shy man.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. BARRIE

DEAR SIR JAMES BARRIE

I am sorry about last night, when I sat next to you and did not say a word. You must have thought I was a very rude man: I am really a very shy man.

Sincerely yours,

A. E. HOUSMAN

P.S. And now you've made it worse for you have spelt my name wrong.

R. M. GAY

1 1 1

CANADIAN SPRING

\$3.50

Florence P. and Francis L. Jaques

HARPER

AGAIN we are indebted to Florence and Francis Jaques for another book as beautifully written as it is illustrated. *Canadian Spring* is informing, entertaining, inspiring, whether it leads one to marshes and prairies in Manitoba with their immensity of sky and space and color, to the Rockies with their spicy forests and thrilling peaks, or to a desolate mining town in the great north wilderness. Oppressed with the activities of human beings and the unhealthy quantities of material from printed things and radios, Mr. and Mrs. Jaques made a several months' study of wild animals and places and found, as always, a heartening serenity. To pioneers of Canadian wildernesses their trip, chiefly by car, might seem de luxe, but this gave them opportunity to observe and enjoy in the lighthearted spirit which is one of the pleasures of the book. Mrs. Jaques's descriptions, so full of beauty, perception for underlying meanings, and understanding of the vivid personalities of myriad water birds, noble elk, pronghorn antelopes, or mountain sheep and goats, all convey a complete impression of the wild things which must be fascinating to anyone not acquainted with them, and very satisfying to those who are. Her witty asides and wise thoughts are delightfully threaded in with valuable information on subjects from wheat crops and geologic formations to ruddy ducks and buffaloes. The writing and illustrations keep pace together, for the black and white sketches of Mr. Jaques, with their exquisite shadings, poses, and expressions, possess the essential and wonderfully real atmosphere and background so characteristic of all his work. The layman becomes convinced (as what true natural scientist is not!) that natural history is the happiest and most rewarding of professions.

THEODORA STANWELL-FLETCHER

1 1 1

LUCKY FORWARD

\$5.00

Robert S. Allen

VANGUARD

NOT through excessive modesty but because of his devotion to his chief, Colonel Allen would probably be the first to admit that his *Lucky Forward* is of small consequence compared with General Patton's lately published *War As I Knew It*. And he would be right.

Nevertheless Allen's book does give a vivid picture of the man he calls "the greatest battle commander produced in this country since the Civil War." Allen's hero-worship is so marked that one wonders why he excludes



*All that you want in a love story
you will find in*

Roseanna McCoy

A NOVEL by
ALBERTA HANNUM

An American *Romeo and Juliet* as modern in speech and spirit as the world around you, as timeless in its yearning as a ballad tune—the story of two people who were young and brave and good and who loved each other and could not be together. \$2.75

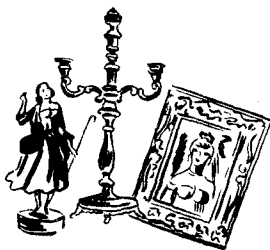


Robert Frost's A MASQUE OF MERCY

In a verse play even more challenging than *A MASQUE OF REASON*, America's greatest living poet debates the seeming contradiction of justice and mercy. Here are wit, wisdom, faith in God and man, and poetry such as no one else is writing today.

Limited edition
Regular edition

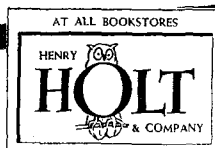
\$10.00
\$2.50



Friday at Noon

A NOVEL by
BENEDICT THIELEN

In this spell-binding novel of an American family, four women and a man watch an auction. "Piece by piece, the furniture of their past lives is knocked down to strangers—and each piece stirs fragments of autobiography. Soon we are aware of another presence, more alive than the characters in whose memory she lives . . . a figure of terror and reality." —*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$3.00



HELEN WADDELL

Peter Abelard

An immortal love story that is "all quality—compact, precise, beautiful."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Illustrated. \$3.00

E. E. CUMMINGS

Santa Claus

A Morality

A Christmas play with the clear intelligence and lyric beauty of Cummings' finest verse. \$2.00

HERBERT READ

The Innocent Eye

The intellectual autobiography of a famous critic, superbly written, endlessly absorbing. \$3.50

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

Thérèse

A new portrait in a great French novelist's gallery of women . . . "a vivid record of a soul at war with its own depravity."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.00

YVES SIMON

Community of the Free

A brilliant investigation of that ambiguity in public morality and private ethics which permits so many right-thinking people to aid the forces of evil. \$3.00

WALTER JOHNSON

William Allen White's America

A warm, perceptive study of an American folk hero and the environment that bred him. \$5.00

HARRY SYLVESTER

Moon Gaffney

The expert and exciting novel of a man who made himself take sides in a conflict he wanted to ignore. \$2.75

"OF PERU" is one of the best episodes in the history of literature.
August, 1847.

Longfellow: "EVANGELINE"
"The Boston Atlas pronounces it the finest product of Prof. Longfellow that has yet appeared and as superior to any poem in hexameter verse in the English language."
Springfield Republican

Channing: "POEMS"
"hardly a piece in the annals of literature."
Jan. 1, 1847.

**Have
you
read—**

Thompson: "LOCKE AMSDEN"
"We know of few books on this all important subject, which can be read with more profit by all classes than 'Locke Amsden'"
North American Review, 1847.

RECENTLY — the books which provoked these reviews?

NOW an unique idea in book publishing makes it possible for you to read—just as they came from the presses of 1847—the best writings of a century ago. Here are books that have lived because they were soundly built and because they had something to say to succeeding generations.

100 YEARS AGO

American Writing of 1847

The Centenary Series in American Literature

Edited by James Playsted Wood with the following
Advisory Editorial Committee:

Fiction — Kenneth Roberts	History — H. J. Carman
Humor — Franklin P. Adams	Poetry — Edgar Lee Masters
Political Papers — Arthur Krock	Journalism — Bruce Bliven
Belles Lettres — Robert Van Gelder	

Brought together in the first volume of *The Centenary Series in American Literature* are the vivid and contrasting life experiences written into poems, novels, diaries, speeches by articulate Americans of a century ago.

CONTENTS

THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA By Rufus Wilmot Griswold
OMOO By Herman Melville
INAUGURAL DISCOURSE: Delivered at Williams College By Mark Hopkins
"SPOT" RESOLUTIONS ON THE MEXICAN WAR By Abraham Lincoln
THE MEXICAN WAR: Speech at Whig State Convention By Daniel Webster
YEAR OF CONSOLATION By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY By Louis Agassiz
POEMS By Ralph Waldo Emerson
POEMS, SECOND SERIES By William Ellery Channing
EVANGELINE By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
THE DRAMA IN POKERVILLE By J. M. Field
LOCKE AMSDEN By Judge D. P. Thompson
THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU
(The story of the actual Conquest) By William Prescott
THE CRATER: or VULCAN'S PEAK By James Fenimore Cooper
THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA By Nathaniel Niles

Variety — convenience — authenticity — in 518 pages. 9 full page illustrations, including 6 woodcuts by Letterio Calapai.

\$5.00 at your bookstore

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

that war. Even Stonewall Jackson had his eclipses; Patton had none. Allen brings out the great breadth of military knowledge that underlay Patton's flashing genius. "To Patton, war was a passionate pursuit . . . he lived it, thought it, and worked at it, ardently and unceasingly, every day of his life." Allen might have added that America has produced at least one soldier, passionate, profound, and wholly devoted to his profession in each of our three great wars: Jackson, Summerall, and Patton. Whatever one may think of their philosophy of life, such rare men are invaluable in a crisis.

Allen rightly ignores the petty carping about Patton, on the slapping incident, and so forth. But he does bring out Patton's aggressive truculence and flamboyant self-assertion, dominant characteristics which explain to some extent why his superiors and colleagues sometimes withheld their complete confidence.

In dealing with military operations and various incidents of the campaigns, Allen has apparently taken much from Patton's book. In doing so he has become *plus royaliste que le roi*. For Eisenhower, Montgomery, Hodges, Devers, and Lee he has few if any good words and many hard ones. Even Marshall and Bradley appear none too well. Patton and his army need no such violent and unsupported advocacy, nor does Patton's book support it. Allen would have been better advised to have heeded Douglas Freeman's comment: "The picture of the leaders will be clear enough in two or three decades for the biographer to understand his task. It is to be hoped that General Patton will be among the first to attract a competent biographer, and that others will leave him alone."

SHERMAN MILES

1 1 1

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN *Van Wyck Brooks* DUTTON, \$5.00

VAN WYCK BROOKS invokes the technique of the novelist. Three principal characters, Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, and Mark Twain, move in and out of his chapters; then a troop of secondary figures, writers, soldiers, statesmen, explorers, naturalists; and finally a horde of lesser contemporaries, the masons and carpenters of nineteenth-century America.

This is not the first time Mr. Brooks has employed such a technique. In *The World of Washington Irving* the narrative was organized around Irving, Cooper, and Poe, and in *New England: Indian Summer* his protagonists were Howells and Henry James; but in this present volume the narrative is more densely orchestrated. Forty years ago it was a cliché to complain that Brahms's orchestration was "muddy," which meant merely that orchestras and conductors had not learned to clarify its inner voices. Reviewers have complained that Mr. Brooks's pages are sometimes "cluttered," by which is meant merely that they are jam-packed with solid meat, all very succinctly written, and that they exact close attention. The reader is expected to visualize. These pages supply him with the scenes, personalities, events, ideas, historic movements, and all in highly concrete language of a force and immediacy; but he must read slowly in order to take it in and work it over. In short, the author is an artist and pays us the compliment of expecting imaginative collaboration.

This period from about 1840 to 1880 is the torso of the

Atlantic Harvest



Edited by Ellery Sedgwick

Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Margot Asquith
John Buchan
Philip Cabot
John Jay Chapman
Jean Cocteau
Lord Dunsany
Walter D. Edmonds
Havelock Ellis
John Galsworthy
Katherine Fullerton Gerould
Katherine Peabody Girling
Alice Bache Gould
Sacha Guitry
James Norman Hall
Lafcadio Hearn
Hetty Hemenway
Ernest Hemingway
A. P. Herbert
Geoffrey Household
William James
Sarah Orne Jewett
Edmund Kirke

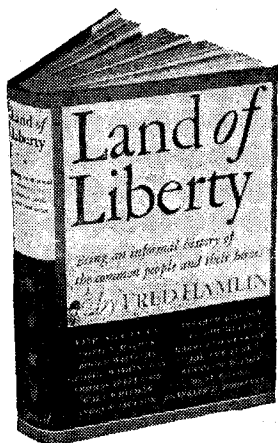
D. H. Lawrence
Jean Kenyon MacKenzie
Salvador de Madariaga
Henry C. Merwin
Margaret P. Montague
The Moonshiner's Wife
The Right Honorable Lord Moulton
John Muir
A. Edward Newton
Ralph Barton Perry
Agnes Repplier
Anne Douglas Sedgwick
Ellery Sedgwick
Ellen Terry
William G. Thompson
Mark Twain
Henry Villard
Nora Waln
Mary Webb
Edith Wharton
Alfred North Whitehead
Woodrow Wilson
J. M. Witherow

A volume of memorable pieces from the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1864-1938, with a long introduction and short prefatory notes by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the magazine for thirty years.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES \$4.50.

THE *Atlantic Monthly Press* IN ASSOCIATION WITH
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY • BOSTON

*This man dares rip
myths apart*



Land of Liberty

by FRED HAMLIN

What made them heroes—
Thomas Jefferson, Cotton
Mather, P. T. Barnum, Abraham
Lincoln, Priddy Meeks, Huey
Long, Franklin D. Roosevelt,

George Washington? What did they have in common? In *Land of Liberty* you'll read about men that lived legends now forgotten. You'll get a new insight into famous figures whose true personalities have been all but blotted out. You'll enjoy a new approach to American history, written by a man who writes history straight and reveals the truth.

\$3.50 at bookstores

★ ★ ★

The Sea and the States

*A Maritime History of
the American People*

Samuel W. Bryant tells the magnificent story of the growth of America as a maritime nation. Here are the privateers and Navy men, whalers and pirates, merchants and shipbuilders who have in three centuries made our Merchant Marine and Navy the greatest in the world.

A big, beautifully designed book illustrated with many photographs, *The Sea and the States* is a brilliant beginning for our *Growth of America Series*, in which we plan to tell, in succeeding volumes, the important, far-reaching story of America's social, material and cultural growth.

★ \$5.00 at bookstores ★

Have you discovered

BEN HUR LAMPMAN?

Read his newest book

The Wild Swan

"I shall say of Ben Hur Lampman that he writes by ear, by heart, and by experience. The best teller of the colloquial tale since Ring Lardner . . . his prose has a quality as fresh run as that of the Columbia River."
—EDWARD WEEKS of *The Atlantic Monthly*

\$2.75 at bookstores



432 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

nineteenth century in the United States. The intercalary chapters on the South, the Middle West, the Far West, the Plains and Mountains, and Farm and Country, which alternate with those dealing with protagonists and action, vivify places and periods with the intimate feel of their daily life in the habit of our past century as it was lived. Out of that cradle endlessly rocking, Whitman emerges as the giant that he was, Melville as the heroic youth cut off creatively in mid-career though living on in the flesh, and Mark Twain as a house somewhat divided against himself through dwelling either from choice or necessity in a House of Rimmon partly of his own making. There emerges also a young colossus of a nation, half out of agrarian political democracy and half into a struggle with its own plutocracy which has by no means abated yet. Mr. Brooks's final chapter of the 1880's is grimly contemporaneous.

LUCIEN PRICE

MODERN PAINTERS

\$5.00

Lionello Venturi

SCRIBNER

THE reader of this work may wonder, when he peers at the table of contents, into what geological conception of time he has strayed: for two of Professor Venturi's "modern" painters were born two hundred years ago, while his most recent artists, Daumier and Courbet, died before 1880. The writer defends his title, however, by showing how the subjects of his eight biographical and critical essays anticipated some phases of painting more conformably modern. The point, in each case, is well taken, from Goya through Courbet.

There were many Goyas, as Venturi shows, but the Goya who refurbished art history was the proletarian bull-fighter who treated commonplace subject matter with beauty and dignity, in a style formed on what the eye sees in nature. Refusing to employ "line" in painting, since he saw none in nature, he broke with the imitative academic tradition for form and perspective. Except in the court paintings, executed with cynical impudence — how could Carlos IV and Maria Luisa have been so imposed on! — he likewise broke with tradition in his search for motifs: for he found in every aspect of life, not alone in the high-styled heroic, a fit subject for art.

John Constable, the son of a well-to-do miller, broadened the whole base of painting by his use of unpeopled landscapes. Loving nature humbly, he gave himself over to the enjoyment of her visible moods. As Goya saw contours in nature, and nothing of line, so Constable saw nothing of professional "handling." Hence his most beautiful paintings, the impromptu oil sketches from which he produced the sometimes banal finished pictures, were laid down on the canvas with an almost artless intention merely to represent light and shade — the momentary impression. Since these sketches were private, the real Constable reached his like-minded successors, the so-called impressionists, only through the printed word of his lectures and the famous Preface to *English Landscape*, a work here amply quoted.

The appearance of Jacques Louis David, the lordly (if republican) painter of *coiffures de style*, and of Ingres, his rebellious young pupil, is not so easy to justify. David produced isolated examples of realism, calculated, like the modern Mexican murals, to serve social ends, but for

Atlantic

TEEN-AGE JUVENILES



RANDOLPH ADAMS

*PILGRIMS, INDIANS and
PATRIOTS* Illustrated, \$3.00

STEWART BEACH

RACING START \$2.50
Story of a college athlete

HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

SUE BARTON, STUDENT NURSE \$2.50
SUE BARTON, SENIOR NURSE \$2.50
SUE BARTON, VISITING NURSE \$2.50
SUE BARTON, RURAL NURSE \$2.50
*SUE BARTON, SUPERINTEND-
ENT OF NURSES* \$2.50

The training and career of a young nurse

CAROL GOES BACKSTAGE \$2.00
CAROL PLAYS SUMMER STOCK \$2.00
CAROL ON BROADWAY \$2.00
CAROL ON TOUR \$2.00

A young actress in the world of the
theater

FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE

BIG FLIGHT \$2.00
A novel of aviation

JOSEF BERGER

SUBCHASER JIM \$2.50
COUNTERSPY JIM \$2.50

Adventures of a young Naval officer

OPERATION UNDERGROUND \$2.50
Buried treasure inside Germany

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

THE MUTINEERS \$2.50
DARK FRIGATE \$2.50

Classic stories of sailors and pirates

PRYCE MITCHELL

DEEP WATER \$2.50
Autobiography of a sea captain

CHARLES NORDHOFF

THE PEARL LAGOON \$2.50
THE DERELICT \$2.50

Two adventure stories of the South Seas

With JAMES NORMAN HALL

FALCONS OF FRANCE \$2.75
The Lafayette Flying Corps

THE *Atlantic Monthly Press* IN ASSOCIATION WITH
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY • BOSTON

**Do you choose
your dictionary by
tradition or by
actual comparison?**

**Either way your
first choice must be**

**FUNK & WAGNALLS
New College
Standard Dictionary**

EM'·PHA·TYPE *Edition*

At all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

*What becomes
of gifted children?*

The 25-year history of the "Ter-
man babies" is now presented in

**THE GIFTED CHILD
GROWS UP**

by Lewis M. Terman and Melita
H. Oden

What are gifted children like? Are they
maladjusted, short-lived? Does their su-
periority last? How do they succeed in their
marriages and vocations?

Myth and superstition are overturned in
this momentous volume.

"... of greatest analytical importance
to psychologists and teachers, but it is the
lay reader who will reap the most enjoyment
from probing into the exceptional mind
... *The Gifted Child* is fast-moving, absorb-
ing reading ..." — *The Atlantic Monthly*.

At your bookstore • \$6.00

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford, California

the most part, the bequest of this commonplace man of
small feeling — "he excites the nerves, not the heart" —
was his dogged insistence on rightness in draftsmanship.
Manet and Degas were bound to take notice. Ingres,
likewise an incomparable draftsman, though Cézanne
thought him a very small painter, held that nothing essen-
tial had happened in art after Phidias and Raphael. The
cubists admired the abstract quality that Ingres acquired
from his study of the classical sculptures, and Renoir's
later period was informed by a study of Raphael inspired
by Ingres.

Romanticism, as grandly expounded and sublimely
practiced by Eugène Delacroix, taught that the imagi-
nation must be left to itself, must not be bound to the
classical past: and so opened new country. Corot, who
played the lark, as he said, to Delacroix's eagle, painted
only one picture, as his colleagues commented, after
giving up the neo-classical style overnight, and repro-
duced it, under its "grey-greenish shroud," by the dozen.
But with that one picture, he advanced a new style, the
style which came to be known, in the hands of its later
practitioners, as impressionism.

Daumier is here because — to give Dr. Venturi a
chance to speak for himself — "all modern painting is
indebted to [him] for taking the most difficult and decisive
step in the conquest of pictorial liberty: the choice of
themes at once of the moment and eternal, and the ad-
justment to the human figure . . . of pictorial [versus
sculptural] form." And Courbet belongs to the company
for the opposite reason. Both before and after the im-
pressionist epoch, painters like Manet, Cézanne, and
Picasso turned to him for instruction in the abstract
handling of volumes and sculptural forms.

Besides discussing these interesting historical matters
in rather technical language, and illustrating them with
157 black and white reproductions, Dr. Venturi analyzes
scores of individual paintings, sometimes oddly clothing
his real genius for pictorial values in the dress of John
Ruskin.

MACKINLEY HELM

1 1 1

THE AXE OF WANDSBEK

\$3.50

Arnold Zweig

VIKING

No encyclopedia contains a more extensive account of
society under the swastika than does this sweeping fic-
tional report of Hamburg, 1937-1938. That the story has
been told many times before by correspondents, novelists,
and analysts, that the chronology of Germany's infamy
is as familiar to us as yesterday's headlines, that there
exists a surfeit of literature describing and interpreting
Nazism, do not seriously detract from the value of Zweig's
ambitious summing up.

He brings to the immense world of fact and detail and
analysis the wisdom of the philosopher, the detached calm
of the historian, the artistic interpretation of the story-
teller. What he is concerned with is the tragedy of the
individual, the impotence of man against the juggernaut
state, the political confusion, the intellectual isolation,
the paralyzing apathy of the citizen, be he sage or fool,
who finds himself a pawn in the gigantic chess game of
power politics.

What makes his novel especially significant is the sym-
pathy and understanding with which Arnold Zweig, a

refugee now living in Palestine, regards the country that exiled him, and the people who massacred his people. For whether it be the grasping NSDA official Herr Footh, the fanatic propagandist Klass Vierkant, the scheming Anneliese, the confused intellectual Heinrich Koldewey, the sensitive Doctor Kaete Neumaier, the stupid SS man Albert Teetjens, or even the Führer himself, Zweig writes about them without any trace of rancor or hatred or vindictiveness, but rather with a deep philosophical sense of the personal tragedies in the lives of each.

It is no small achievement to infect the reader with an understanding of a murderous, black-shirted storm trooper, but Zweig — and to this extent his novel is a work of art — has done it.

The "hero" of *The Axe of Wandsbek* is Albert Teetjens, master butcher, SS man, mystical German, murderer of four Communists. Not an ordinary kind of hero. The four Communists have been accused and convicted (as in the case of the Reichstag fire) of inciting a riot. The Nazi Reichsstatthalter can find no executioner to dispose of them in the approved Göring manner, beheading. Teetjens, his butcher shop showing less and less profit, undertakes to do the job for a payment of a few thousand marks because he believes he will be doing the Party a noble service. He uses his grandfather's axe, the axe of Wandsbek, thus starting a chain of events which involve a score of characters whose fates are thereafter directly or indirectly controlled by the axe.

Be forewarned. This is a grim, slow-moving, ponderous novel. It aims at creating a complete canvas of Nazi society, a canvas of bloody colors and lost souls. It is not an easy book to read because of the complexity of Zweig's style; he has many words about many things: philosophy, psychology, history, economics, music, literature. The story — and its movement is decelerated by a translation that takes the original text much too literally, making stultified English out of formal German — is a heavy framework for the author's personal excursions, the excursions of a man whose age, wisdom, and experience entitle him to pages and pages of philosophizing.

GERALD D. ROSCOE

THE DIVER

E. L. Mayo

\$1.75

UNIV. OF MINNESOTA

ALTHOUGH this is his first book, E. L. Mayo is no newcomer to those who keep track of the few good poetry magazines. Many of these pieces have spoken forth impressively in separate publications. Gathered together they acquire the new dimension of the author's personality. It is a genuinely attractive personality: pessimistically sane, warm, sensitive, intellectual, and honest.

I suppose Mayo is one of the few remaining poets who would accept the label "Metaphysical." Which, aside from a technical inheritance from the seventeenth century, is meant to indicate that his mind moves most naturally against a backdrop of the Absolutes. Whether or not this is the best scenery available in our times is a question every man must answer for himself. What remains unquestionable is the honesty and observation with which Mayo captures each poem.

There are fifty-three poems in this selection, every one of them a sure performance in its own quiet way. I find myself especially moved by such pieces as "The Dance of

Stuck for a word?



REACH FOR Roget's INTERNATIONAL Thesaurus

Take a tip from MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

who says: "I have used at least four of these books since I first commenced to write, and even the fourth one is now in poor shape. The new one, I assure you, will be kept on my desk . . ."

She's talking about the new Roget's INTERNATIONAL Thesaurus.

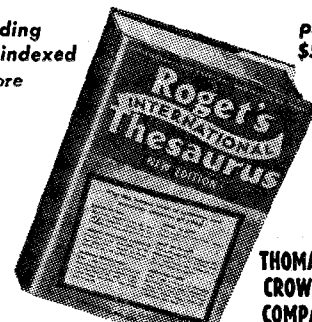
Now double its former size, even easier to use and completely up-to-date, it is the finest book of synonyms and antonyms in existence. Over 100,000 of this new edition already in use.

Sturdy, long-lasting binding
1194 pages \$5.50 thumb-indexed
Buy it at your bookstore

plain
\$5.00

The
INTERNATIONAL
means

THE NEWEST →
THE BIGGEST →
THE BEST →



THOMAS Y.
CROWELL
COMPANY

Send for FREE booklet

Dept. A-2 432 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 16

TESTAMENT OF HAPPINESS

LETTERS OF ANNIE OAKES HUNTINGTON
[1875-1940]

EDITED BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

With an Introduction by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

These gay, gallant, and moving letters to friends are making many new friends for their writer. As a Christmas gift the book itself is a Testament of Friendship.

"The letters are unalloyed delight. Their style is quaint and original, bespeaking a fine heart and mind. . . . A nice tonic for these hectic times."

— Lawrence Dame, in *Boston Traveler*.

"Of special interest to her many friends, but sure to hold the attention of anyone who comes upon this volume, the letters of the late Miss Huntington, author of 'Studies of Trees in Winter,' reveal a capacity for living that only a few of the elect possess."

— *Boston Globe*.

Price \$3.00 at Bookstores

or by mail from

THE ANTHOENSEN PRESS

105 MIDDLE STREET

• PORTLAND 6, MAINE

Just published!

FUNK & WAGNALLS

STANDARD HANDBOOK

of SYNONYMS, ANTONYMS

and PREPOSITIONS

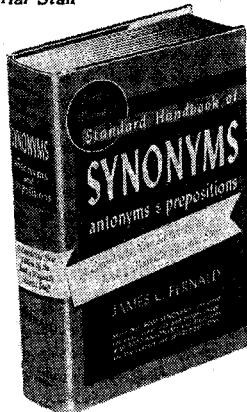
By JAMES C. FERNALD, L.H.D.

New Revised and Enlarged Edition by the
Funk & Wagnalls Editorial Staff

SELDOM do two synonyms have identical meanings. The ideal synonym handbook, therefore, is one that not only lists a group of synonyms, but compares their definitions and usages and shows how a word is related to, yet differs from, all other words in the same group. Fernald's STANDARD HANDBOOK OF SYNONYMS uses this method. Authors, speakers, letterwriters have found it for more than 30 years an indispensable guide for selecting exactly the right word to use to make their meaning clear and exact. Now completely revised!

- 8,000 synonyms
- 4,000 antonyms
- the correct use of prepositions
- Index of Synonyms
- Index of Antonyms

515 pages.
ONLY \$3.00 at your bookstore



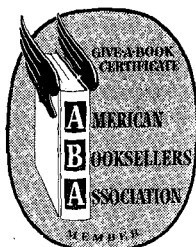
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY 153 East 24th Street New York 10

**THE GIFT
THAT CAN'T
BE WRONG!**

*A New Free Service
offered by*

**AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
BOOKSELLERS**

GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATE



HERE's book giving made easy... an exciting new way to give a book gift to anyone, anywhere—and be sure your gift is right! Just send GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATES, which your friends can exchange at favorite book shops for the books they really want! Certificates are on sale, and can be redeemed, at hundreds of book and department stores throughout America which display the ABA emblem shown here. Take advantage of this free service today!

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

the Feather," "El Greco I," "The Iron Gate," and "I Had Seen Death Come Down." I certainly am not prepared to embark on a definition of what makes a good poem, but these four seem especially unchallengeable candidates. Without eccentricity; with, in fact, a happy insistence on honest communication, Mayo can make effects that are sometimes stunning. The use of ten monosyllabic words in the last line of "El Greco I" is as effective a device as I have met for pounding at an intensely passionate question. The carefully understated irony of the last line of "I Had Seen Death Come Down" is another movingly felicitous effect. Taken as a whole, *The Diver* presents a poet who should be read.

JOHN CIARDI

**KINGDOM OF ADVENTURE: MOUNT
EVEREST**

\$1.75

James Ramsey Ullman

SILOANE

Kingdom of Adventure is the story of the dramatic struggle to conquer Mount Everest, on the remote boundary between India and Tibet — the last truly great exploratory challenge remaining on earth. Seven British expeditions have unsuccessfully assaulted 29,000-foot Everest during the last twenty-five years. Twice aircraft have flown over its windswept peak. It has been mapped, photographed, and thoroughly explored. Yet, curiously enough, very few Americans seem to know the slightest detail about this great story of adventure.

In writing this book the author has done an unusually fine job. Instead of attempting to rewrite, paraphrase, and edit a whole library of volumes on Everest, he has let the climbers tell their own story. It is easy to see in reading *Kingdom of Adventure* that Mr. Ullman has read every syllable of the Everest saga. But this is not all. Being romantically inclined, an able writer, and something of a mountaineer himself, he has made a masterful selection of the excerpts from which his tale has been woven. He has tactfully minimized his own comments in such a manner that they contribute in an interesting and useful way to the continuity of the narrative.

The only feature in which this new book falls far short of its predecessors is in the reproduction of its pictures. The author has collected the best series of Everest pictures ever before bound between two covers, and his publisher has miserably let him down.

For many years Everest was believed to be a relatively easy climb, the only great obstacles to surmount being tremendous altitude and unpredictable Tibetan politics. The expeditions made just before the recent war have shown this common belief to be a serious misconception. The final thousand feet of Everest are unfortunately the steepest and most treacherous on the whole route up the mountain. Continual high winds, sudden storms, intense cold, and overpowering weariness must all be reckoned with and overcome before the summit is eventually won.

The seasoned mountaineer and the average layman alike are bound to enjoy this book. In the former it will reawaken the thrill of epic adventure on the world's greatest heights. For the latter it will mean an introduction to Everest through one of the most enjoyable books yet written on the subject.

BRADFORD WASHBURN

A Christmas Shelf



for Atlantic Readers

The ILLUSTRATED Robe

by Lloyd C. Douglas

Paintings by Dean Cornwell

A gift edition with eight double-page illustrations in full color by one of America's foremost illustrators. \$5.00

House Divided

by Ben Ames Williams

"It is incomparably the best historical novel which I have read this year. It may be many years before we read a better one."—*The Atlantic Monthly*. \$5.00

War as I Knew It

by General George S. Patton, Jr.

Introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman

A human and eloquent testimony of a great military genius. Introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman. \$3.75

Across the Wide Missouri

by Bernard DeVoto

"Has all the marks of an American classic."—Struthers Burt, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$10.00
96 pages of illustrations in color and black and white.

The Last of the Provincials

by Maxwell Geismar

Distinguished literary criticism. The second book in a series of five which will review modern American novelists. \$3.50

Letter from Grosvenor Square

An Account of a Stewardship

by John Gilbert Winant

A study of an enduring friendship of men and of nations. \$3.00

American Painting:

First Flowers of our Wilderness

by James Thomas Flexner

A Life-in-America Prize Book

In this delightful recreation of colonial life in America, James Flexner reads the testimony of more than one hundred and sixty paintings reproduced in color and black and white. \$10.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • PUBLISHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRICKBATS OR BABIES — it makes no difference

Keeping up with the times means, for one thing, keeping up on aluminum. When asked what aluminum is, most people begin, "It's a light metal"... then falter.

Sure it's light. But do you know how *strong* it is, too? Heavy-duty trucks and huge cargo trailers with *aluminum bodies* are rolling on *aluminum wheels* today. Nothing sissy about that, is there?

Yes, the new Alcoa Aluminum Alloys will carry a truckload of bricks like a baby. When you see aluminum buggies or bassinets, step ladders or venetian blinds, remember: Light, yes. But strong, *plenty* strong. A good buy!

ALCOA

FIRST IN
ALUMINUM



Quick Quiz

- Q. What made aluminum strong?
A. Years and years of scientific research by ALCOA developed new aluminum alloys as strong as structural steel.
- Q. What made aluminum cheap?
A. Unremitting effort by ALCOA to make aluminum at lower and lower cost has reduced the price of ingot 45% since 1925, 25% since 1940.
- Q. Who is ALCOA?
A. Aluminum Company of America, 1785 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.